

The memories of
Mazo
 de la Roche:

The author
 of *Jalna* tells her
 own story

"Canada's getting Britain's weaklings" — Gilbert Harding

Television's newest suspense sensation: Arthur Hailey

"How I'd make hockey a better game" — Charlie Conacher

MACLEAN'S

APRIL 27 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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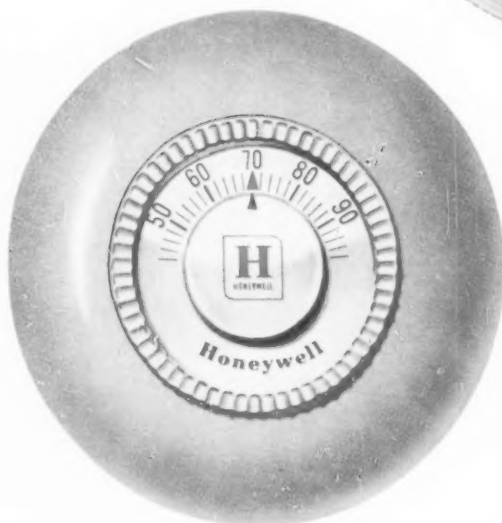
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With Jasper's apologies to Tom Thomson and the Group of Seven

GOLDEN CIRCLE electronic thermostat works with an outdoor weather-caster to control heating automatically as weather conditions change.



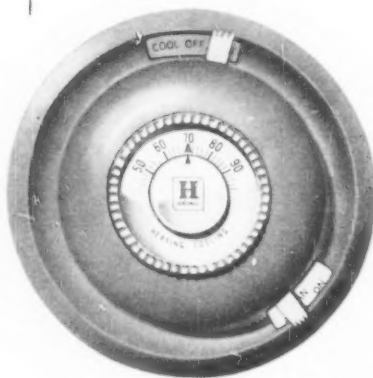
*One of these
Honeywell
Thermostats
is just right
for you*



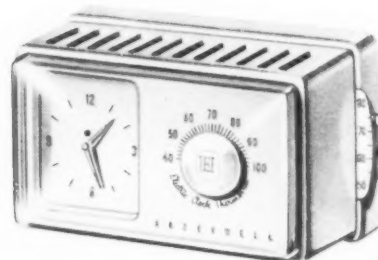
HONEYWELL ROUND . . . Canada's first truly modern thermostat . . . styled to look smart in modern interiors . . . engineered to do a modern temperature control job.



RING SNAPS OFF FOR EASY PAINTING



YEAR ROUND thermostat for heating-cooling systems gives you fingertip comfort control of heat in winter, air conditioning in summer.



NEW ELECTRIC CLOCK THERMOSTAT turns heat down at night, up again in the morning — all automatically. You sleep cool and save fuel.

To get the most out of your heating system use these thermostats with an All-Honeywell Control system.

...and two give you the supreme comfort of **HONEYWELL ZONE CONTROL**

Often one thermostat isn't enough. To maintain proper temperatures in all your rooms all the time, you may need at least two thermostats. Honeywell Zone Control makes use of additional thermostats to give you heat where and when you need it. An extra thermostat in the recreation room will give you just the right heating comfort for any activity. Or with two thermostats, you can keep the living-dining area pleasantly warm while the bedrooms are cool and comfortable for sleeping children. See your architect or heating contractor for the modifications required to your heating system for Honeywell Zone Control; or write Honeywell, Dept. 200, Toronto 17, for a free brochure.



Living-Dining area.

Sleeping, Recreation or other area.

Honeywell



Home Comfort Controls

MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ CBC-TV PLANS DAILY NEWS SPECTACULAR
- ✓ SOME 1958 CARS WON'T HAVE SPARE TIRES
- ✓ TRANQUILIZERS WILL TURN GRASS GREEN

PREVIEWING TELEVISION — CBC is planning a new magazine-style show for the fall to combine the best features of Newsmagazine, Graphic and Tabloid, plus some as-yet-undetermined original twist. It will probably last an hour, be partly live like Tabloid, partly filmed, like Newsmagazine, and use mobile units for "remotes" like Graphic. It won't replace Tabloid, but may mean considerable housecleaning for the other two shows. No sponsor is yet in sight, but CBC chairman Davidson Dunton, who thought up the idea, has five planners finalizing the format.

PREVIEWING NEW PRODUCTS — New safety tires have turned out to be so safe that many new cars in 1958 may not have a spare. A flat with a newly developed Goodyear tire drops the car only two inches onto an inside layer that will support the vehicle for more than a hundred miles.

Chesterfields that tilt so that housewives can more easily sweep around them are being prepared for the fall furniture market... a Toronto chesterfield maker is introducing a \$1,250 model trimmed with fifty yards of mink tails.

A new thumb-saving umbrella has been designed to open and close with a light bounce off the floor... **Perfumed paints** are being developed for house walls. They'll be available in a dozen scents including lilac, gardenia, and something called "strategy"... **Player pianos** are coming back on the crest of rock 'n' roll. Secondhand models are in heavy demand. At least one Canadian firm is going back into the business of building new ones.

A cross-country dial-it-yourself teletype network is being planned by CN and CP Telegraphs, for instantaneous written communication. Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa will get the first machines.

PREVIEWING JOBS — Exciting new jobs are awaiting four dozen bilingual Canadian university students who know their geography and history. They'll be guides in the Canadian Pavilion at the World's Fair in Brussels next year. The jobs will last half a year, pay \$150 a month. More than thirty million people are expected to visit the Fair.

Montreal's police director Albert Langlois isn't in the clear yet. His recent exoneration by the Quebec Court of Appeals will probably be contested in the Supreme Court. Even if he wins there forces backing Mayor Jean Drapeau will demand his dismissal for irregularities in which he was allegedly involved during the last election.

Canadian business plans to use more and more professional actors to tell its story. Shell Oil already has six small theatrical troupes on national tours. One is a puppet show explaining the company's services to dealers.

Almost every week, a new boom town sprouts somewhere on the Canadian map. The latest may develop into a sizable settlement, because it's sponsored by one of the world's largest companies: the giant U.S. Steel Corporation. The company plans to turn Shelter Bay, on the St. Lawrence River, sixty miles west of Seven Islands, into a trans-shipment port and storage site for its Ungava iron-ore deposits.

PREVIEWING GARDENING — Harassed weekend gardeners will soon be able to turn scorched grass green between breakfast and lunch. It will be done by a new chemical compound of iron, ammonia and sulphur. As a bonus factor, the new tranquilizer for front lawns will kill weeds... **Familiar red-clay plant pots** will soon rank as antiques. Nurseries plan switching completely to asphalt paper cartons.

WATCH FOR NEW SEAWAY BOSS / CANADIAN DICTIONARY MORE "TABOO" FILMS / TELEVISION'S CARMEN

MAN TO WATCH: One of Canada's richest young men and most spectacularly eligible bachelors, **Evelyn de Rothschild**, 28-year-old heir to one of the world's great fortunes, who is now in Toronto for exposure to the business world. His assignment is with the Rio Tinto Mining Co., one of the main siphons of Rothschild money into Canada... **Other men to watch:** **Jean Lessard**, former Deputy Minister of Transport, and **Charles Gavsie**, now the Seaway Authority's vice-president, who are in a behind-the-scenes contest to succeed Lionel Chevrier as Seaway boss.

TV TO WATCH: Lorne Greene stars in Jean-Paul Sartre's **The Unburied Dead** on Folio, April 24—French resistance tragedy... Producers' Showcase features Margot Fonteyn heading a specially flown-over cast of 76 **Royal Ballet** dancers (formerly Sadler's Wells) in a 90-minute production of Prokofiev's **Cinderella**, April 29... CBC presents a two-hour English version of **Carmen**, May 1... The CBC's major Good Friday TV presentation will be **The Seven Joys of Mary**, the story of Christ in folk songs. (These are network dates.)

BOOKS TO WATCH: Svetlana Gouzenko's memoirs (she's the wife of Canada's most famous fugitive) are tentatively due this fall... the first distinctly

Canadian dictionary providing a written authority for both the English and French twists in words, meanings and pronunciations peculiar to Canada is being prepared for McClelland & Stewart... **The late Billy Bishop**, VC, Canada's top-scoring World War I air ace, will come back to life in Quentin Reynolds' **They Fought For The Sky**, due from Clarke, Irwin next month.

MOVIES TO WATCH: Hollywood's anti-TV strategy is to give the customer stronger fare, even ignoring the industry's self-imposed censorship. Upcoming films on "taboo" subjects: **Bachelor Party** (the seamy side of engagement parties), **12 Angry Men** (the sadistic pleasure of jury members condemning a killer), **The Quiet American** (antagonism between the U.S. and U.K.).

INVESTMENTS TO WATCH: Sensational rise of Trans-Canada Pipe Lines stock has experts urging clients to get in on the natural-gas boom at the distribution end. Favorite recommendations include: **United Fuel Investments Ltd.** (which has the Hamilton and district gas distribution charter); **Consumers' Gas Co. of Toronto**; **Union Gas Co. of Canada** (supplier to the Windsor, Sarnia, London area); **Interprovincial Utilities Ltd.** (Ottawa distribution system); and **Winnipeg & Central Gas**.

What surprises your 1965 kitchen may contain

SOME startling inventions now being prepared for marketing by Canadian electronics manufacturers will create still another revolution in the kitchen within eight years.

Probably the most welcome innovation will be a machine to mold plates the size and shape desired for each meal. Instead of washing dishes, the housewife will be able to throw them back into the unit to be scoured and then reground.

The avant-garde sink will have foot controls delivering water ranging from boiling to icy. Separate spigots will dispense hot instant coffee and soda water.

Cigarette lighters that work like the automobile-dashboard model will be mounted on electronic stoves, geared to cook meals in seconds. Their waist-high ovens will bake potatoes in four minutes. Surface heating units will be disguised as marble stove tops which



the cook can activate with a button by her bedside.

Built-in refrigerators will have four or five compartments set at different temperatures, including a drawer for the summertime storage of fur coats.

Housewives who want to go all the way into this wonder world of the modern scientists will be able to hang a week's laundry in the kitchen cleaning compartment where high-frequency sound waves will shake out the dirt.

And — oh yes! Right at this very minute they're working on an "electronic cat" which will "electronicute" mice without noise or mess. ★

RADIO'S FUTURE

Fowler report highlights upsurge / Advertisers flock back / Set sales outrace television



THE FOWLER report's television recommendations stole most of the headlines, but one of the royal commission's most interesting conclusions was its astonishing affirmation of faith in the future of radio.

Not only did commission chairman Fowler state: "... television notwithstanding, radio is here to stay," but he

translated these thoughts into concrete proposals by suggesting a \$3.3-million streamlining and expansion of Canada's national radio services.

That radio has any future at all surprised many of Canada's 2,300,000 TV devotees. Their sense of discovery was shared by many radio and TV manufacturers. Their production budgets had emphasized television, but Canadian retailers sold a hundred thousand more radios than TV sets in the past twelve months.

"Three million Canadians," states the Fowler report, "are not yet and may not be for some time, within reach of television." Some 97 percent of Canadians, on the other hand, can receive radio signals.

For a while the radio department of a Canadian ad agency was its bush league. Now top men are being re-assigned to radio.

Many big advertisers are buying back into radio out of TV. Canadian Admiral, Kraft, International Nickel, Colgate-Palmolive, Standard Brands, Bristol-Myers, Pepsodent, Heinz and Coca-Cola are among them.

There's new talk of "hot lines" (a gimmick in which station programs are interrupted for network news flashes). One new merchandising tie-up uses a transistor radio concealed in a display packet of cigarettes on a smokeshop counter and tuned to the station that carries the maker's advertising. For the audience side, radio's whooping it up with auctions, all-night sales and giveaway programs.

Those are some of the effects. These are some of the reasons for the radio revival:

1. Cost. The average Canadian TV show costs \$7.50 to \$35 per thousand listeners compared with radio's 75c to

\$1.25. Aylmer has dropped Holiday Ranch, the most-viewed Canadian TV show, in favor of a daily jackpot radio program.

2. Stepped-up audience research. This appears to prove radio can live with TV. Top radio hours are in the morning, with the peak at noon. Top TV hours are in the evening.

3. Mobility and flexibility. Radio is moving into fields that TV has abdicated. These include public services, local news, music and pinpointed saturated advertising.

TV, goes the ad men's credo, has two to four times the impact of sound alone. But more and more advertising executives are coming around to agreeing with Fowler's conclusion: "We do not believe radio will be made any more obsolete by television than railways were by the introduction of regular air flights." —BARBARA MOON

BACKSTAGE THROUGH RED CHINA WITH BLAIR FRASER

How the Chinese plan to control their birth rate

How limited free enterprise survives in Red China



PEKING
CHINESE Communists are tackling one major problem that has nothing to do with politics, one on which armchair advisers in other countries have been preaching to the Chinese for years. They started last August, and have greatly accelerated this spring, a nationwide campaign for birth control.

China's population growth, extremely rapid for a century and a half, has lately been a veritable explosion. With twenty-two million live births a year and only ten million deaths, the natural increase in China is a staggering million a month—two percent per year.

As recently as 1954 the Communist government of China refused to admit that this situation contained any threat. When the Clement Attlee party of British Laborites toured China in the summer of that year, Chou En-lai and Mao Tse-tung assured them that the new economy could absorb limitless numbers of willing hands and hungry mouths. The more Chinese, the better, they said.

Even before that year was out they had privately changed their minds. Local organizations such as farm co-operatives, trade unions and women's associations were instructed to do what they could to spread knowledge of contraception.

As other countries such as India and Japan had already learned by experience, these half measures have little or no effect. Last August the government decided to act more energetically. A birth-control unit was set up in the department of health, and an earnest campaign began. In Peking in March, on National Women's Day, an exhibition was held of all known contraceptive methods, with charts, diagrams and exhortations.

Meanwhile, a more drastic step had already been taken. Abortion is now legal in Chinese hospitals. There are no figures available on the abortion rate, but doctors say it is rising steeply. The government is also considering, though it has not yet adopted, a law permitting voluntary sterilization of both sexes.

So far, no results are apparent—it's too soon for any effect on the birth rate to show. Health authorities realize that even if births are reduced the natural-increase rate may continue to rise, as public-health measures like clean water and modern midwifery reduce infant mortality. Only thirty thousand midwives in China have had the full three-year course, but half a million old-style midwives have been given a brief re-training, which should have a considerable effect on the death rates of mothers and babies.

Grain production is rising by only three to four percent each year, and there is no assurance that this rate of

increase can be maintained. Whether the growth of population can be cut to match the growth in the food supply is the biggest unanswered question in the new China.

WESTERN ALPHABET WILL UNITE CHINESE

Another non-political chore that the Communists have taken in hand, one equally overdue and even oftener the subject of free advice from abroad, is the introduction of an alphabet.

Already some Chinese newspapers have started publishing some material in ordinary, Western-style type alongside other columns in Chinese ideograms. Next autumn Chinese primary schools will start teaching the alphabet to children, along with the fifteen hundred Chinese characters that the poor mites have to learn in their first two years. Eventually, no doubt, the whole of Chinese literature will be transposed into phonetic printing.

This means a revolution in more ways than one. At present China speaks a number of major dialects, no more mutually intelligible than Italian and French, or even German and English. They share a common written language, but this means only that the same character stands for the same object or idea in all dialects. It does not stand for the same word. A good analogy is the use of numerals in Europe: 5 means the same number of apples in all countries, whether it is pronounced five, *cinq* or *funf*.

Now that the Chinese propose to spell their words, it means they must shift to a common language—the Peking dialect, known as "Mandarin" and already, in theory, the language of the educated Chinese.

No Communist would admit it, but the establishment of Mandarin as a common language in China is to a large extent the work of that detested and discredited exile, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. If an honest history of China is ever written in future, this may well be recorded as his greatest if not his only enduring service to his country.

THE CIRCUS THAT'S RUN FOR A PROFIT

My general impression of Peking has been one of mild disappointment. I always understood this to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. If it ever was, it certainly isn't now—it doesn't compare in beauty with Hong Kong or Beirut or even Cairo, not to mention the real cities of the world like New York and London. It is as down-at-heel as Taipei, almost; miles and miles of slummy shacks, with a few

broad boulevards and a few modern buildings and, of course, the old palaces of the Forbidden City in the centre. These are mere tourist attractions now, as dead and obsolete as the Pyramids.

On the other hand, there is little evidence of want and distress. Everyone looks busy. There is plenty of food in the markets. No beggars, no street-corner merchants of gimcrackery, none of the evidences of desperate poverty that stick out all over Hong Kong and Taipei and other Eastern cities.

One of the interesting things in Red China is to notice the various survivals of free enterprise.

The farmers' free market is a special case, of course—even though they can sell some of their products directly, all the farmers themselves are organized into collectives. So are most of the sidewalk merchants, either as members of a co-operative or as part owners of a "joint enterprise" with the state. But there are some who are still on their own—the sidewalk barbers, the barrow cooks who peddle sticks of candied meats, the toymakers who go about crying their wares with a kite tail of children straggling along behind them.

I dropped in the other day to watch one family business that still appears to be flourishing—a small circus.

Faded cotton signs at the entrance showed a ferocious leopard snarling in its cage while a man twisted its tail, and an equally ferocious bear wrestling with its intrepid trainer. Actually I had seen the bear an hour or two before, being led up the sidewalk on a rope leash through a jostling Sunday morning crowd. When I paid my ten cents Chinese and went into the circus enclosure, the bear was lying sound asleep in the middle of the ring.

Mainly the show rested on the small shoulders of two boys who didn't look more than ten years old, and who put

on an astonishing exhibition of contortions and acrobatics. An older brother did a juggling act, and with a teen-age sister did some trick riding on shaggy Mongolian ponies. It was unpleasant to think of the months and years the children must have spent learning all their tricks, but I must admit they looked as if they were enjoying it thoroughly. That is more than I can say for the audience, which sat in a great circle watching the show without a sound or a motion of applause.

I waited for an hour, hoping somebody would wrestle the bear, but nobody did. When I left he was still peacefully asleep, not having moved a muscle all the time I was there.

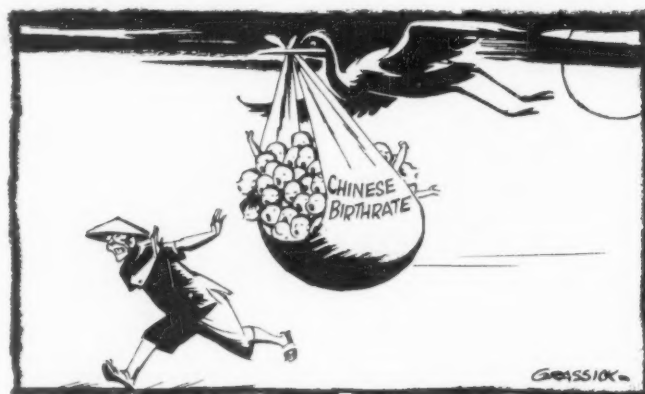
WHAT THE RUSSIANS COULD LEARN IN CHINA

The Chinese are constantly telling the visitor, and even each other, that they are really a very backward country with much to learn from the more advanced countries, especially that great leader of the socialist camp, the Soviet Union. But if the Russians should ever decide that the process ought to be reciprocal, and that they might also learn something from the Chinese, I would advise them to sign up in Peking for a course in public relations.

Chinese handling of the foreign visitor is superb. It is almost as good as the Israeli, and I can think of no higher tribute than that.

One of their good points is this very self-belittlement, which is part of the traditional courtesy of China anyway but which is carried over very gracefully into the new folkways of Chinese communism. You hear no boasting here, but instead a rather studied emphasis on the shortcomings, the obstacles, the tasks undone and the skills to be learned. The effect, of course, is that the visitor begins to point out to the Chinese the ways in which they do excel. If he has come to Peking by way of Moscow, this is not difficult.

Where the Russians give the impression of trying to keep a foreign journalist blindfold in all but a few selected situations, the Chinese make him think he can go anywhere and talk to anybody. Actually, reporters who live here or who come here often discover that this is not quite the case: there are restricted areas, here as in all Communist countries. But if he didn't have colleagues to tell him this truth, a transient might spend weeks in China and go home thinking he had been in a free country—or anyway, almost free. ★



China's dreadful dilemma: how to feed twenty-two million new babies a year.

BACKSTAGE IN POLITICS

Which party will win the great scramble for the immigrant vote?

THE Liberals and the CCF are leading in a behind-the-scenes scramble for the votes of Canada's postwar immigrants in June's federal election.

This year for the first time, the ballots of the newcomers may significantly affect party standings. One in fifteen Canadians is a postwar immigrant. More than 400,000 will be eligible to cast ballots in June. British immigrants may vote after one year's residence; others have to wait five years and need citizenship papers.

Europeans take their politics seriously. Many have come from countries where voting was compulsory. The turnout of New Canadian voters will be high, and because the postwar influx have settled in relatively few communities the newcomers' vote may tip the scales in closely contested ridings.

Canada's four major political groups have these approximate lines of strategy for wooing the immigrant vote:

LIBERALS: The party in power expects to get a vote of gratitude from

those it helped across the Atlantic. They've organized groups like the "Young Liberal Italian-Canadians," the "Young Liberal German-Canadians," and Liberal welcoming committees for new arrivals. They're running an expensive direct-mail campaign stressing their sponsorship of family allowances, old-age pensions and the forthcoming hos-



Will Coldwell and St. Laurent split the immigrant voting bonanza?

pital insurance. Liberal candidates include six Polish-Ukrainians, one Scandinavian and two New Canadians of German extraction.

THE CCF is basing its hopes on the fact that many immigrants came here from socialist countries. It promises to give newcomers the social security they once had at home. A recent CCF nomination meeting for Toronto Trinity was conducted in seven languages.

THE CONSERVATIVES maintain a special department in Toronto for liaison with ethnic groups and the distribution of pamphlets describing the PC platform in eight languages. New nominations include two Scandinavians, four Ukrainians, and, for the first time in Canadian political history, a Chinese-Canadian federal candidate.

SOCIAL CREDIT: "Any New Canadian votes we may get," says party leader Solon Low, "will have to be worked for very hard." The complex political concepts of Social Credit are proving almost impossible to explain to immigrants.

About fifty of the candidates running in June are postwar immigrants. Of the 265 members in the last House of Commons, thirty-one were born outside Canada.—KLAUS NEUMANN

Background

- ✓ Montreal's theatre shuffle
- ✓ How fast your car can go
- ✓ Why drive-ins are dying

STAGE WHISPERS: French Canada's most consistently successful dramatic group, Le Théâtre du Nouveau Monde in Montreal, may establish a permanent company . . . **Canadian TV-film** star Lorne Greene and Toronto producer Mavor Moore are charting plans to take three recent Toronto stage successes — The Optimist, Turvey and Spring Thaw—on a tour across Canada and to England during 1958 . . . **Nine** large auditoriums with a combined audience capacity of more than 10,000 are now planned or under construction in Canada's five largest cities.

Drive-in theatres, once heralded as the movie industry's answer to television, are in trouble. Six will not reopen this summer and two are being dismantled. Since TV, 267 Canadian indoor theatres have been permanently closed.

Ever wondered how fast your car could go? Records set on the Daytona Beach, Fla., speedway by standard sedans with no special racing equipment are: Chevrolet: 118 mph; Ford: 112 mph; and Plymouth: 110 mph.

Behavior problems among schoolchildren were the subject of a recent poll of several hundred American teachers. The results were compared with a similar poll taken thirty years ago. Today stealing is ranked as the top problem. Sex ranks tenth. In 1926 sex or sex-induced attitudes ranked first, third and fourth. Hardly anyone will be surprised to hear that bullying, talking back, cheating, destroying school materials and playing hooky made the top ten both in the 1950s and the 1920s.

If your dog is a boxer, terrier, or Scotty, he's more aggressive than collies, German shepherds, poodles, dachshunds or corgies, according to experiments of Dr. Helen Mahut, McGill psychologist.

In the U.K. at any rate, Elaine Grand continues to be TV's most wanted woman. The august BBC and Granada, one of the three commercial TV systems, are in the midst of bidding against each other for her services next season. With Miss Grand still playing coy, Granada has now come up with what it hopes will be the clincher the BBC can't possibly match: an attempt to get Ross McLean, Miss Grand's old producer on Tabloid, to produce the new show. In Toronto, McLean, who has been courted by visiting Granada executives, calls their offers "tempting" but says he's happy in Canada.

Although American railways plan to drop dining-car services, CPR and CNR intend keeping diners on the rails.

A new plague of grasshoppers, the worst since 1949, is threatening the prairies, but farmers hope to beat the pests with new-type poisons.

Home hair-cutting is Canada's latest family hobby. The sale of do-it-yourself barbering sets—shears, comb and clippers—is soon expected to pass the demand for home-permanent kits. ★

Backstage WITH FINANCE / Do-it-yourself clubs pour big money into stock market

THERE ARE still no signs that saturation is near for the phenomenal growth in the investment-club movement. This fascinating do-it-yourself method of breaking into high finance is now creating two or three new organizations a day across Canada.

Clerks, clergymen, elevator operators, housewives, foremen, doctors, stenographers and others who have never played the stock market before, are banding together into the informal groups to participate directly in Canada's burgeoning business prosperity. Although the movement has barely started, about ten thousand Canadians already contribute ten dollars a month into stock-buying pools.

James A. Roberts, organizer of the Canadian Association of Investment

Clubs, predicts that membership will double this year. He credits the movement's success to the fact that people are willing to do things in groups they might never attempt individually.

Many of the clubs expect to double the value of their stock portfolios within five years. Investment men point out that one hundred dollars a year invested with a ten-percent investment result—an average for the clubs—amounts to \$6,300 at the end of twenty years. Of course, like anyone who gets into a rising market, club members have no guarantee that they won't end up losing their shirts.

At monthly meetings of most clubs members take turns analyzing companies as potential investments. Buying is generally limited to "growth compa-

nies"—firms whose sales are increasing at least ten percent a year. All dividends, capital gains and interest are re-invested.

The names of the clubs often reflect their members' ambitions. A group of investment-minded Toronto housewives have formed the Gay Ventures Investment Club, while some Toronto reporters and public-relations directors run the Su-bar-tic Club—with the accent on the "bar." Other Toronto groups include The Anticipators and Horizons Unlimited. Halifax has the Eager Beavers and Stratford, the Shakespeare Festival City, has the Stratford Millionaires. Less optimistically, some Owen Sound merchants have organized the Up the Flue Investment Club.—PETER C. NEWMAN

Backstage WITH SUNDAY / Telegram court case highlights Lord's Day revolution

THE new last-ditch fight over Sunday blue laws is making its biggest headlines in Toronto the Good, where the Telegram's new Sunday edition is in a complicated fight with the Lord's Day Alliance and the law.

Elsewhere quieter but still significant things are happening to the shape and nature of Sunday:

Winnipeg now allows admissions for Sunday skating. A bill is before the Manitoba legislature, supported by the mayor, that would permit municipali-

ties to hold a Sunday sport referendum.

Vancouver is making its own test over whether tickets for Sunday baseball games can legally be sold up to midnight on Saturday. The city voted for Sunday sport, but the provincial government hasn't acted. The city's own bylaw was ruled invalid. One B.C. paper, the Victoria Colonist, is delivered but not published on Sunday.

Edmonton junior football teams advertise a suggested "donation of 50c" for their Sunday games, while the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra restricts its Sunday evening concerts to "members." "Membership" can be bought at the box office for the season or one concert.

Nova Scotia has generally prosecuted only the showing of Sunday films.

New Brunswick, which probably has the tightest rules, allows Sunday fishing, though hunting is still forbidden.

Quebec has ignored the Lord's Day Act since 1906. Its own laws protect "all such liberties as are recognized by the customs of this province." Now it's the only province with Sunday movies. The newest battle over the traditional

Sunday was stirred up by the publication of the Toronto Telegram's Sunday edition, despite the claims of publisher John Bassett that he is not crusading against the Lord's Day Act. "My responsibility," he says, "is that of a newspaperman: to supply news seven days a week."

"We wanted the Telegram singled out," insists Rev. A. S. McGrath, guiding spirit of the Lord's Day Alliance, "because they made a frontal attack on the Sabbath." ★



Telegram Publisher John Bassett: "News is a seven-day necessity."



Sunday's defender Rev. A. S. McGrath: "But the Sabbath mustn't change."

Editorial

FOWLER'S WISE WORDS: High TV standards must come first

The report of the Fowler Commission on broadcasting, like those of the Aird and Messey commissions before it, says many wise and useful things. It reaffirms some basic lines of thought: The air belongs to the people as a whole. So long as there is a physical limit on the number of broadcasting channels there must be a strong measure of control over their use so that the public interest shall come ahead of any private interest. And, as a corollary, if Canada is to grow as a nation Canadian broadcasting must have a reasonable Canadian content in ideas, news and entertainment.

The Fowler report, too, has some new inflections to suit the changing needs of changing times. If its suggestions come into force they need not weaken the traditional—and for all its many failures—the invaluable role in our recent history of the publicly owned CBC. At the same time they offer a means to remove the persistent if largely false accusation that Canadian radio policy discriminates against legitimate private enterprise.

It is recommended that a separate board be set up to govern both the CBC and the private stations. If adopted, this proposal won't, in itself, make the slightest alteration in the pattern or quality of Canadian broadcasting. It will, however, remedy the complaint of private broadcasters that in coming under the control of the CBC they have had to submit to the rulings of a competitor.

More interesting to the private broadcasters is the recommendation that private stations be licensed in half a dozen major cities where CBC stations now have a monopoly. This may mean a good deal or it may mean nothing at all. For the commission has said, in effect, that before anybody gets a private license he ought to be ready to pay at least as much attention to his programing as to his profits.

This hasn't always been done. A number of private radio and television stations have shown a commendable sense of responsibility in managing the franchises that have been bestowed on them as a gift from the people at large. A larger number have not. The official organization of the private broadcasters, the Canadian Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, has, in the words of the commission, "issued much misleading and one-sided information . . . to enroll the Canadian instinct for freedom behind hidden mercenary motives." It has put its stake in "devious propaganda wrapped in colorful verbiage."

Some, though happily not all, of the CARTB's members have followed the association's seedy and irresponsible example. In returns given to the commission, one hundred stations admitted to an average cost for talent per year of only \$18,000. A dozen private television stations showed exactly the same average. Yet Canadian private radio stations showed an average profit in 1955 of more than twenty percent of their sales volume and two showed profits of more than fifty percent. In the newer and more difficult field of television a group of nine stations showed an average profit of fourteen percent and the most fortunate made forty-eight percent on its sales.

In the circumstances it's not strange that the Fowler Commission urges specific rules to ensure that new TV channels be granted only on hard-and-fast conditions. "There is no need to rush to occupy them or to accept, in their use, anything less than a high standard of performance," the commission says. "If such a standard cannot now be met, for economic or other reasons, it would be better to wait until it can be."

If parliament will heed those careful words and keep in mind the mixed record of the past, public and private broadcasting can continue to develop side by side and we'll all be better off.

Mailbag

- ✓ Will Canadian culture come with age?
- ✓ Do Russian women outmatch our "sexy" Canadian girls?
- ✓ How long does it take to cure the TV bug?

Your editorial condemnation of the Social Credit party (Social Credit Too Owes Us Sanity, March 30) was a trifle unfair . . . Before judging SC cultural policies immature you might consider the youth of both party and provinces involved. Culture is not an overnight deal. Are we any farther behind in culture than our western neighbors across the border?—RAYMOND MCINTYRE, OKOTOKS, ALTA.

✓ You say: "Social Credit governs two of Canada's most dynamic provinces. In federal politics its modest strength is growing." . . . The Tories and the Liberals who vote SC in provincial elections will go back to the old parties in dominion elections. — E. R. WAINWRIGHT, VANCOUVER.

Our "disgusting arrogance"

Orchids to Robert Thomas Allen for pointing out Canadians' disgusting arrogance. (Canadians Are the Worst Loudmouths, March 30) . . . I was an addict too, until a plain-speaking Maclean's editorial knocked it out of



me . . . We dearly delight in pointing to anti-Negro feeling in the South, and smirk as we inform Americans we can't accept their money without discount.

American arrogance, at its worst, was only pro-American, never anti-Canadian. — BARBARA REDGRAVE, VANCOUVER.

✓ After reading Allen I looked at his "1947 octagonal Canadian nickel" and found that it has twelve sides, not eight. — MABEL M. SLOAN, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

Maple sugaring isn't all fun

In your article glamorizing maple syrup (Why Don't We Brag about Maple Syrup? March 16), Frank Croft says: "To the Canadian farmer it means a gross income of thirteen million dollars. For this the farmer does next to nothing." Consumers paying a stiff price must think somebody is robbing them . . . But consider this: operators with 1,500 trees have an investment of about fifteen thousand dollars in wood, land and equipment . . . Also, cordwood does not just pile itself up beside the sugar house for nothing. And if Croft has ever waded knee-deep in snow through a sugar bush, he should know it's not fun . . . GILBERT MACMILLAN, HUNTINGDON, QUE.

✓ We operate a sugar woods of 4,000 trees; it costs \$4,000 for equipment . . . We pay from six to eight dollars a day for men, not counting food.

Snow is so deep we hire a bulldozer to break roads. If we have a good season we may break even.—MRS. ARTHUR W. GOGGIN, ELGIN, N.B.

Russia's hard-working women

The words "grubby and sexless as a colony of worker ants" describing Russian women in Blair Fraser's Report from Moscow (March 30) . . .



are insulting. Also, I doubt their truth. In the accompanying picture they look the same as hard-working women the world over—far better than the sexy creatures who seem to be the epitome of Canadian womanhood.—DORCAS W. BLAIR, VICTORIA, B.C.

They kept their TV set

So Vivien and Earl Kimber threw out their TV set (March 30). Why bother? Our family left the set in its corner and it took the five of us only about three months to get over our addiction. Why all the fuss? . . . MRS. CLAUDE B. MAIN, WINNIPEG.

✓ Poor Mrs. Kimber! No wonder she's relieved that TV doesn't come on until 4 p.m.—with nothing but CBC programs to watch.—IRENE E. WERT, QUINTON, SASK.

Are diplomats henchmen too?

In his London Letter (March 30) Beverley Baxter refers to John Foster Dulles as Eisenhower's "henchman." The word means a political follower



serving for personal advantage. If this is so then are not Selwyn Lloyd and Lester Pearson also the henchmen of Macmillan and St. Laurent?—LEO W. DASHENSKY, MARATHON, ONT.

Conacher's poor relations

We have been reading Charlie Conacher's story, Me and My Family. Why are people like him so fond of boasting of their poverty-stricken past? Lots of people have had the same experience; they did more than play games. — N. LUSTED, GRAVENHURST.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 91

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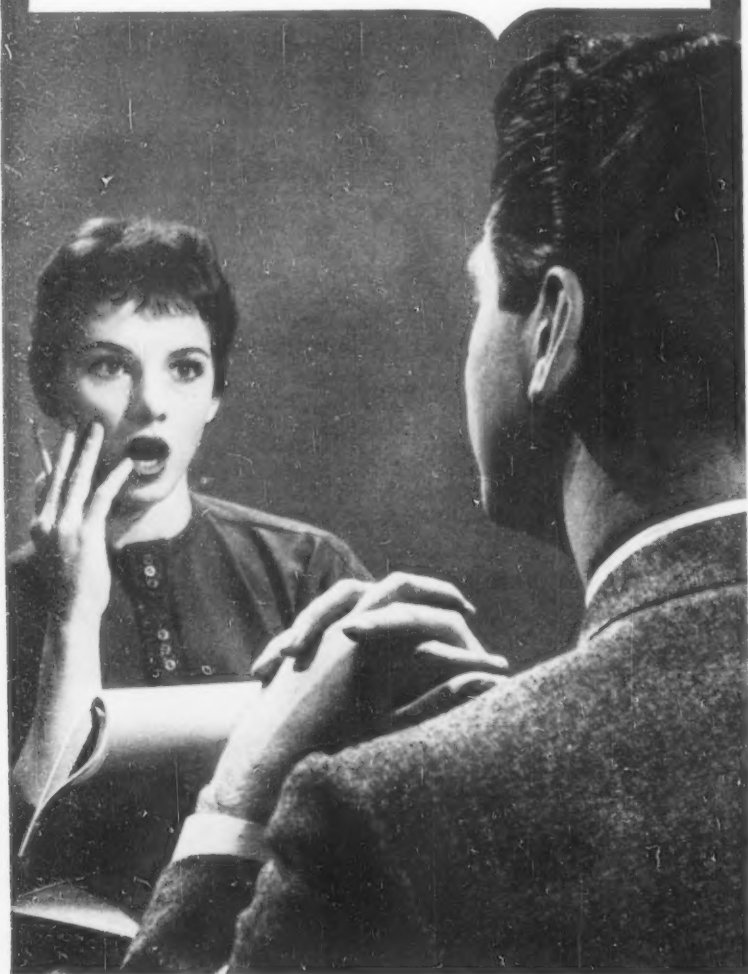
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The cover

Trust Simpkins' Jasper, and the twins, to find a bee in Tom Thomson's The Jack Pine, a hive in Lawren Harris' North Shore, Lake Superior; then make a getaway through A. Y. Jackson's Algoma, November, to have a feast in J. E. H. MacDonald's Mist Fantasy.

Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Horace T. Hunter, Chairman of the Board. Floyd S. Chalmers, President. Donald F. Hunter, Vice-President and Managing Director. Thomas H. Howse, Vice-President and Comptroller. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices: 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. Publishing Office: 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada. U. S. A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 522 Fifth Ave., New York 36. Great Britain: Maclean-Hunter Limited, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2. Single copies 15c. Subscription prices: In Canada, 1 year \$3.00, 2 years \$5.00, 3 years \$7.00, 5 years \$10.00. All other countries \$6.00 per year. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Contents copyright, 1957 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Maclean's are imaginary. Contents may not be reprinted without permission. Manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by self-addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for return. The publishers will exercise every care in handling but will not be responsible for loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL 27, 1957



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For the sake of argument



GILBERT HARDING SAYS

Only the softies are leaving Britain

Today in London and the bigger provincial cities there are long queues outside the Canadian, Australian and other immigration offices. A flight from Britain is certainly on; I am told that in the last few months the applications from people wanting to leave Britain have increased sixfold. The Cambridge undergraduate newspaper Varsity has recently made a sample survey and found that one man in ten has decided to emigrate after graduating; one man in three is seriously considering doing so. Canada, it was found, was favored by most. Forty percent of those who said they would emigrate are proposing to come your way.

Does this flight from Britain, which must soon be apparent in Canada if it is not already so, mean that Britain is washed up, finished, done?

A disgusting "way of life"

Well, I am by nature a pessimist; I dread tomorrow and wish that the future were over. There are many things that I loathe and detest in the Britain of today, but I certainly do not believe we are, or soon will become, a second-rate power, an egg-and-bacon paradise like Sweden or a land of cozy, contented clockmakers like Switzerland.

To a considerable extent I share these restless young men's and young women's impatience with this partly palsied land, this now semi-precious stone set in a sea of troubles. There is more than enough to disgust, depress and deplore in the British "way of life" today.

We have the finest meat, the most succulent vegetables produced in the world and yet ninety percent of our cooks are too lazy, too ignorant, or too indifferent to cook and serve them presentably. We are fortunate to have left to us in the heart of our grim, grimy

cities green places and placid, spacious parks. They are treated by most people as garbage cans and thoughtlessly strewn with paper, bottles, cartons and all kinds of revolting litter. We chop down fine trees and do not replace them. We have allowed deadly, stinking effluents to pollute our once sweetly flowing streams and rivers. The face of England, so well-beloved in the past, is now wantonly scarred with airdromes, beastly bungalows, petrol stations (singularly unobliging today) and a spreading rash of jerry-built houses. Down inadequate roads pedal shoals of young men and women on bicycles, behinds in the air, heads down, going heaven knows where and, perhaps wisely, seeing absolutely nothing. On Sundays (until the petrol ceased to flow) our lanes were choked with motorists, car bonnet to back bumper, crawling like an endless line of repulsive beetles, all looking for what they will never find—a quieter, greener, lovelier England.

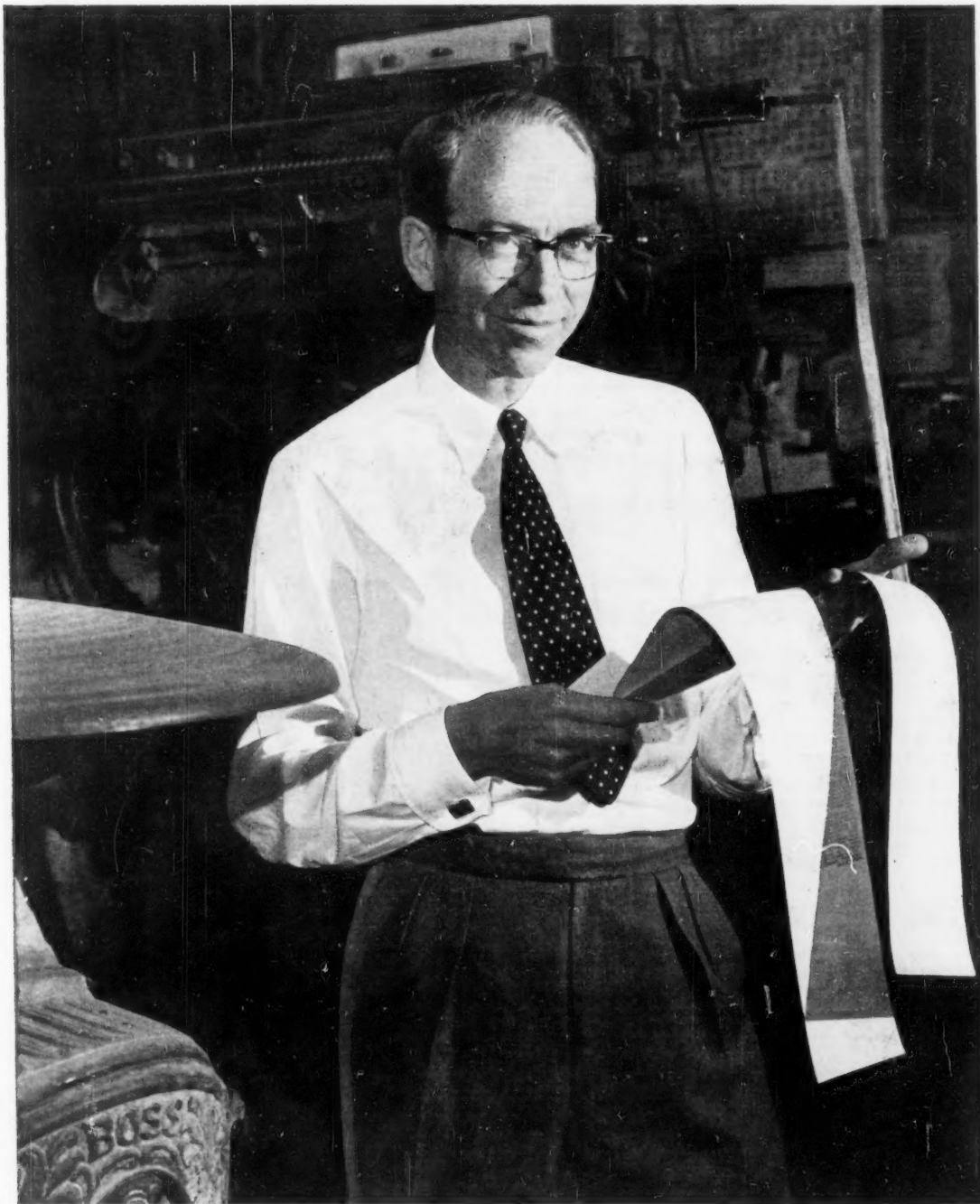
Today, now that petrol is rationed, they are, of course, staying at home to indulge in the main Sunday activity of this nation: reading newspaper reports of sexual offenses or watching TV.

Yes, I emphatically share these young people's deep sense of frustration and claustrophobia in a land where the long littleness of life is measured out by teaspoons in the offices of too many civil servants.

And of course our degree of taxation is outrageous; Britain is the most heavily taxed nation in the Western world. An enterprising, ambitious, hard-working executive, married with two children, earning £2000 to £3000 a year, pays £414 to £949 in income tax every year. Indirect taxes, such as purchase tax, cut deeply into his income and extinguish so many of his wife's ambitions. Cars, refrigerators, washing machines—surely not **continued on page 92**

OUTSPOKEN GILBERT HARDING STANDS NEXT TO ROYALTY AS AN ATTENTION-GETTER IN BRITAIN. MILLIONS HEAR HIM ON THE BBC.

John MacNaughton's city lives again



P-71

It died in the dark depression year of 1931, when the tragedy of Ladysmith on Vancouver Island was written in \$50 deeds of sale for family homes. It was reborn with a new logging industry in 1936 — and John claims it hasn't looked back. As Editor and Publisher of the Ladysmith Chronicle — and official historian — John knows the facts of this rebirth. He knows it in terms of growing payrolls and vital statistics, climbing bank clearings and building permits — yet like any good journalist he tells it in terms of people. He talks of rugged loggers who live in modern Ladysmith homes with their families and commute to their year-round work in their own cars. He tells of the growth, of the conveniences, of the security of his happy city and its future.

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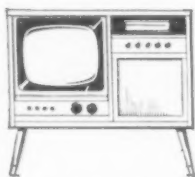
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LONDON LETTER BY BEVERLEY BAXTER



Shawcross: is he Labor's dark horse?

Mr. Harold Macmillan has one advantage over his immediate predecessors—his face does not reveal his thoughts. Eden would flush with anger, or his eyes would light up with the joy of battle; Churchill's chin would protrude when he was attacked, although a look of benevolence would appear after he had floored his antagonist.

But by contrast Macmillan enters the chamber with a light step and a languid expression as if to say that politics were much too serious to be taken seriously.

Therefore neither his supporters nor his opponents have been able to read his thoughts during the last few weeks as one by-election after another reveals that the tide is running heavily against the government.

Eden's personal general-election majority at Warwick and Leamington was 13,466, but in the by-election caused by his resignation the Tory majority there fell to 2,157. The Tory pundits have tried to convince themselves that the voters at Warwick and Leamington resented the critical attitude that many of his parliamentary associates adopted toward Eden. It was also said that Eden's hold on his constituency was so personal that his supporters had no heart for another man. But it surely takes more than that to explain

an 11,309 drop in the majority.

On the same day there was a by-election at Bristol West. And what happened there? The Tory majority fell from 22,001 to 14,162. To add to the bad news, the Conservatives actually lost North Lewisham when a Tory majority of 3,236 was turned into a 1,110 minority.

No wonder Hugh Gaitskell smiles as he takes his place on the Opposition front bench and gazes at the overburdened prime minister, and no wonder Nye Bevan looks out of the corner of his eye at Gaitskell as if to say, "You still have to deal with me, my boy."

But the internal problems of the socialist hierarchy do not end there. The debonair Sir Hartley Shawcross, who was attorney general in the socialist government, has just announced that he is retiring from the bar, where his average yearly earnings must have been well over fifty thousand pounds. Instead he has accepted an advisory post with the giant Shell Oil Company, where he will probably be paid a paltry twenty-five thousand pounds a year. He will, however, still keep his seat in parliament.

Why should this announcement spread alarm and despondency in the breasts continued on page 79

IF BEVAN UPSET GAITSKELL WOULD SHAWCROSS BE PM?



Bevan



Gaitskell



Shawcross

Gaitskell might lead Labor into power but lose the premiership in a battle with Bevan, says Baxter, with Shawcross leading Labor into liberal ways.



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- Springwood Perfume. Delicate floral fragrance. 1 dr., reg. \$1.50. 2 for \$1.51
- Springwood Dusting Powder. Silky-smooth, 5 1/2 oz., reg. \$2.00. 2 for \$2.01
- Velour Powder Puff. Peach or coral in cello envelope. Reg. 25¢. 2 for 26¢
- Helen Cornell Bobby Pins. Brown or black, 50 on card. Reg. 25¢. 2 for 26¢
- Silque Deodorant Cream. Protecting, long-lasting. 1 oz., reg. 55¢. 2 for 56¢
- My Night Face Powder. In three shades. Reg. \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- Langlois Lavender Bath Powder, with puff. Reg. \$1.89. 2 for \$1.90
- Langlois Lavender Talcum. White or gents' shade. Reg. 65¢. 2 for 66¢
- Blue Hyacinth Dusting Powder. With puff. Reg. \$1.85. 2 for \$1.86
- Lorie Bath Bulbs. 12. Reg. \$1.10. 2 for \$1.11
- Solid Cologne. Purse size. Blue Hyacinth or Gardenia. Reg. \$1.25. 2 for \$1.26
- Gardenia Spice Cologne. Fragrance that lasts for hours. 4 oz., reg. \$1.35. 2 for \$1.36
- "365" Old English Lavender Bath Cologne. 7 oz., reg. 85¢. 2 for 86¢
- Almond Bloom Cream with Honey. Soothing lotion to keep your hands smooth and attractive. 6 oz., reg. 75¢. 2 for 76¢
- Gardenia Cold or Vanishing Cream. For skin beauty. Each, reg. 95¢. 2 for 96¢
- Langlois Cream of Almonds. Guards your hand beauty. 4 oz., reg. 65¢. 2 for 66¢
- Dainty Deodorant Cologne. Plastic squeeze bottle. 3 oz., reg. \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01

DENTAL NEEDS

- Klenzo Tooth Brush. 3-row, Long Head, Tufted end or Convex. Reg. 35¢. 2 for 36¢
- Klenzo Child's Tooth Brush. 3-row, tufted end, in plastic tube. Reg. 25¢. 2 for 26¢
- Klenzo Dental Plate Brush. 4-row, tufted end or Nylon bristle. Reg. 60¢. 2 for 61¢
- Klenzo Tooth Paste. For white, sparkling teeth. Small, reg. 39¢. 2 for 40¢
- Dental Floss. 30 yds. Reg. 45¢. 2 for 46¢
- Rexall Rexadent Tooth Powder. Leaves your mouth refreshed. Reg. 59¢. 2 for 60¢
- Rexall Dental Fix. Reg. 39¢. 2 for 40¢

MEDICINE CHEST BUYS

- Rexall First Aid Burn Ointment. Antiseptic dressing for cuts, sunburn, insect bites. 1 1/2 oz., reg. 75¢. 2 for 76¢
- Rexall Corn Solvent. Softens and loosens painful corns. 4 dr., reg. 40¢. 2 for 41¢
- Rexall Eyelo. Cooling and soothing relief for tired eyes. 8 oz., reg. 85¢. 2 for 86¢
- Sani-Ped Fast Powder. Relieves burning and itching. 4 oz., reg. 69¢. 2 for 70¢
- Rexall Germatine Antiseptic. Cleanses cuts and abrasions. 3 oz., reg. 89¢. 2 for 90¢
- Rexall Iodized Throat Gargle. Relief for throat congestion. 3 oz., reg. 50¢. 2 for 51¢
- Rexall Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic. Mouth wash and gargle. 16 oz., reg. 98¢. 2 for 99¢
- Puretest Tincture of Iodine 2 1/2%. (Without applicator) 2 oz., reg. 35¢. 2 for 36¢
- Rexall Cotton Squares. Package of 40 2" x 2" squares. Reg. 35¢. 2 for 36¢
- Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive. Waterproof, 1 1/2" x 5 yds. Triple cut in 1/2", 1" and 4", widths. Reg. 85¢. 2 for 86¢
- Rexall Pro-Cap Adhesive. Waterproof, 1/2" x 10 yds. Reg. 55¢. 2 for 56¢
- Rexall Corn and Callous Pads. For soothing foot relief. Reg. 35¢. 2 for 36¢
- Firstaid Quick-Acting Plaster. For fast back-ache relief. Reg. 75¢. 2 for 76¢
- Monogram Clinical Thermometer. 1 minute. Bakelite case. Reg. \$1.50. 2 for \$1.51

8 SPECIAL BONUS BUYS

NOT 1¢ SALE ITEMS, BUT OUTSTANDING VALUES DURING THIS SALE ONLY.



LILY OF THE VALLEY BUBBLE BATH

Box of 20 delightfully scented water-softening bath packets. Reg. \$1.25. only 79¢



ELKAY'S AEROSOL AIR REFRESHER

Effectively masks cooking and tobacco odours. 11 oz., Reg. \$1.49. only 99¢



REXALL QUIK-BANDS

47 plain or mercurochrome plastic bandages; 29—3/4" bands, 6-1" bands, 12 small strips. Reg. 75¢ now only 53¢



FOUR-SQUARE FLOOR WAX

1 pound. 63¢ value. only 43¢



EVERYDAY GREETING CARDS

Assortment of 14 cards in full colour Kodachrome. Reg. \$2.10. only 79¢



ADRIENNE LADIES' HAIR BRUSH AND COMB SET

Assorted colours, gift boxed. Reg. \$1.50. only 89¢



AEROSOL SPRAY FLORAL COLOGNES

Your choice of three delightful Springtime fragrances. \$2.50 value. only \$1.49



REXALL "FAMILY BOX" STATIONERY

72 sheets and 72 envelopes in homespun vellum. Boxed. Reg. \$2.00. only \$1.19

Rexall

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ANY DRUG PRODUCT THAT BEARS THE NAME

4 BIG DAYS TO SAVE

MAY

1-WED.
2-THURS.
3-FRI.
4-SAT.

Twice as much for one cent more
at 1500 Rexall Drug Stores

REXALL

1¢

The items listed are regular guaranteed Rexall products, freshly stocked by Rexall Druggists for the 1¢ Sale. Only through the increased volume resulting from the 1¢ Sale can they offer you such quality at such tremendous savings. This is only a partial list of items on this 1¢ Sale. Satisfaction guaranteed on all Rexall products or your money back. Right reserved to limit quantities.

FAMOUS REXALL REMEDIES

- Rexall Mineral Oil (Heavy American) Tasteless, colourless, non-fattening. Stock up and save. 16 oz., reg. 85¢ 2 for 86¢
- Rexall Aga-Rex Compound. Relieves constipation. 16 oz., reg. \$1.50 2 for \$1.51
- Rexall Analgesic Balm. Safe relief for headaches, colds. 1 1/2 oz., reg. 75¢ 2 for 76¢
- Rexall Asthma Powder. Effective relief from the irritation of asthma discomforts. 4 oz., reg. \$1.25 2 for \$1.26
- Rexall Bisma-Rex Gel. Soothing for acid upset stomach. 8 oz., reg. \$1.25 2 for \$1.26
- Rexall Bisma-Rex Mates. Handy antacid tablets. 24, reg. 35¢ 2 for 36¢
- Rexall Blood Purifier. A good tonic and purgative. 16 oz., reg. \$1.25 2 for \$1.26
- Rexall Bronchial Syrup. Relieves congestion caused by colds. 6 oz., reg. 69¢ 2 for 70¢
- Rexall Cherrisote Cough Syrup. Quick relief from coughing, throat tickle caused by colds. 8 oz., reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall Calamine Cream with Antihistamine. 1 1/2 oz., reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall Castor Oil. 4 oz., reg. 55¢ 2 for 56¢
- Rexall Cold Capsules. Swift relief from cold symptoms. 25, reg. 75¢ 2 for 76¢
- Rexall Eczema Ointment. Relieves irritation. 2 oz. jar, reg. 75¢ 2 for 76¢
- Rexall Epsom Salt. Reg. 25¢ 2 for 26¢
- Rexall Extract of Wild Strawberry. Quick relief from dysentery and simple diarrhoea. 2 oz., reg. 50¢ 2 for 51¢
- Rexall One Minute Headache Powders. In tablet form. 24, reg. 40¢ 2 for 41¢
- Rexall 100, reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall Healing Salve. For cuts, scratches, burns, scrapes. 1 1/2 oz., reg. 45¢ 2 for 46¢
- Rexall Hista-Rex Compound Capsules with S.P.C. Relieve cold symptoms. 20, reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall Lin-A-Septic Liniment. Effective healing and soothing liquid rub for athletes' foot, bruises, sprains and all minor aches and pains. 10 oz., reg. \$1.50 2 for \$1.51
- Rexall Lip Aid Salve. For chapped rough lips. 1/4 oz., reg. 50¢ 2 for 51¢
- Rexall Medicated Skin Cream. Healing for cuts, burns, abrasions, minor skin irritations. Antibiotic. 1 oz., reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall Mi31 Antiseptic Throat Tablets. 24, reg. 40¢ 2 for 41¢
- Rexall Nasal Spray. Quick relief for stuffy nose. 1/2 oz., reg. 98¢ 2 for 99¢
- Rexall Nerve Tonic with Vitamin B1. 16 oz., reg. \$1.75 2 for \$1.76
- Rexall Nose and Throat Relief with Ephedrine. (Aqueous). Relieves nose and throat congestion. 1 oz., reg. 69¢ 2 for 70¢
- Rexall Orderlies. Chocolate laxative. 24, reg. 50¢ 2 for 51¢, 60, reg. 85¢ 2 for 86¢
- Rexall Peptona. Tonic and conditioner. 16 oz., reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall P.K.Z. For relief of simple diarrhoea, dysentery. 8 oz., reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall Laxative Quinine Bromide Compound Tablets. 24, reg. 49¢ 2 for 50¢
- Rexall Rexillana Cough Syrup. Soothes dryness and tickling. 4 oz., reg. 75¢ 2 for 76¢
- Rexall Rex-Mentho Inhaler. Quick relief from nasal congestion. Reg. 43¢ 2 for 44¢
- Rexall White-X Liniment. Relieves muscular aches and pains. 8 oz., reg. 79¢ 2 for 80¢
- Rexall Zinc Ointment. For cuts, wounds, sores, skin rash. 1 1/2 oz., reg. 40¢ 2 for 41¢

VALUES IN VITAMINS

- Rexall Multiple Vitamin Tablets. A good daily diet supplement providing a combination of 8 vitamins. Stock up and save during Rexall's 1¢ Sale.
- 50, reg. \$2.59 2 for \$2.60
- 100, reg. \$4.75 2 for \$4.76
- Rexall Multi-Vitamin Formula 10 Tonic. 16 oz., reg. \$2.95 2 for \$2.96
- Rexall Vitamin B Compound Tablets. 100, reg. \$2.75 2 for \$2.76
- Rexall Vitamin C Tablets. (Ascorbic acid) 25 mgm per tablet. 100, reg. 95¢ 2 for 96¢
- Rexall Vitamins and Minerals Tablets. 50, reg. \$2.75 2 for \$2.76
- 100, reg. \$4.95 2 for \$4.96
- Rexall Wheat Germ Oil Capsules. 50, reg. \$1.25 2 for \$1.26
- Rexall Yeast and Iron Tablets. 100, reg. \$1.25 2 for \$1.26
- Rexall Tasteless Extract of Cod Liver Oil Compound with Vit. D. Tonic and builder. 16 oz., reg. \$1.35 2 for \$1.36
- Rexall Cod Liver Oil. Plain. Contains Vitamin A and D. 8 oz., reg. \$1.15 2 for \$1.16
- 16 oz., reg. \$1.85 2 for \$1.86
- Rexall Cod Liver Oil 10A & D. (Concentrated) 4 oz., reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall Cod Liver Compound Tablets. 100, reg. \$1.75 2 for \$1.76
- Rexall Cod Liver Compound with Creosote. Helpful in treating coughs due to colds. 16 oz., reg. \$1.25 2 for \$1.26

HOUSEHOLD NEEDS

- Elkay's Moth Fume Crystals. Protect your garments. 3 oz., Reg. 29¢ 2 for 30¢
- Rexall Effervescent Saccharin Tablets. (Sweet N'ets). Non-fattening sweetener. 100 1/2-grain tablets. Reg. 40¢ 2 for 41¢
- 100 1/4-grain tablets. Reg. 35¢ 2 for 36¢
- 500 1/4-grain tablets. Reg. \$1.10 2 for \$1.11
- Rexall Liquid Saccharin Drops. 24 cc. Non-fattening sweetener. Reg. 89¢ 2 for 90¢
- Toxal. Antiseptic and disinfectant for countless uses. 8 oz., reg. 79¢ 2 for 80¢
- Opeko Artificial Vanilla Flavouring. 3 1/2 oz., reg. 39¢ 2 for 40¢
- Elkay's Wickstyle Deodorant. Masks household odours. 6 oz., reg. 79¢ 2 for 80¢
- Rexall Toilet Lanolin. Soothing for rough red hands. 2 oz., reg. 75¢ 2 for 76¢
- Defender Household Rubber Gloves. Strong latex to withstand hard use. Medium or large. Reg. 79¢ 2 pr. for 80¢
- Nail Brush. 4-row. Nylon bristles. Long handle, assorted colours. Reg. 25¢ 2 for 26¢
- Rexall Hand and Nail Brushes. Nylon filled, grip handle. Reg. 40¢ 2 for 41¢
- Plastic Apron. Assorted colours. Stock up and save. Reg. 60¢ 2 for 61¢
- 2 Cell Flashlight Case. Reg. 79¢ 2 for 80¢

FOR YOUR BABY

- Rexall Tiny Tot A-Sa-Rex Tablets. Children's headache relief. Bottle of 50 1-grain tablets. Reg. 50¢ 2 for 51¢
- Rexall Tiny Tot Teething Aid. May be rubbed freely on gums. 2 oz., reg. 50¢ 2 for 51¢
- Rexall Tiny Tot Gripe Water. For relief from cramps. 3 oz., reg. 50¢ 2 for 51¢
- Rexall Tiny Tot Nose Drops. Quick relief from "runny" or stuffy nose due to colds. 1/2 oz., reg. 60¢ 2 for 61¢
- Rexall Polymulsion. Pleasant-tasting orange-flavoured emulsion containing Vitamins A1, B1, B2, C and D. Good for children and they love it. 8 oz., reg. \$2.95 2 for \$2.96
- Rexall Perco-Cod 100 A & D. Drop dosage. 12.5 cc., reg. \$1.25 2 for \$1.26
- Rexall Baby Soap. Reg. 20¢ 2 for 21¢
- Rexall Baby Pants. Vinylite plastic, pink or blue. Medium or large, reg. 65¢ 2 for 66¢
- Adrienne Baby Brush Set. Brush and comb in gift package. Reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01

COMBS AND BRUSHES

- Rexall Bobby Comb. 5 inch, in assorted glitter colours. Reg. 10¢ 2 for 11¢
- Rexall Dressing Comb. 7 in., for ladies and men. Metallic finish. Reg. 15¢ 2 for 16¢
- Rexall Curl Comb. 8 in., reg. 15¢ 2 for 16¢
- Rexall Pocket Comb. Fine teeth. 5 inch, in white or black Nylon. Reg. 25¢ 2 for 26¢
- Rexall Dressing Comb. 8 1/2 inch, coarse and fine teeth. Styrene with fancy back, assorted colours. Reg. 20¢ 2 for 21¢
- Ladies' Hair Brushes. With Nylon bristles. Assorted shapes and colours. Individually cellophane wrapped. Reg. 98¢ 2 for 99¢
- Men's "Club-Shape" Hair Brush. 7-row. Crystallite. Boxed. Reg. \$1.75 2 for \$1.76

ELKAY'S AEROSOL MOTH PROOFER

The easy way to keep garments moth-free. 11 oz., reg. \$1.39,

2 for \$1.40



REXALL MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

Mint-flavoured, neutralize acidity. 85, reg. 50¢ 2 for 51¢

REXALL HYDROGEN PEROXIDE

U.S.P. 10 Volume. Disinfects by cleansing. 4 oz., reg. 30¢ 2 for 31¢



REXALL ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL RUBBING COMPOUND

Cooling and invigorating. 16 oz., reg. 95¢ 2 for 96¢



REXALL HALIBUT LIVER OIL CAPSULES

50, reg. \$1.20, 2 for \$1.21
100, reg. \$1.90, 2 for \$1.91

REXALL MI31 SOLUTION

Rexall's famous mouth-wash, gargle and multi-purpose antiseptic. 16 oz., reg. 98¢ 2 for 99¢



ADRIENNE COSMETICS



- Adrienne All-Purpose Cream. Delightful general purpose cream for cleansing and conditioning. Ideal as a night cream, and as a powder base. 3 1/2 oz., reg. \$1.10 2 for \$1.11
- Adrienne Bath Powder. For bath-time luxury. Reg. \$2.00 2 for \$2.01
- Adrienne Liquid Bubble Bath. Soothing and relaxing. 4 oz., reg. 85¢ 2 for 86¢
- Adrienne Liquid Brillantine. For lasting hair beauty. Reg. 75¢ 2 for 76¢
- Adrienne Cleansing Cream. Deep cleanses, softens, lubricates and conditions the skin. Reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Adrienne Cold Cream. An excellent skin cleanser. Reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Adrienne Eau de Cologne. Dainty and delightful. 4 oz., reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Adrienne Face Powder. In three flattering shades — Naturelle, Rachel Ivory or Rachel Medium. Reg. \$1.10 2 for \$1.11
- Adrienne Floral Bouquet Toilet Water. 6 oz., reg. \$1.75 2 for \$1.76
- Adrienne Hand Lotion. For smooth, attractive hands. 4 oz., reg. 85¢ 2 for 86¢
- Adrienne June Clover Cologne. A delightful fragrance. 6 oz., reg. \$1.75 2 for \$1.76
- Adrienne Lipstick. 5 flattering shades to match your ensemble. Reg. \$1.25 2 for \$1.26
- Adrienne Magic Cream Make-up. Compressed powder. Choice of 4 shades to suit your colouring. Reg. \$1.50 2 for \$1.51
- Adrienne Perfume. 1 dr. Reg. 75¢ 2 for 76¢
- Adrienne Smoky Rose Cologne. Delicate lasting fragrance to keep you fresh and dainty. 6 oz., reg. \$1.75 2 for \$1.76
- Adrienne Guest Soap. Delightfully perfumed. 4 cakes in box. Reg. 89¢ 2 boxes for 90¢

MEN'S GROOMING AIDS

- Lather Brush. Reg. \$2.00 2 for \$2.01
- Langlois Lavender After Shave Lotion. Refreshing. 3 oz., reg. 95¢ 2 for 96¢
- Langlois Lavender Hair Cream Dressing. For neat hair. Tube, reg. 55¢ 2 for 56¢
- Langlois Lavender Shaving Soap. In plastic bowl. Reg. \$1.25 2 for \$1.26
- "365" Bay Rum. 7 oz., reg. 85¢ 2 for 86¢
- Glos-Kreme. For flawlessly groomed hair — at all times. Tube, reg. 55¢ 2 for 56¢
- Klenzo Coconut Oil Shampoo with Olive Oil. Reg. 89¢ 2 for 90¢
- Lorie Liquid Brillantine. Conditions and grooms hair. 2 oz., reg. 60¢ 2 for 61¢
- Langlois Lavender Push-Button Lather Shave Cream. Mentholated for cool, smooth, refreshing and lasting shaves. 10 oz., reg. \$1.39 2 for \$1.40
- Rexall Hair Oil. 5 oz., reg. 69¢ 2 for 70¢
- Rexall Shampoo. 5 oz., reg. 89¢ 2 for 90¢
- Rexall Cream Hair Tonic. Keeps hair smoothly in place. 5 oz., reg. 89¢ 2 for 90¢
- Gardenia After Shave Lotion. Soothing and refreshing. 3 oz., reg. 95¢ 2 for 96¢
- 5 oz., reg. \$1.35 2 for \$1.36
- Klenzo Shaving Cream. Reg. 55¢ 2 for 56¢
- Rexall Shaving Lotion. Reg. 60¢ 2 for 61¢
- Stag Shaving Cream. Regular or brushless for smooth shaves. Tube, reg. 55¢ 2 for 56¢
- Stag Shaving Lotion. In unbreakable plastic squeeze bottle. Reg. \$1.00 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall Klenzo Germicidal Soap. 2 1/2%, 3 oz., reg. 40¢ 2 for 41¢
- Klenzo Razor Blades. 5, reg. 25¢ 2 for 26¢
- Permedge Razor Blades. Smooth shaving at a smooth saving. 20, reg. 69¢ 2 for 70¢

REXALL DRUG PRODUCTS ARE SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

General Electric's Touch-Action Refrigerator puts all food at your fingertips



It's so very new, and only General Electric has it: the built-in custom look that distinguishes the entire fleet of G-E Refrigerators for 1957. Lines are sleek and straight. Surfaces are perfectly flat with nothing protruding from top, back or sides. Your G-E Refrigerator for '57 fits your kitchen like a glove, with an expensive built-right-in look.

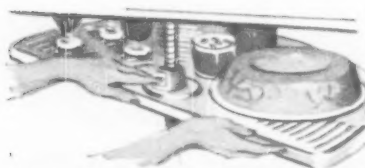
Automation goes to new lengths with fabulous G-E "Touch Action" revolving shelves, foot-pedal-operated magnetic door. Interior appointments are lavish and offer effortless convenience.

Illustrated is the majestic G-E Refrigerator-Freezer. In one beautiful double-decker design it combines two big appliances: a complete refrigerator and a true zero-degree freezer. The freezer operates completely on its own and holds up to 74 pounds of frozen food.

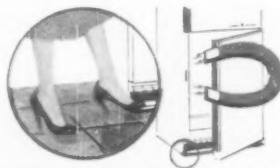
For the ultimate in refrigeration, in every price range, look to General Electric.



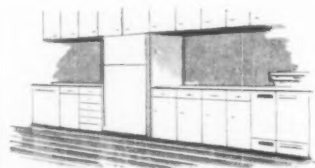
GENERAL ELECTRIC
Combination
REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER



REVOLVING SHELVES—G-E "Touch Action" magic swings the shelves right out in front of you. No such thing as a hard-to-reach corner. Fully adjustable, up or down, even when loaded.



MAGNETIC SAFETY DOOR—makes every other type old-fashioned. No mechanical latch—perfect magnetic closing every time. Touch the foot pedal for silent, effortless operation.



NEW DESIGN—smooth, straight line with flat surfaces that give it a custom built-in look. Means unit can be installed flush against the wall, either side or back, in perfect symmetry kitchen design.



MIX-OR-MATCH COLORS—new decorator scope to blend or contrast with your kitchen. Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink or Satin White. Interiors in new pink and aluminum.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL 27, 1957

MAZO DE LA ROCHE



MACLEAN'S
CANADA'S
NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

“I still
remember...”

Our most famous—and least-known—writer
breaks a lifetime's silence to recall her childhood...

books she loved...her first story...

the secret drama of Jalna,

and celebrities she has known

Canada's Mazo de la Roche is perhaps unique in the twentieth-century literary scene. She is, at the one time, one of the world's best-known and least-known writers. Best-known because in the last thirty-four years she has published nineteen novels, two collections of short stories, four works in nonfiction and two books of plays. Least-known because she has chosen to keep her private life most definitely private. While a full generation of readers in nearly a dozen languages is intimately acquainted

with the fabulous Whiteoak family and their home of Jalna, which she set down in the pleasant countryside just west and south of Toronto, very few people indeed know their creator. Now, Miss de la Roche has at last opened the door wide on her private life and thoughts by completing her autobiography, *Ring-ing The Changes*. It will be published later this month by the Macmillan Company of Canada Ltd. Maclean's here presents some lively excerpts from a lively and often brilliant book.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ROCKETT

MISS DE LA ROCHE'S STORY BEGINS ON NEXT PAGE



THE PONY THAT WENT TOO FAST

"I took this picture of my lifetime friend Caroline Clement with our pony Molly, and developed it myself in the bathroom. One summer day we were driving Molly in our dogcart and we stopped to steal some apples. Making our getaway I let Molly go down hill too fast. She stumbled, the shafts broke and Caroline and I were thrown in a ditch. Reckless driving, we'd call it today."



THE SCENE OF MY CHILDHOOD: My memory goes back to my very early days. It is an unusual memory that has brought me both pleasure and torment. Seldom have I been able to forget anything. A scene of pain or cruelty which I may have witnessed as a child returns to me today with terrific vividness. The first such happening I remember was the sight of a dog, running in terror through the street, with a tin can tied to its tail. There were boys in the street who doubled up in laughter and shouted at him. My astonishment that such a thing could be, my helplessness to prevent it, made an impression that years could not dim.

It was sometime later than this when the first and only violent happening I ever saw in the street took place. It was early evening and almost my bedtime. The front door stood ajar and I stepped outside feeling adventurous, for I never was allowed outside alone at that hour. Suddenly I heard footsteps running. I saw two men, one young, the other old, running along the road. They were rough-looking men of the sort I had seldom seen. The younger was obviously chasing the elder. He bent, picked up a stone and hurled it after the old man. It struck him on the bald head and dark blood poured from the wound. They ran on and on, out of my sight, unseen by anyone but me.

I ran indoors, scarcely able to speak for excitement, but,

when I was able to tell what I had seen, no one believed me! I simply had imagined it. Such a thing would not happen in our quiet street. My father went to the door and looked out. No street could have been quieter, more respectable. He came back and set me on his shoulder. "It never really happened," he said. But I knew.

Remembering the quiet country roads of those days, the exhilarating sights in the city, I feel pity for the child of today with nothing to see but the hideous mechanized traffic, making its stinking way, bumper to bumper, through the gloomy streets; nothing better to do than to learn at sight the makes of different motorcars. How different were the streets in those days!

A dray would pass, drawn by a team of powerful draught horses—a butcher's cart, the butcher wearing his light-blue apron—a splendid equipage, with coachman in fur cap—horses, horses, everywhere! Women, holding up their long flounced skirts—men who looked like gentlemen—In summer, fruit vendors, with their cry of, "Strawberry, strawberry ripe! Two boxes for a quarter!" And they were quart boxes, not the miserable little pint boxes we buy today. There was an Italian boy I well remember who pushed his barrow of bananas twice a week to our door, with his musical call of, "Banana ripe, fifteen cents a dozen!" I even remember his



THE PORTRAIT THAT HOLDS A MEMORY

"Around the time this girlhood snap was taken we stopped briefly at the Queen's Hotel in Toronto. When we rose from the table I shook hands with the waiter and thanked him for the nice dinner, as I had been taught to do after a party.

"We don't usually," said my mother, "shake hands with the waiter."

"To draw attention from my lapse I remarked, 'Papa is forgetting some of his money.'

"That," said my father, "is for the waiter."

"It's better," I remarked, "to shake hands with him."



THE DOG THAT WAS IMMORTALIZED

"In my black and white striped linen skirt I posed for this one at Lake Simcoe. Buntie, the little black Scottie, became the heroine of *Portrait of a Dog*, my favorite among my own books. She was totally blind for her last seven years."

name—it was Salvator Polito—and the big red bananas.

In those days everyone who had the use of his legs went for walks. Today nobody walks for pleasure. You may walk for miles and meet nobody but yourself. In the morning and afternoon people walked. In the evening they sat on their verandas behind the shelter of syringas in flower, the white skirts of the girls billowing over the steps. From indoors might come the sound of a piano. Now and again one heard the clip-clop of horses' hooves. Children went to bed, tired out by their play. Whenever they were free to play they were absorbed in their games.

What has happened to the play spirit in the child of the present? Not long ago I had lunch at the Toronto Skating Club and, looking down on the ice, saw a dozen earnest children practicing figure skating. Over and over the little perfectionists, in their faultless skating gear, repeated the monotonous figures. Nobody was forcing them, nobody was urging them. They wanted to do just what they were doing, each doubtless picturing herself as a champion of organized sport. I thought of our childhood's helter-skelter skating—hand in mittened hand doing a crack-the-whip across the rink—skates never quite fitting—skirts, flannel petticoats, getting in our way. I thought of the admiring group that would gather to see my father execute the grapevine or perhaps the

figure eight—he loftily ignoring them, pretending it was easy!

And the games of summer on the green, green grass!

London Bridge is falling down—Here we come gathering nuts in May—The farmer views his lands—Hide and Seek—Old Witch, this last throwing one into a madness of chase and pretended fear. Afterward the throwing of oneself exhausted on the grass, staring up at the blue sky or investigating the doings in a tiny anthill . . . The winds in which one ran, all by oneself, swifter it seemed than the wind, wilder than the tempest.

When I visited at Grandpa's I could see, far below the terrace, beyond the stable yard, a railway line, over which several times a day a train tootled. These trains were familiar friends to me because, from the time I was five, my mother would put me on the train in Toronto, in the conductor's charge, to go on a visit to Grandpa's. I was a composed traveler, not in the least nervous, ready to enter into conversation with other passengers.

Quite early in the morning a certain freight train would pass and this train had the distinction of being a weather forecaster, because on the boxcar just behind the locomotive a painted moon showed the country folk what to expect in the way of weather. A full moon promised a fine day, a half-moon, I think, rain, and a **continued on page 80**

BLAIR FRASER . . .

. . . REPORTS FROM PEKING

Maclean's Ottawa editor sees for himself: The spy system that covers all China

A co-operative farm for 82 families

A model factory town and a Shanghai slum

Christianity under the Chinese Reds

Read his startling conclusions

Mr. Li, the chairman of the co-operative farm at Chu Yung Kuan, five miles this side of the Great Wall of China, was not expecting visitors on Sunday. Indeed, the only reason he had any was that our car was stuck on the long slippery hill below the village. But when my interpreter and I appeared unannounced, he welcomed us into his home without embarrassment.

It is one of the better houses in Chu Yung Kuan, real glass in the windows, two fairly large rooms for only five people and everything marvelously neat and tidy. As we came in, Mr. Li's mother, a spry old lady with a face like a withered apple, tottered over to the stove on her tiny bound feet to make us a bowl of tea.

Mr. Li said the eighty-two families in Chu Yung Kuan had nearly a hundred acres among them. In some parts of China that would be a big farm, but this is barren, stony, hill country. The land produces less than half enough to support the three hundred souls who dwell on it; the rest they earn by working on the roads or on nearby construction jobs. Family income in Chu Yung Kuan averages four hundred *yuan*s a year, or a hundred and sixty Canadian dollars.

I asked how often the Li family ate meat. Mr. Li looked at his father and they both began to laugh. When he could speak, Mr. Li explained to the ignorant stranger that they don't eat meat at all, except on occasional feast days. Those woolly little black pigs in the village street are a cash crop, not a dietary luxury.

This was hardly the Garden of Eden that, to read some Chinese government publicity, you might expect to find on a Chinese co-operative farm. I didn't see how Chu Yung Kuan could ever have been much worse off, short of actual starvation.

But Mr. Li was very positive that times are better now than in the bad old days before

PEKING

"Liberation," or even the more recent days after land reform when each peasant farmed his own small plot. Now that the land is farmed as a unit, he said, seventy people are enough to work on it and they can be the less vigorous, the old men and the women and elder children. Able-bodied men can spend more time earning wages, at jobs that are easier to get nowadays and much steadier. The price of the grain they buy from the government is reasonably stable; so are the prices of the vegetables and pigs and chickens they have to sell.

Mr. Li is chairman of the co-operative and presumably an enthusiast. Some other citizens of Chu Yung Kuan may be less convinced than he of the advantages of collective farming. But there is no evidence of any direct coercion to keep them socialist in word and deed.

Certainly there is not the visible machinery of compulsion that you see on every hand in the Soviet Union: the police and the MVD and the ever-present army. We did not see a uniform within miles of Chu Yung Kuan. The official who doles out the ration of flour and rice, and collects the taxes-in-kind by which China's peasants support her Communist government, is a big, good-natured, rather bovine youth who is no better clad and even worse housed than his charges in the village. He sleeps on a cot in his "office," a tiny cubicle at one end of the mud-brick warehouse he supervises.

At the showpiece farm outside Shanghai where Intourist takes the visitor who asks in advance, there are no outside officials at all. Director Chao King-de was formerly a poor peasant. He used to rent an acre of land and pay the landlord more than half his crop. The secretary, Chou Vung-an, was a "middle" peasant who made a bare living on an acre of his own. Both were born on the farm of which they are now part owners. **continued on page 60**



BLAIR FRASER with "little dolls" he saw in

Fraser found these "businessmen" unshackled under Communist rule ▶



TOYMAKERS hawk wares in a Peking street, as craft has done for centuries.



Photographs by Blair Fraser

Fraser saw the state running these businesses—for its own great glory



STATE MOVIES exploit national themes and fables, but universities listen to Western ideas.



PROPAGANDA against the West is a never-ending job. Here a cartoonist harpoons "warmonger" Dulles.



BARBERS and shoeshines are unfettered by controls, but Fraser found them changed: they won't take tips.

FARMERS labor co-operatively to raise basic crops like rice but can sell some produce on the free market.



TRUCK FACTORY in Manchukuo is a showpiece, but it runs in low gear with steel-plate shortage.



HAILEY'S METHOD: With crew helpless, stewardess, doctor and ex-pilot fly plane, while viewers suffer.

Arthur Hailey slays 'em with suspense

He sends an airliner aloft,
then loses the crew; he locks a child
in a burglar-proof vault
with hours to live. TV audiences
can't resist it—he's the
hottest playwright in the business

BY JANICE TYRWHITT

HAILEY AND FAMILY: No Bohemian, he writes in collar and tie, lives quietly in Toronto suburb. Here are wife Sheila, Steven, Jane and playwright.



For most of us, the television set is still the family's newest plague and plaything. For the writers who feed scripts to the hungry cameras, it represents the most tempting and terrifying market they've ever encountered. Producers in Canada, the United States and Britain warn them that there's no easy path to success in writing for TV. Though it offers a wide audience and a long-odds chance at big money, up to now TV has reserved these rewards for a few writers with great experience in the complicated new medium or in the allied arts of theatre and radio. For instance, Paddy Chayefsky, the best-known TV writer, wrote for years before the Academy-Award-winning film version of his play *Marty* made him internationally famous. Top Canadian dramatists like Joseph Schull, Lister Sinclair and Len Peterson began writing for TV long after they had established reputations on radio and the stage. Nathan Cohen, script editor of the CBC Television Theatre series, warns aspiring writers, "Don't expect to sell your first play. You won't make a fortune overnight."

A spectacular exception to this pattern is Arthur Hailey, a thirty-six-year-old Toronto businessman who skyrocketed from obscurity to become the hottest TV writer in Canada and one of the half dozen most successful in the world.

A year ago, without dramatic experience of any kind, Hailey wrote *Flight into Danger*, a play that has since been televised in three countries, sold to Hollywood and earned its author \$33,900 plus five percent of the net profits from the film. He followed this with two more plays, *Shadow of Suspicion* and *Time Lock*, which played in both Canada and the U.S. With the sale of *Time Lock* to Romulus Films, a British

movie company, he upped his take to \$63,000 within nine months, financially outstripping all but a few top U.S. scriptwriters like Chayefsky and N. Richard Nash, whose play *The Rainmaker* is now a film starring Katharine Hepburn. Alcoa, the U.S. sponsor of *Flight into Danger*, paid Hailey its highest price, normally reserved for a few established playwrights. "Hailey's probably the first Canadian writer to make a killing in television," says Hugh Kemp, national radio-TV supervisor of scripts for the CBC. Last February, Hailey and W. O. Mitchell jointly won the Canadian Council of Authors and Artists' gold award for the most distinguished creative achievement of the year.

In each country, *Flight into Danger* hit viewers with such impact that *Variety*, the show-business trade paper, nicknamed the play Hailey's Comet. When it was first shown on the CBC's General Motors Theatre on April 3, 1956, the studio was flooded with telephone calls and letters that marked *Flight* the hit of the year and prompted a repeat showing less than five months later. From New York, Herbert Hirschman, who produced the NBC version, reported, "The show caused a stir such as rarely occurs in this business." When the BBC screened a kinescope of the original CBC production, enthusiastic callers jammed the studio switchboard for fifteen minutes (prompting the BBC to buy eleven more Canadian plays, including *Shadow of Suspicion*), and Wallace Reyburn, London correspondent for the *Toronto Telegram*, reported, "No TV play has created such a sensation here since Orwell's 1984."

Paradoxically, Hailey has shot to the top by breaking every rule in the business. An urbane Englishman with a low-pressure manner and a high-pressure working **continued on page 56**

**Here's how Canadians saw
three Hailey plays**



Flight into danger

Hailey knocks out a plane crew by food poisoning on the way to Grey Cup football game in Vancouver. A passenger who was once a flier has to take over. He gets orders from the ground, but can he land? After suspenseful hour, he does. Macdonald Carey starred in U.S.

Shadow of Suspicion

Hailey has a respectable salesman suddenly brought in by police for questioning in the sex slaying of a small girl. Newspaper publicity convinces business acquaintances and neighbors of his guilt. He's about to leave town when a reporter clears him of suspicion.

Time Lock

Hailey puts a boy in a bank vault sealed with a time lock. The air supply is running out; the lock cannot be opened. As the distracted parents wait, police, workmen and volunteers struggle to hack through the wall. After an hour of frustration, the boy is saved.

**Where and when to look
for Hailey's
newest cliff hanger**

Want to sample Hailey's suspense? His newest play, *Course for Collision*, will be produced on CBC Television Theatre Sunday, April 21, at 10 p.m. EST on the connected network. Stations not on the connected network will present the play later on film.

**Here's how Americans saw
the same three plays**



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How Bamford-Gordon abolished the

It was Harrison's master plan and



he did it for a dame.

BY JOHN GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

Were the relationship between Ruth Ferguson and Harrison Bamford-Gordon not of some historical note it would be embarrassing to talk about it, for it's closer to farce than to high political intrigue. But since the nation now seems damned, defrauded or disgraced (depending on one's point of view) because of the ephemeral attraction felt by these two middle-aged persons, it is best we have the authentic details.

It is fair to say that Ruth Ferguson assumed the proportions of a difficult problem in the monochromatic life of Harrison Bamford-Gordon. As a matter of fact, Bamford-Gordon put it to himself in much this way as he settled into his tub one evening.

"A difficult problem," he said bluntly.

The water was very hot: wispy tendrils of steam rose above its glassy surface. Harrison sighed as he felt the heat leaking into his tired bones, unknotting muscles and unsticking cartilage. He slid farther down, until the water washed the lobes of his ears, wetting the lowest inch of his stone-grey hair.

Harrison Bamford-Gordon was tired. This was not surprising for that was his customary state. But, to be fair, Harrison worked conscientiously, long hours, driving himself to the rather well-defined limits of his endurance. He believed that he believed in work as other men do in God, as an act of blind unreasoning faith: in fact, he believed in work because it was the easiest escape from a monolithic boredom that had dogged him from youth.

Harrison rose promptly at six each morning. He claimed he did this in order to get a good start in the day, but he actually kept it up because he couldn't sleep. His ablutions were precise and efficient and by six twenty-seven each day Harrison was at his desk, studying. He studied until it was time to go

to work. That two-hour period, each morning through several decades, almost turned Harrison Bamford-Gordon into a savant, a fate he escaped only through a kind of atavistic sloth.

The object of his study shifted over the years. In his earliest days he pursued languages, until he became proficient in French, Italian, German, Arabic, Hindustani, Sanskrit and Erse. Eventually languages palled and he turned from a catholic philology to a patriotic bibliography, compiling in the short space of eighteen months the standard Carman and a remarkably complete Service. When bibliography also palled he experimented with palindromic verses, but found them unsatisfying. Eventually he began to shun the esoteric and relaxed into a broad, if occasionally middle-class, study of economics, ranging freely in the field as fancy directed.

He worked for the Department of Internal Revenue in Ottawa in a job he considered somewhat degrading but to which he brought meticulous talents. He was one of that anonymous army of clerks who scan income-tax returns, picking to tatters the hopes of optimistic citizens. Mistakes in addition, multiplication, division and subtraction had a way of sticking in his eye. He quoted the Income Tax Act and its many amendments as he quoted Carman, with facility and relish, and delighted in applying its labyrinthine clauses, noting their gloomy message on reassessment sheets in a fine italic script. He never rounded off a figure, and on those rare occasions when he discovered someone who had overpaid his tax would bend every effort to find some discrepancy in the return, priding himself on his success at reducing credits to debits.

But as Harrison continued on page 46




he income tax

dame.

Naturally, it shook the country to its roots



McPartney rocked the House with the news. It's said the Peace Tower swayed. Sir John A's statue cracked, the Opposition was speechless. This was revolution.



Here we are in 3 million words

It's the Encyclopedia Canadiana,
ten new volumes about the people, places,
lore and life of the nation—
along with some things
we've never known about ourselves

BY ALAN PHILLIPS

This June will mark a milestone in Canada's growth as a nation: the unveiling of two new books, predestined best-sellers, the first fifth of a ten-volume set soon to be the popular arbiter in arguments about Canada—the Encyclopedia Canadiana, a unique invitation to learning.

Here is the world's first encyclopedia devoted entirely to one country: New York, for example, is mentioned only as a stop for Canadian airlines. In its ten volumes, the last to be published in 1958, is found the world's only atlas depicting ancient Indian trails, the only dictionary in which mush is described as "travel by dog team," not "porridge," the only reference work to explain that the nickname "Bluenose," as applied to a Nova Scotian, may have originated either with sailing skippers whose noses turned blue with the cold, or a type of Maritime potato that turns bluish when exposed to light.

The first two volumes, A to COA, will spearhead the main body: thirty-three pounds of Canadiana, ten thousand articles written by eight hundred experts, 4,280 pages, three million words and five thousand illustrations. Volumes 3, 4 and 5 (COA to K) will make their appearance next fall, the last five in the spring of 1958.

The Owen Sound, Ont., printing firm that put it all between covers used eight freight-car loads of paper and seventy-five tons of metal. This is the biggest printing job ever undertaken in Canada—and the costliest: one million dollars.

The books open a vast new territory for armchair explorers, who will find that Flin Flon, Man., was named for Professor Josiah Flintabbatey Flonatin, the fictional hero of a book found on a nearby portage by prospectors; that Hepworth, Ont., picked up the "h" in its name because its founder, William Plows. **continued on page 69**

Almost every week there's a calamitous mid-air crash and dozens of near misses. Thousands more planes are now joining the fatal traffic jams above and on the airports.

But it's not too late to check

The lurking DEATH on our crowded skyways

BY FRANKLIN RUSSELL

By 1959 there will be about one hundred men in Canada who do nothing but hunt for airplanes, day and night. Every airliner that takes to the air will be under their constant surveillance. They will note and chart the course of every small plane—and perhaps quite a few large birds. These men, radar operators at fifteen new stations now being built, will see two hundred miles in all directions with eyes that cost the taxpayers of Canada more than five million dollars.

They will be part of an attempt by the Department of Transport, which controls

aviation in Canada, to avoid gigantic aerial traffic jams like those that periodically cripple aviation in the United States. They will also try to prevent mid-air collisions, which are increasing in North America as new planes crowd into the air. The stations, located at Moncton, Seven Islands, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, North Bay, Fort William, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary and Vancouver, will work independently of Canada's three defense radar lines already in operation—Pinetree, Mid-Canada and Dew.

In 1956 almost two hundred people died in the U. S. as a result of mid-air collisions, many of which could have been prevented by radar. A hundred and twenty-eight of them died last summer when two airliners collided over the Grand Canyon. Early this year Los Angeles traffic-control operators heard a four-engined transport pilot calling on his radio, "My God, we're going to hit!" At that moment a jet fighter and the transport collided at twenty-five thousand feet. Four aboard the transport died, and one man in the jet. **continued on page 40**



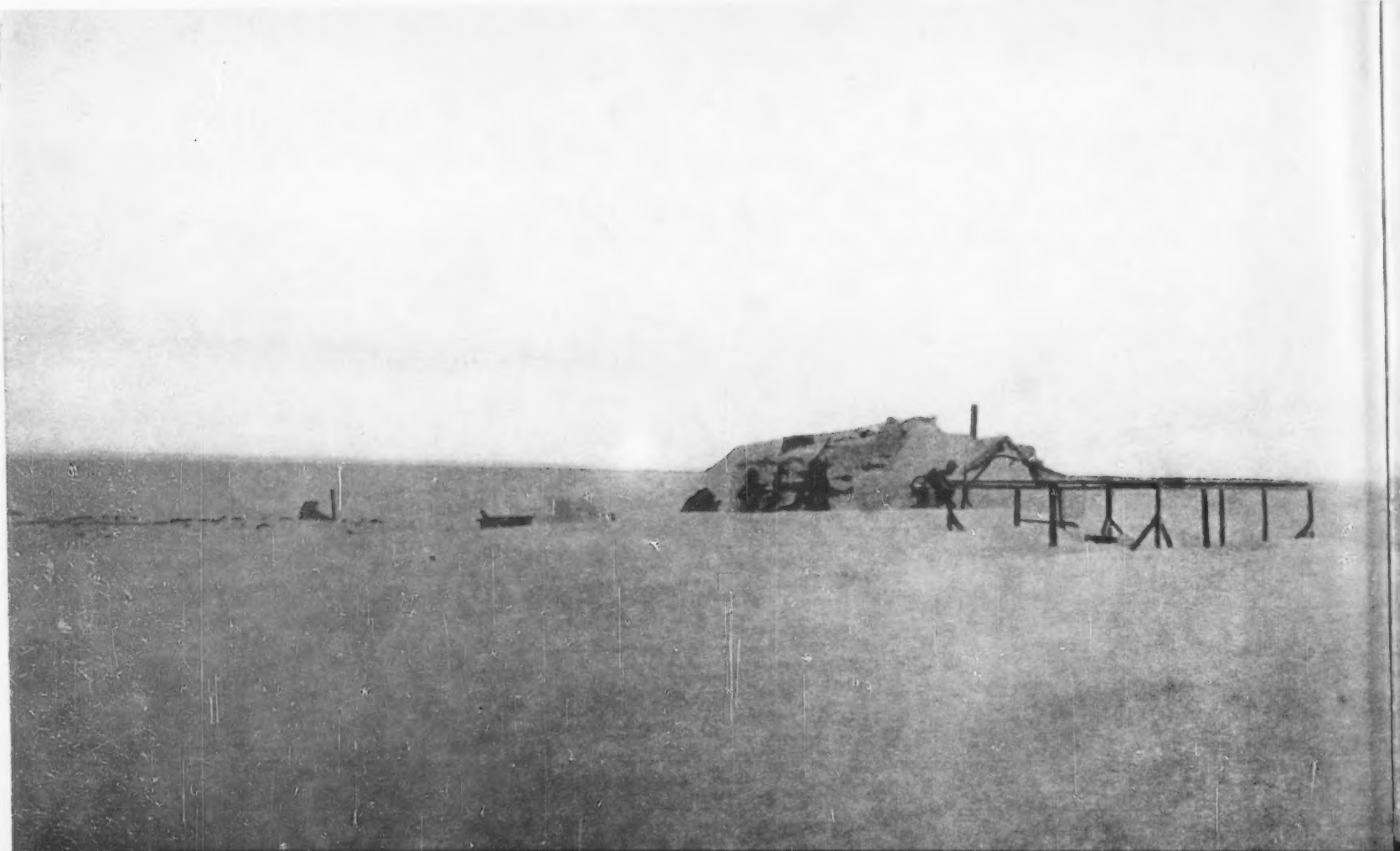
CRASH OVER MOOSE JAW, 1954: 37 KILLED
In vast prairie sky an RCAF plane hit a TCA airliner.



CRASH OVER GRAND CANYON, 1956: 128 KILLED
Two U.S. airliners hit and disintegrated into gorge.



CRASH OVER CALIFORNIA, 1957: 7 KILLED
A transport and fighter hit and fell on a schoolyard.



The pale winter sun, hidden for three months, emerges briefly at 2:30 p.m. on a violet afternoon late in January.

The moon is the sky's only illumination from November to January when the whole Arctic turns midnight blue.



A MACLEAN'S ALBUM



Midnight sun on an emerald sea.

THE IRIDESCENT ARCTIC

To a priest with a camera it's not an expanse of eternal white, but a brilliant panorama of kaleidoscopic hues

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FATHER MAURICE METAYER, OMI

To most urban Canadians the remote, forbidden Arctic is a vast desert of murky white, empty of vegetation and devoid of color. The photographs on these pages, taken by an amateur with an eye for exotic design, give the lie to this ancient misconception. In them, the Arctic is revealed as a land of infinite variety, of purple shadows and scarlet sunsets, azure valleys and emerald seas, a land of iridescent color which is almost impossible to duplicate elsewhere.

It is a land whose shifting hues complement each season: "In the summer at midnight the reflection of the sun appears as a long line of fire on the mirror of calm water . . . in autumn the sky becomes bluer, the rocks more black and the ice takes on the glint

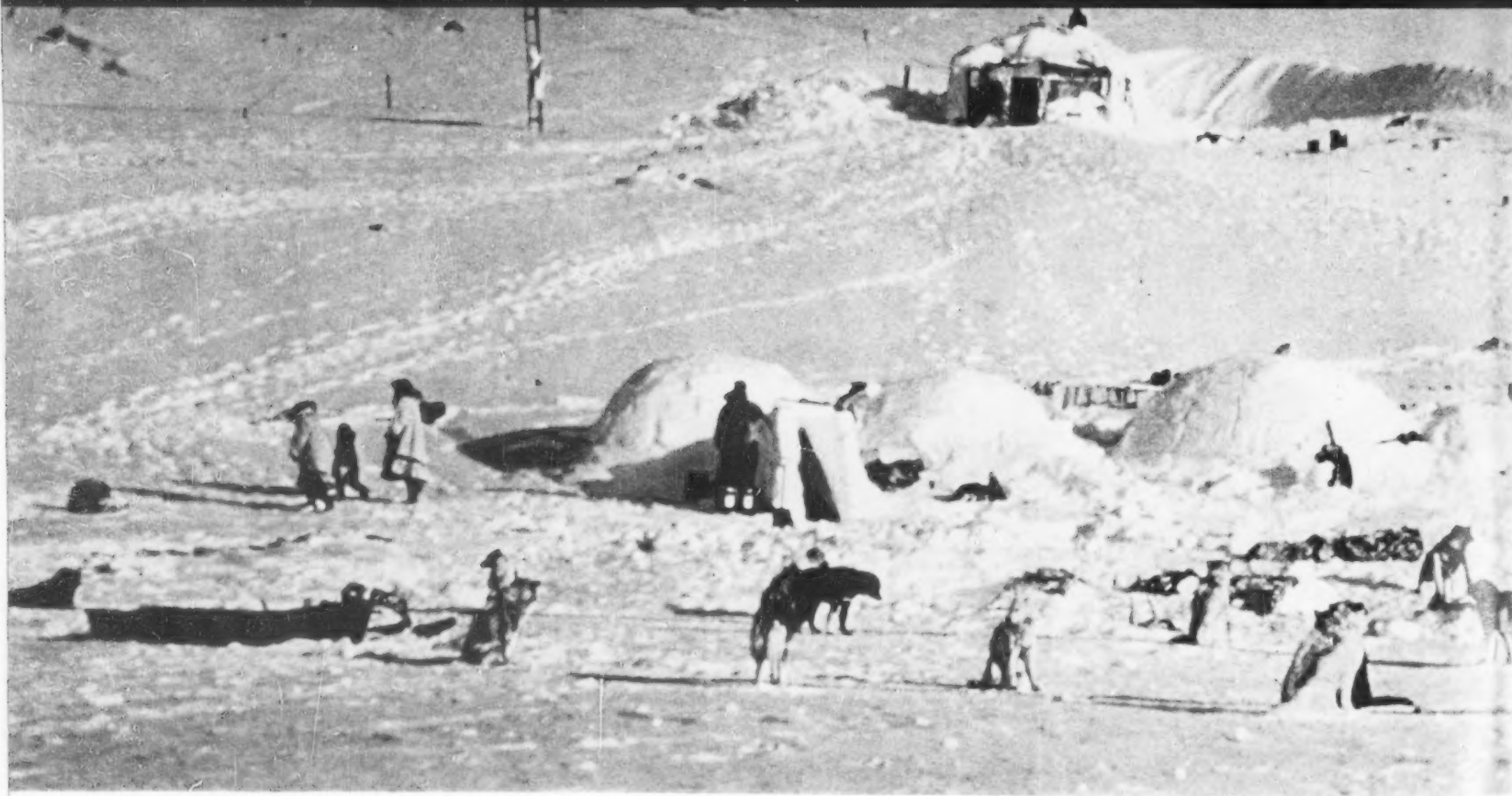
of tempered steel . . . in winter, the moon, seen from the bottom of the canyons, appears as a ghostly lady from an ancient tale."

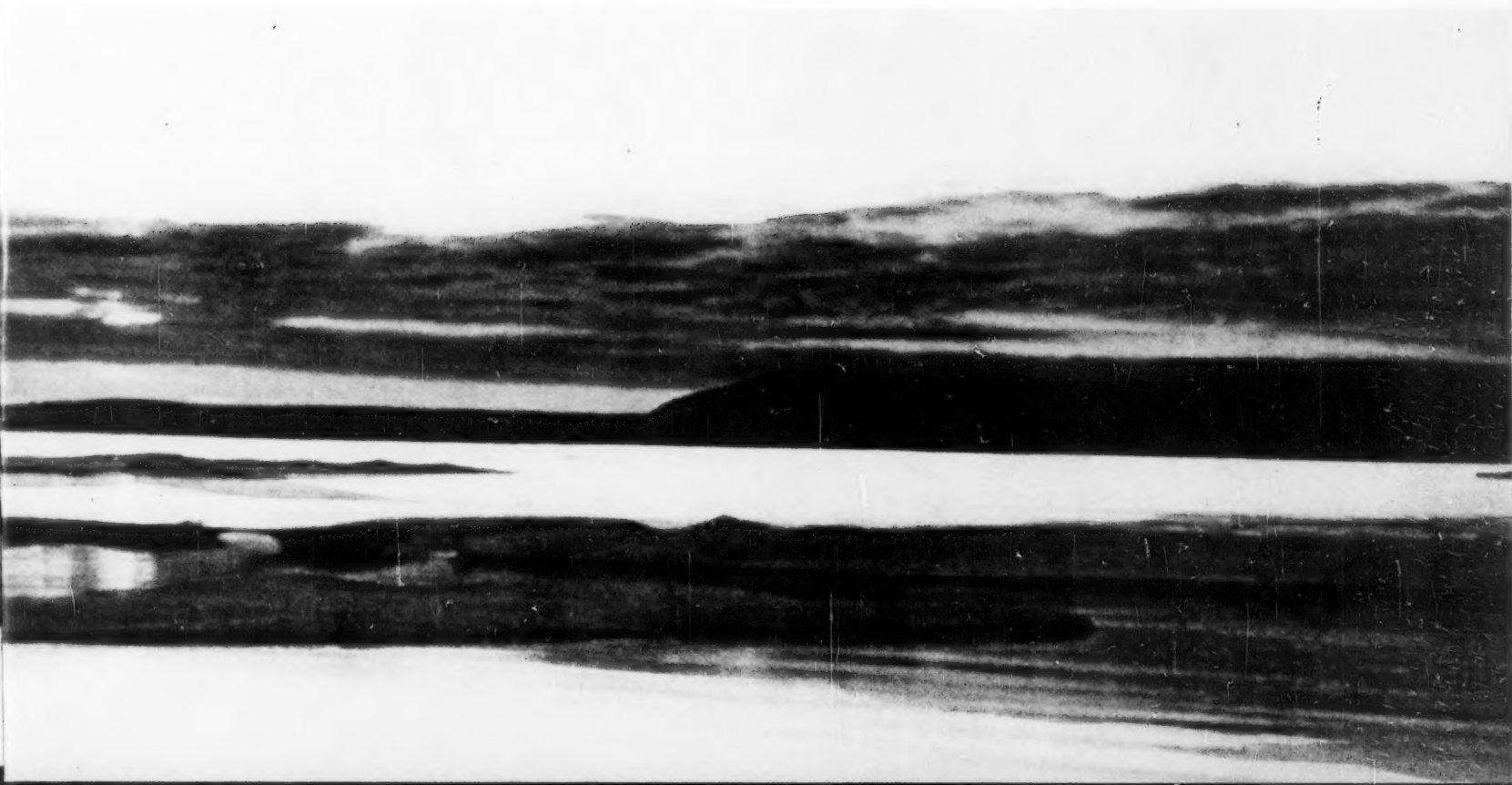
These are the words of the photographer, Father Maurice Métayer, an Oblate missionary now stationed at Tuk Tuk near the Mackenzie Delta. Father Métayer has been eighteen years in the Arctic and is now chaplain to eighteen radar stations on the Dewline. He has had no formal training, but, like Father Bernard Brown, whose photographs recently appeared in Maclean's, his work has the haunting quality of a sensitive man who knows and loves his subject with the intimacy of long association. Thus he can say, with the Eskimos, "Nunariknertooluk," which means "What a beautiful land."★

More photographs of Arctic colors on next four pages ▶



Above: The world goes upside down off Holman Island in June as the rays of the midnight sun are splashed across the candling ice and open leads of water seem to be reflected in the sky.





Below: Unmoving in the blue-grey twilight of an Arctic winter, sled dogs stand like graven images outside the white cupolas of igloos in an Eskimo village, 1200 miles north of Edmonton.



Continued over page ►



Cliffs off Holman Island form russet-colored pattern against melting June ice as young Eskimos clamber up them



them

seeking sea gulls' eggs.



Perpetual midnight of November turns Arctic into dead world of Prussian blue.



Perpetual daylight in July turns sea fiery red as midnight sun hugs horizon.

Me and my family . . . the story of the Conachers CONCLUSION

There are only six great
hockey players playing today, says this all-time great.

In the Thirties there were dozens.
Charlie Conacher tells why he quit the NHL and

"How I'd make hockey a better game"

By Charlie Conacher with Trent Frayne

"These six are
today's NHL greats,"
says Conacher.

"There is no seventh."



Jean Beliveau



Doug Harvey



Maurice Richard



Gordie Howe



Red Kelly



Ted Lindsay



"Kids rarely play shinny; few can stick-handle anymore."

Outside on Grand River Avenue the wind was howling past the old pile of dirty brick that is the Detroit Olympia. Inside there were maybe eleven thousand people hooting occasionally at the players sitting on the Chicago Black Hawks' bench. It was the last game of the 1950 regular season and, as coach of the last-place Black Hawks, I was jammed at one end of the bench beside my players. Pressed close behind us, and then fanning up into the gods, were row on row of Detroit fans, needling my players and me. It was 3 to 0 for the Red Wings at the end of the first period, and I felt as bad as the score looked. A half-eaten hot-dog bun came looping down from somewhere in the waves of faces behind us and bounced off my grey hat.

The way it turned out, the Hawks rallied in the next two periods, silencing the hoots in the big smoky bowl and beating the first-place Red Wings 5 to 4. But I still didn't feel much better, for this was my farewell to hockey. I had al-



The Conachers with their own two, Scott (left) and Brad. National League teams have ruined hockey, says Charlie, by regimenting youngsters before they learn how to play.

ready made up my mind to quit the Hawks after two and a half years as their coach.

When the game ended I congratulated my players in the cramped cubicle the Olympia provides as dressing quarters for visiting teams, and then I walked through the darkened corridor under the seats to the street. As I stood in the chilling wind on Grand River, and signaled a cab, I realized I was ending more than a term as the rather undistinguished coach of the rather undistinguished Hawks. I was winding up my part of the Conacher family's connection with the National Hockey League, a connection that had started in 1925 when my brother Lionel broke in, and was to end the following spring when my brother Roy closed out his career. When I stopped to figure it out as the cab whirled me downtown, I realized that the three of us had logged thirty-five years as performers or as coaches (when Roy retired the following spring, that made it thirty-six). Each

of us became an all-star player—Lionel as a defenseman, Roy as a left-winger and me as a right-winger, and the game had been the focal point of our lives.

Now, in honesty, I think I must say that in spite of those thirty-six years in the game, hockey was largely a means to an end to the Conacher family, and to each of us it represented something different. I doubt that any of us — my mother or father or any of the ten kids — had any deep-rooted love for the game itself.

To my parents hockey meant that their boys had made good. I remember that mother loved to go to the Gardens when her sons were playing. She'd sit there with dad and she'd look around at the tremendous crowd of thousands, and she'd say to dad, "Imagine, Ben, all these people are cheering our boys." Her reaction would have been precisely the same, I'm sure, if we'd happened to have been playing football.

I remember once the Toronto Star assigned

a woman reporter to sit beside my folks when the Montreal Maroons came into Toronto to play the Leafs. Lionel was with the Maroons, playing defense, and I was at right wing for Toronto beside my Kid Line mates, Joe Primeau and Busher Jackson. Suddenly, this woman sitting beside my mother started yelling at Lionel, calling him a big stiff who didn't belong in the NHL. A little later she hooted at me, calling me lazy or lucky or both. The point was that she was trying to arouse a reaction in mother to spice up her story. But mom, who didn't know this woman was a reporter, didn't say a word until the end of the game when she put her hand on the woman's arm. "You wouldn't yell like that at those two boys if you knew them," she said. "They're good boys."

Hockey didn't mean too much to my five sisters, either. Of course they were aware of the fact that their brothers were playing in the big league and thereby were

continued on page 74

Sweet & sour



"I covered Daddy so he won't get cold."

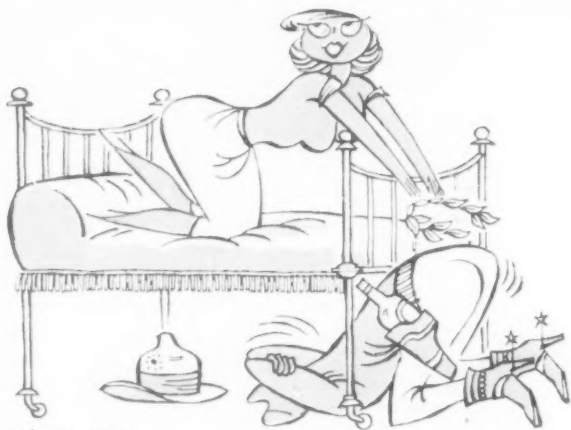


Feyar



Van Dyke

Movies I could go for BY PARKE CUMMINGS



Feyar

The clumsy cowboy

A western in which the hero (the Loco Kid) tries to rout a group of cattle rustlers. At first things go wrong for the Kid when he loses a barroom fight with the leader of the rustlers, due to having drunk too much whisky which he diluted with lots of soda. But that's nothing to the payoff when the rustlers get away with \$4,000,000 worth of T-bone on the hoof while the Kid cowers in terror under a bed in the heroine's ranch house. "I love a man who has sense enough to keep out of trouble," she says, after which they get married.



Customer

A boy with a bright new dime in his jeans
Feels six feet tall and a man of means.
With hand in his pocket, protectively,
He ponders his purchase selectively,
For as long as his frugal fist is curled
On a shiny dime, he can buy the world.

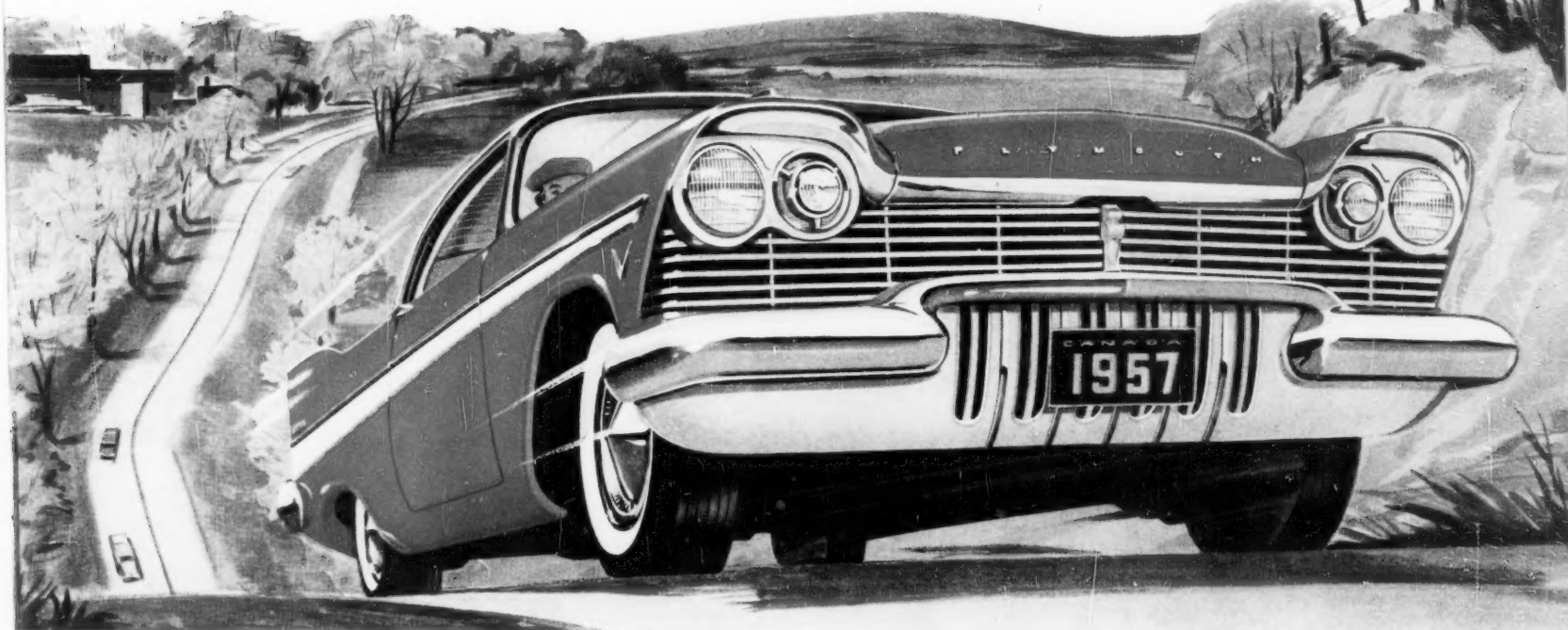
Betty Isler

Memo From 1992

Now time for testing has been ample
And you've surveyed a cheering sample
Of grand old 1957.
How closely it resembles heaven!
Note how much better people are,
Observe the brighter sun, the far
More verdant greenness of the grass,
How leisurely the hours pass,
And be unstinting in your praise—
You're looking at The Good Old Days.

P. J. Blackwell

You'll wonder what's
holding the
other cars back...



Plymouth 2-Door Hardtop

Plymouth's new **Thrill-Power "303"** V-8 makes hills seem like hollows! Up and over you flash... with Plymouth's torrid new **Torque-Flite** transmission shooting whiz to your wheels all the way!

It's the hottest topic of the '57 car year—this sizzling new combination of **Thrill-Power "303"** V-8, and three-speed, push-button **Torque-Flite** automatic transmission.

With the **Thrill-Power "303,"** you get the highest standard V-8 horsepower in the low-price field. That kind of power, flashed to your wheels through the world's finest, most advanced three-speed automatic transmission, means real

get-up-and-GO at your toe. And if you want even *more* power, just say the word. The **Plymouth Fury**, for example, delivers a scorching 290 horsepower this year!

Grab your hat and take a test ride in a '57 **Thrill-Power** Plymouth. Slip into one of our long, low and lively hardtops, just for fun. See how snug and solid and road-sure it is. How much you like its **Flight-Sweep '57** styling... its satiny-smooth **Torsion-Aire Ride**... its quicker-stopping **Total-Contact** brakes... just *everything* about it!

See your nearby Plymouth dealer soon. He has the key to the most exciting new-car experience you've ever known!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

THRILL-POWER Plymouth '57

Lowest priced car with **Flight-Sweep** styling... V-8 or 6 **Thrill-Power GO**... **Total-Contact** brakes... and push-button **Torque-Flite** automatic transmission. See your dealer soon!

Plymouth's revolutionary **Torsion-Aire Ride** uses advance-design torsion bars, Levelizer rear springs, anti-dip brake control, Super Oriflow shock absorbers, and complete rubber insulation to create a totally new low, snug-to-the-road riding comfort. You corner without sharp "tilt"... brake without annoying "nose-dive"... glide over bumps with super-cushion softness!

You're always a step ahead in cars of The **FORWARD Look** ➤

Plymouth 4-Door Sport Suburban





THE CANADIAN ROCKIES present you with scenes of unexcelled grandeur as far as your eye can reach. And on the Banff-Lake Louise Route,

KNOW CANADA BETTER! Travel and see it the



MAGNIFICENT BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL nestles mile-high in the awe-inspiring Canadian Rockies. This famous resort area is as well known for its hospitality as for its golf, riding, swimming and mountain sports. And it's right on the route of *The Canadian*.



LOVELY LAKE LOUISE makes an unforgettable stopover. It's your headquarters for boating, swimming, hiking...or just enjoying the scenery. Like Banff, forty miles away, Chateau Lake Louise is a luxury hotel where every thought is devoted to your pleasure.



you travel through them in broad daylight, when you can take full advantage of the view from the sky-high Scenic Domes of *The Canadian*.

SCENIC DOME WAY...

aboard *The Canadian*

Canada's only stainless steel streamliner takes you along the Banff-Lake Louise Route through 2,881 miles of ever-changing scenery.

The moment you step aboard *The Canadian*, you'll enter a new vacation world.

First, perhaps, you'll sit back and relax in your comfortable armchair, while scenes of majestic beauty flash by. Then you might stroll to the intimate Mural Lounge for refreshments. And, as evening approaches, you can enjoy an inexpensive meal in the Skyline Coffee Shop, or make your reservations for the finest Canadian cuisine in the Deluxe Dining Room Car.

The Canadian is justly famous for its atmosphere of spacious comfort and ultra-modern

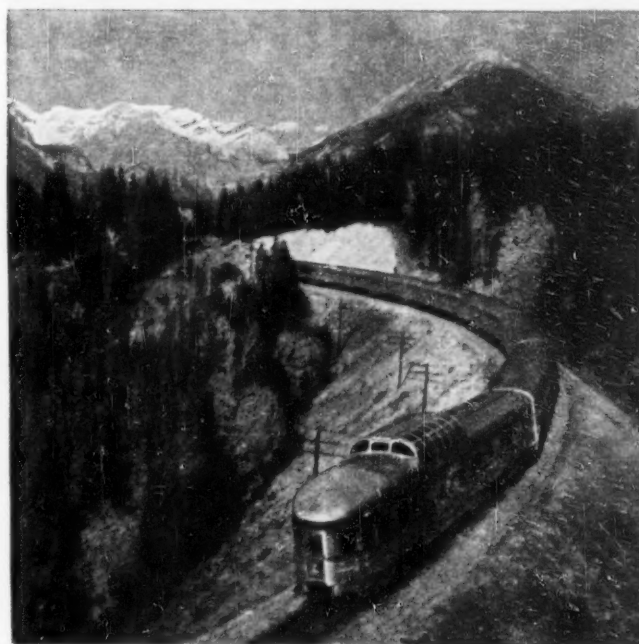
luxury. Whether you go coach, tourist, or first class, every seat on the train is reserved at no extra fare. In daily service throughout the year between Montreal and Vancouver and Toronto and Vancouver, *The Canadian*—as well as Canadian Pacific's companion Scenic Dome train, *The Dominion*—offers the longest Scenic Dome ride in the world, under smooth diesel power.

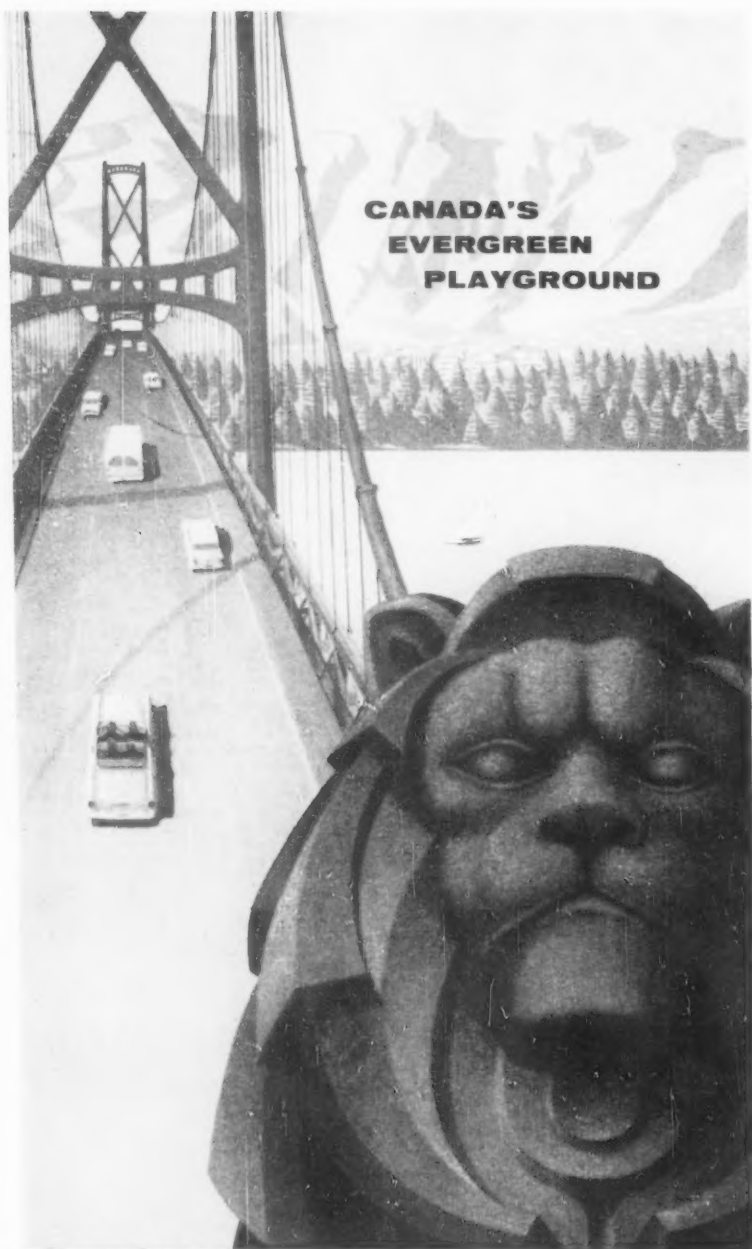
Plan now to see Canada this year the Scenic Dome Way. Get complete details and reservations from your travel agent, or any Canadian Pacific office.

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

The Incredible Shrinking Man

Like a monster from the dawn of time, the family cat pursues her mouse-size "master" in this ingenious and absorbing science-fiction thriller. It's about a husky fellow (Grant Williams) who is accidentally exposed to radioactive mist, then starts growing again—but in reverse. He is less than one inch tall when we last see him, and the story's ending has a relentless logic. Rating: excellent.



Bundle of Joy: A mildly diverting comedy, the first screen teaming of Debbie Reynolds with her real-life husband, singer Eddie Fisher. They are a likable pair, but the plot at their disposal seemed funnier in 1939 as *Bachelor Mother*, with Ginger Rogers and David Niven. An infant foundling is the cause of all the trouble.

Fear Strikes Out: Anthony Perkins, Hollywood's most ballyhooed new star since James Dean, justifies most of his press agents' blurbs by the power and sincerity of his performance here as a baseball player who suffers an emotional breakdown. It's a good drama, with Karl Malden as the lad's overdemanding father.

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!: A mere outline of this yarn about a psychiatrist's love life is more amusing, to my taste, than the film itself, which is flawed by a draggy pace and some rather hammy acting. With David Niven, Ginger Rogers, Dan Dailey.

The Tattered Dress: A slick but often implausible drama in which a crafty New York lawyer (Jeff Chandler) wins an acquittal for a rich murderer in a California desert town and then finds himself involved in a vengeful frame-up. With Jeanne Crain, Jack Carson.

Ten Thousand Bedrooms: Dean Martin, minus Jerry Lewis, smoothly portrays a globe-trotting hotel tycoon who goes to photogenic Rome and falls in love with two Italian sisters (Anna Maria Alberghetti, Eva Bartok). Although adhering closely to formula, the result is a good comedy-plus-music. With Walter Slezak.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anastasia: Mystery drama. Good.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Romantic drama. Fair.

The Battle of the River Plate: Naval-warfare drama. Good.

The Big Boondle: Crime drama. Fair.

The Brave One: Mexico drama. Good.

Crime of Passion: Sexy drama. Fair.

Dance With Me, Henry: Abbott-and-Costello farce. Fair for kids.

Drango: South-in-1865 drama. Good.

4 Girls in Town: Comedy-drama. Fair.

Friendly Persuasion: Comedy-drama re American Quakers. Good.

Full of Life: Comedy. Good.

Girl in Black Stockings: Crime. Fair.

Great American Pastime: Comedy. Fair.

The Greatest Love: Drama. Poor.

The Great Man: Drama. Excellent.

Gunfight at the OK Corral: Western. Good.

Guns of Fort Petticoat: Western. Fair.

Halliday Brand: Western drama. Fair.

The Happy Road: Comedy. Good.

Hot Summer Night: Crime drama. Fair.

House of Secrets: Crime drama. Fair.

The Iron Petticoat: Comedy. Poor.

It's Great to Be Young: British school comedy. Fair.

Kelly and Me: Show-biz drama. Fair.

The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.

Loser Takes All: Comedy. Fair.

Mister Cory: Drama. Good.

The Night Runner: Drama. Fair.

The Quiet Gun: Western. Fair.

The Rainmaker: Comedy-drama. Good.

Shadow on the Window: Crime. Fair.

The Silent World: Undersea true-life drama in color. Tops.

Slander: Drama. Good.

Smiley: Australia comedy-drama. Good.

The Spanish Gardener: Drama. Good.

Spring Reunion: Comedy-drama. Fair.

Storm Centre: Drama. Fair.

3 Brave Men: Drama. Fair.

3 Violent People: Western. Fair.

Top Secret Affair: Comedy. Fair.

Toward the Unknown: Air drama. Good.

The Wings of Eagles: Drama. Poor.

Women of Pitcairn Island: Drama. Poor.

The Wrong Man: Drama. Good.

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The lurking death in our crowded skyways continued from page 25

"Only a tenth of the near misses are reported — they prove pilots have cause to be scared"

the jet. Flaming wreckage fell on a school playground in the San Fernando Valley, killing two pupils and injuring dozens of others.

Canada had no mid-air collisions between airliners in 1956, but a handful of

RCAF pilots met death in such accidents. Hardly a week passes in North America without a mid-air crash between military planes. In 1954 near Moose Jaw thirty-seven persons died when an RCAF trainer rammed an airliner.

Airline pilots in Canada and the U.S. claim there are now so many planes in the air that collision risks are appallingly high. U.S. pilots report about four near misses daily and Canadian pilots about one a week.

Near misses are frequently near tragedies of terrible dimensions. Two fully loaded DC6s, carrying a hundred and seventy passengers, recently brushed wings over Manhattan. A Viscount came close to hitting a DC6 over Cleveland's Hopkins Airport. The problem isn't confined to North America. Twelve passengers were injured in an Elizabethan over England recently when they were thrown against the roof of the plane during a violent manoeuvre to avoid a jet fighter.

The Canadian Air Line Pilots Association estimates that only ten percent of the near misses are reported. When they are reported in detail, they prove pilots have good cause to be terrified of them. The pilot of a Trans-Canada Air Lines plane carrying fifty-seven people narrowly missed crashing head-on into an air-force North Star over Montreal's Dorval Airport last summer. From the U.S., pilots report misses so close that radio aerial masts have been snapped off and rudders damaged by propellers. Some pilots try to see humor in the situation. "I was so close to a transport plane last spring," cracked one U.S. pilot, "I was bitten by a dog traveling air freight."

Although the risk of air collision is deadly serious, there are other effects of air congestion—delays, cancellations, re-routings and general confusion that waste millions of dollars a year in Canada alone.

At Washington last summer air-traffic control fell behind in frantic efforts to handle a large number of incoming planes in normal weather. Planes were forced to find other airfields. Some returned to their take-off points. One airline took three days to regroup its scattered planes. More than thirty thousand passengers were forced to cancel flight plans.

Such air congestion isn't helped by the arrival of the business airplane. More than twenty thousand planes, ranging in size from Piper Cubs to Constellations, are flown by businessmen in the U.S. In Canada more than two hundred planes are registered for business use. "There's a limit to the number of planes you can pack into that apparently empty sky," says Gordon Grant, chief of tower control at Toronto's Malton Airport, "and with present equipment we won't be long reaching that limit."

One reason for the congestion in the air is that we're using 1936 traffic-control methods on 1956 planes. The postwar period brought thousands of new airliners, many as fast as World War II fighters. Control methods didn't keep pace.

What exactly is air-traffic control anyway?

In Canada it consists of seven area traffic-control centres operated by the Department of Transport through an Air Traffic Control Division run by a staff of more than seven hundred. These centres, or stations, are usually located at or near airfields, and are equipped with a wide range of communicating equipment, from high-frequency two-way radiotelephones to ordinary ground telephones that have direct lines to other centres. A controller in Toronto may have instant connections with Winnipeg, Montreal, Buffalo and Cleveland. Each station "controls" an area of several thousand square miles.

The function of a control station is to receive from a pilot a flight plan on which are listed his requested take-off time, altitude, speed and destination. Control gives him permission to take off, then feeds

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him instructions on how to fly safely to his destination. A Super Constellation leaving Toronto's Malton Airport for Winnipeg could be instructed to climb to fifteen thousand feet and to fly northwest at three hundred and ten knots. Toronto would control the plane until it reached the halfway mark, when Winnipeg would take over. Radio contact with the plane would be maintained through intermediate stations, which would feed flight information back to the main control station by land telephone.

But the control system is cumbersome. An air-traffic controller—holding a radio-telephone handset in one hand, a pencil in the other—must write down the plane's altitude, direction, speed, and other details, on a strip of paper fitted into an aluminum holder. He then places the holder in a suitable position on a flight-progress board (divided into "bays" that represent compulsory reporting points for pilots in various parts of the sky); on the board are flight strips of other aircraft in the control area. Six different slips of paper might be needed for one plane flying between Toronto and Kapuskasing, a distance of five hundred miles.

As the controller puts the flight strip up, he quickly glances over the nearby slips to make sure that no other aircraft is on a collision course with the one he has just recorded. While all this is taking place, the pilot of the reporting plane may have traveled twenty or thirty miles.

The speed of aircraft breaks down control, and so does the number of aircraft. Recently a TCA airliner flying from New York to Toronto found itself heading for an enormous thundercloud. It failed to get permission from a nearby control station to either climb, descend or turn back—there were planes on all sides—and so it had to fly through the storm.

U. S. experts want to copy us

Theoretically, every plane that takes to the air should be controlled by ground stations. But this is not possible. Few of Canada's six thousand registered aircraft have enough radio equipment—which is expensive and needs skillful operation—to accept control.

To get around this, the Department of Transport last year created what it calls "the block air-space plan." This is a gigantic slab of restricted air space stretching over all of Canada between the altitudes of ninety-five hundred and twenty-three thousand feet above sea level. This Canadian plan has been so successful that some U. S. experts would like to have it copied in their country.

Any plane can fly in this space as long as it has suitable radio equipment to keep in touch with air-traffic control. Since many smaller planes don't have such equipment and cannot comfortably fly above 9500 feet, the block air-space plan creates an aerial freeway for the exclusive use of big, fast planes. But out of the block air space (below 9500 feet), all planes are still permitted to fly without restriction as long as visibility is three miles or more. Pilots aren't sure that this is safe, in view of the high volume of traffic that does not use the controlled air space.

With a visibility minimum of three miles—which is also the U. S. minimum on commercial air lanes—free flight is still dangerous and becoming more so every day, they say. "It should not be forgotten," says Captain Robert A. Stone, of the Chicago Flight Safety Foundation, "that we're operating planes today with closing speeds faster than a bullet fired from a Colt .45."

Two Douglas DC7s approaching one another at four hundred and ten miles an hour each are converging at one mile

every four seconds—or twelve seconds of time at the minimum visibility. The surviving pilot of a mid-air crash between two U. S. Air Force jet bombers said he saw the other plane two or three miles away but didn't have time to alter course before the crash. A Canadian Pacific Airlines pilot said recently, "You see a fly speck on the window. You look again and it's a Super Constellation."

But if the problems of control on the airways are big, the difficulties of control and safety at airports are gargantuan. When bad weather or volume of traffic

causes traffic control to break down, there is an immediate crisis at the airport. There may be fifty planes in the air at a big field all wanting to get down.

The only solution traffic control has devised for this emergency is to "queue up" the planes in stacks. The first plane in line is told to circle at a certain point—maybe over a radio beacon—and then plane after plane is piled on top of this aircraft at one-thousand-foot intervals.

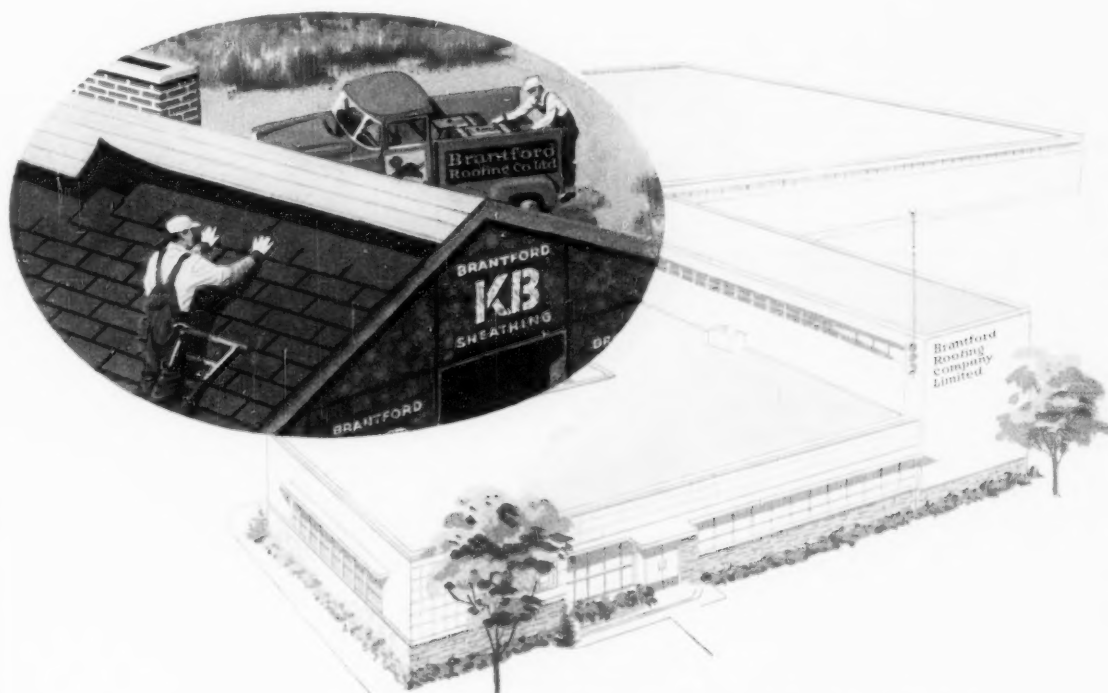
As control can handle the traffic, a plane is peeled off the bottom of the stack and landed, and all the other planes are

instructed to drop one thousand feet, whereupon the procedure is repeated. This means control must be ingenious and close. But it doesn't impress some pilots who know how human it is to err. "They expect those guys (traffic controllers) to be perfect," said a TCA pilot recently. "I wish I could be that confident." Many pilots have seen and distrusted the bedlam that occurs at air-traffic-control stations during aerial crises—such as a traffic jam in bad weather at a big airport. Controllers grab telephones, bark instructions, trip over one another, compute speeds,

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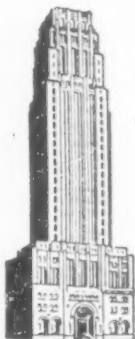
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distances, heights, and flip flight slips from place to place on the flight board.

The traffic controller must be something of a dedicated man. His starting pay is a little more than two hundred dollars a month. When his twenty-one-month training period is finished, he qualifies for more money, but with few prospects of advancement beyond the position of senior ATC officer at sixty-one hundred dollars. Similar positions in the U. S. pay up to twelve thousand dollars.

A controller needs special qualities. Not only must he be able to make lightning-fast calculations in his head, but he must also be able to visualize, in three dimensions, the exact location of all planes in his area, merely by glancing at a flight board jammed with flight strips. All these qualifications, plus low pay, mean that the shortage of competent controllers at big Canadian airports is serious.

Airline pilots are aware of these conditions. They remember them when descending through a pitch-black night, through snow and sleet, to an airfield five thousand feet below with only a crackling voice from control guiding them down. Pilots are much happier about radar traffic control. They prefer to be a "blip" on a radar screen than a piece of paper on a flight-control board. "At Cleveland," says Doug Alexander, of Toronto, a TCA Viscount captain, "I've seen flight control bringing the planes in practically nose-to-tail with the use of radar. It's tremendously efficient and much safer."

The efficiency of radar in traffic control—exploited fully by the British during the Battle of Britain fifteen years ago—is today only barely enough to deal with high-speed, high-density flying conditions. In some parts of the U. S., radar is only a stopgap. At airports like Idlewild and LaGuardia in New York, swarms of controllers (forty-five at Idlewild alone) with radar sets and radiotelephones can hardly bring the planes down fast enough to prevent gigantic traffic jams that might tie up air schedules from coast to coast.

Two solutions to this situation are known, both of them tremendously expensive. They are:

- More airports, and more double runways, enabling several planes to take off and land simultaneously.
- Automatic flight control.

Automatic flight control is being developed in the U. S. It will probably work this way: all airliners will continuously broadcast their positions and speeds to automatically operated ground stations, which will digest this mass of flight information and, if two airplanes seem likely to collide, automatically warn the pilots, perhaps through a system of flashing lights on their instrument panels.

Capt. Alexander, who is also a safety expert with the Canadian Air Line Pilots Association, foresees an interim development. All airliners, he believes, will soon carry electronic equipment that will "see" other aircraft and cause automatic evasion if necessary. "But this will only be a stopgap," says Alexander. "Soon the air will be so filled with planes that such evasive action might merely swing the plane into nearby aircraft."

An American control expert predicted recently, "We will develop a ground station that will automatically steer airborne airliners safely past each other at extremely close distances. And we may even eventually fly the plane entirely from the ground. The pilot will be replaced by a flight engineer."

As flight control and aircraft operation get more and more complicated and expensive, they become an increasing headache to politicians who have to spend money to keep them working safely. Often it needs a dramatic smashup to convince politicians—and safety experts—

that extra money must be spent on air safety. When a hundred and twenty-eight people died last summer in a mid-air crash over the Grand Canyon, the U. S. Congress suddenly found an extra one hundred and twenty-eight million dollars for air safety, after cutting safety appropriations earlier in the year. When, after repeated warnings by pilots about dangerous conditions, a hundred and nineteen people died in three crashes at the Newark, N. J., airport, nine million dollars was spent to modernize the facilities there.

The Canadian Air Line Pilots Association feels that the Department of Transport is overanxious to play down the dangers of crowded airways and airports. It charges that the department "wants to please everybody," and often does nothing merely because that is the only course of action that won't seriously annoy anybody.

When the TCA airliner narrowly avoided a mid-air smash with a military plane at Dorval last summer, the Pilots Association demanded an official enquiry. They claimed that the airliner, a North Star, had received permission to land and that there should not have been another airplane flying on a converging course at the same time. In a subsequent



MACLEAN'S

investigation, a Department of Transport inspector refuted much of the evidence of the airline pilot involved and ended his report by mildly rebuking both pilots.

It is extremely difficult for the Department of Transport to steer a good middle course between caution and progressiveness as long as Canadian aviation continues to double the size of its operations every ten years. The department spends about fifteen million dollars a year modernizing airports, a task that is always behind schedule because of the speed of growth.

In 1949, after some major new construction, Toronto's Malton Airport was hailed "the most modern airport in the British Commonwealth." Five years later it was called "a black hole of Calcutta" by W. B. Nesbitt, MP for the Ontario constituency of Oxford. In that time, traffic had jumped nearly a hundred and twenty percent and had become a confusing potpourri of jet fighters, helicopters, airliners, small planes and heavy bombers—six hundred of them taking off and landing every day. Now Toronto is to get a new terminal building at Malton. "But by the time we get it finished five years hence," predicts a Department of Transport airport expert, "the increase in traffic will mean it will be overcrowded and out of date."

As more and faster airliners crowd into Canada's already overcrowded airports, they cause yet another headache to the Department of Transport. The airliners must share the air with hordes of light planes, which by comparison are like buzzing gnats in the path of a bird. The airline pilots call them "motorists with wings." The light-plane operators retort that the airline pilots want the whole sky to themselves.

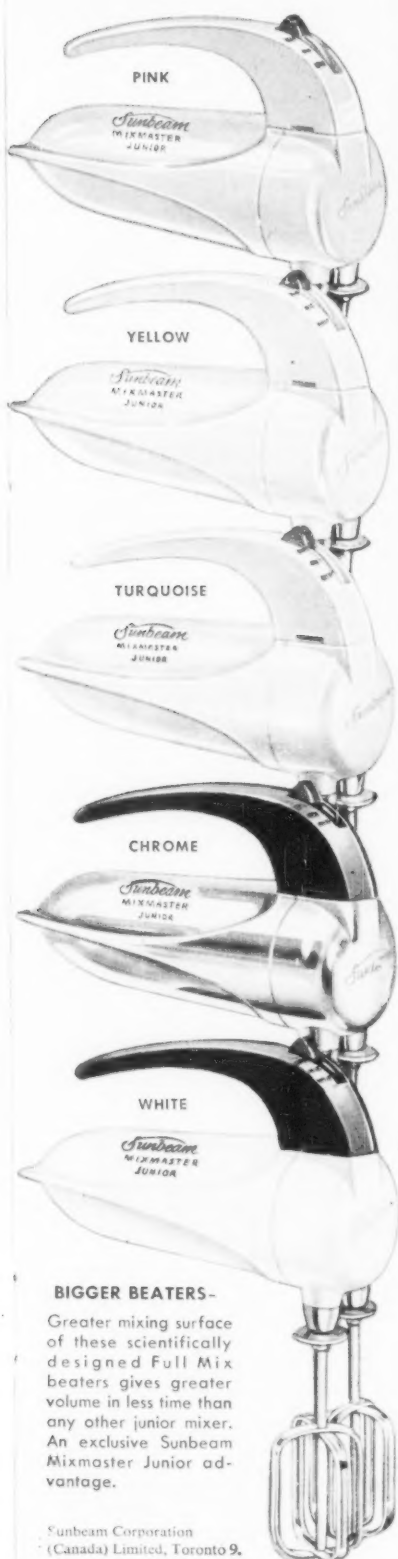
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planes registered in North America—more than four thousand in Canada—there is growing conflict between big and small planes. The Canadian Owner Pilots Association is active and vociferous and the Department of Transport pays careful attention to light-plane interests before framing regulations.

The main restriction on light planes that can't accept air-traffic control is the Ottawa ban on flight in the block air space. In addition, small planes must keep out of civil air lanes, must not fly in clouds where they cannot be seen, and are banned from flying at all when visibility gets below one mile.

Airline pilots in both Canada and the U.S. would like to see all light planes banned from the air when visibility is less than five miles, but the light-plane men object strenuously.

Max Karant, spokesman for the Association of Owner Pilots in the U.S., recently pointed out that there are only about fifteen hundred airline planes in

You can't talk jets out of danger — they're too fast. Could machines do it?

the U.S., but there are fifty thousand business and pleasure aircraft. A new visibility minimum of five miles, he said, would sweep most private fliers from the air forty-seven percent of the time at Los Angeles, thirty-nine percent at Chicago and twenty-four percent at Washington. The same would happen in Canada. The light-plane men argue that the chances of collision are slight anyway, because of the comparative rarity of big planes at their low flying altitudes.

Such arguments don't impress the airline pilots. They point out that the latest propeller-driven airliners can belt along at more than four hundred miles an hour and could run down a light plane three miles away in less than thirty seconds. This fact, among others, led A. de Niverville, in charge of Department of Transport air services, to warn the Canadian

Owner Pilots Association recently that the small plane has no future at big airports in Canada. Already, small planes without radios are banned at all big Canadian airfields.

Yet the small plane is not such a worry to airline pilots as military aircraft. Due to a shortage of airfields, civil and fighting planes share runways at many points across Canada. The civil pilots are apprehensive about hot-blooded young jet pilots who can climb vertically and fly faster than the speed of sound. Pilots landing at Ottawa complain that jet fighters come barreling down to land from high altitudes and cut directly across civil-aircraft landing lanes. They complain that as long as military aircraft share airfields with airliners, there is constant danger of mid-air smashes such as that at Moose Jaw in 1954 when an air-force trainer

plowed into a TCA airliner, or when a Brazilian fighter once knocked an airliner into a river when it was trying to land at Washington.

The twelfth annual general meeting of the International Air Transport Association, held at Quebec last year, debated how the problem of air-traffic control might be solved. "Unfortunately," commented C. T. Travers, Department of Transport controller of civil air regulations, "most of the solutions entailed more expensive facilities and closer regulation of traffic."

But more expense and restrictions seem inevitable. Jet airliners are due in Canada in 1959. Jets will be too fast for present methods. "The cumbersome voice communication (between aircraft and ground control) must be replaced by instantaneous automatic indication in cockpit and control tower," says Grant McConachie, president of Canadian Pacific Airlines.

A jet airliner isn't economical at anything but top speed at top altitude with a top payload. Therefore, delays of any sort can quickly make a jet uneconomic. McConachie, who recently bought twenty hundred-seat Bristol Britannia turboprops, says that although jet-powered Douglas DC8s and Boeing 707s can produce more passenger miles a year than the liner Queen Mary, they can also lose money on the same fantastic scale if grounded or trapped in air stacks. A jet airliner costs five million dollars to buy and costs as much as five thousand dollars a day in insurance, carrying charges and depreciation—without even leaving the ground.

Frank Young, regional operations manager for TCA at Toronto, tells how even the arrival of the turboprop Vickers Viscount upset routine control methods. The Viscount, designed to fly high and fast, uses the jet principle in its engines and at low altitudes such engines gulp enormous amounts of fuel. But at LaGuardia Airport in New York, TCA Viscounts often had to wait with their engines ticking over in long lines of planes waiting to take off. TCA had to get permission to skip the take-off line-up, so Viscounts now wait at the terminal building until their turn arrives, whereupon they taxi past the other waiting planes and take off.

With the jet-powered airliner seemingly destined to streak farther and farther ahead of the rest of the industry that produced it, air-traffic control and the air-congestion hazards seem likely to remain bitter and frustrating problems.

Fifteen years ago TCA put two fourteen-seat planes on the Toronto-New York run but there wasn't enough traffic to support both of them. "Today," says Frank Young, "we have seven flights a day—six hundred passengers both ways. I defy anybody to predict what will happen in Canadian aviation in the next ten years."

But the Department of Transport must try to predict. It must simultaneously try to modernize traffic control, revamp airports, decide what to do with the thousands of light planes crowding the air and the airports, and disentangle civil and military aviation. It must do this, hoping that one desk-bound safety expert doesn't make a wrong calculation that sends the airliners piling up at airports in hopeless confusion. It must make sure that the situation is never so bad that one harassed traffic controller makes one mistake to send a hundred people plunging to their deaths.

The stakes in air-traffic control are high—and each year they get higher. ★



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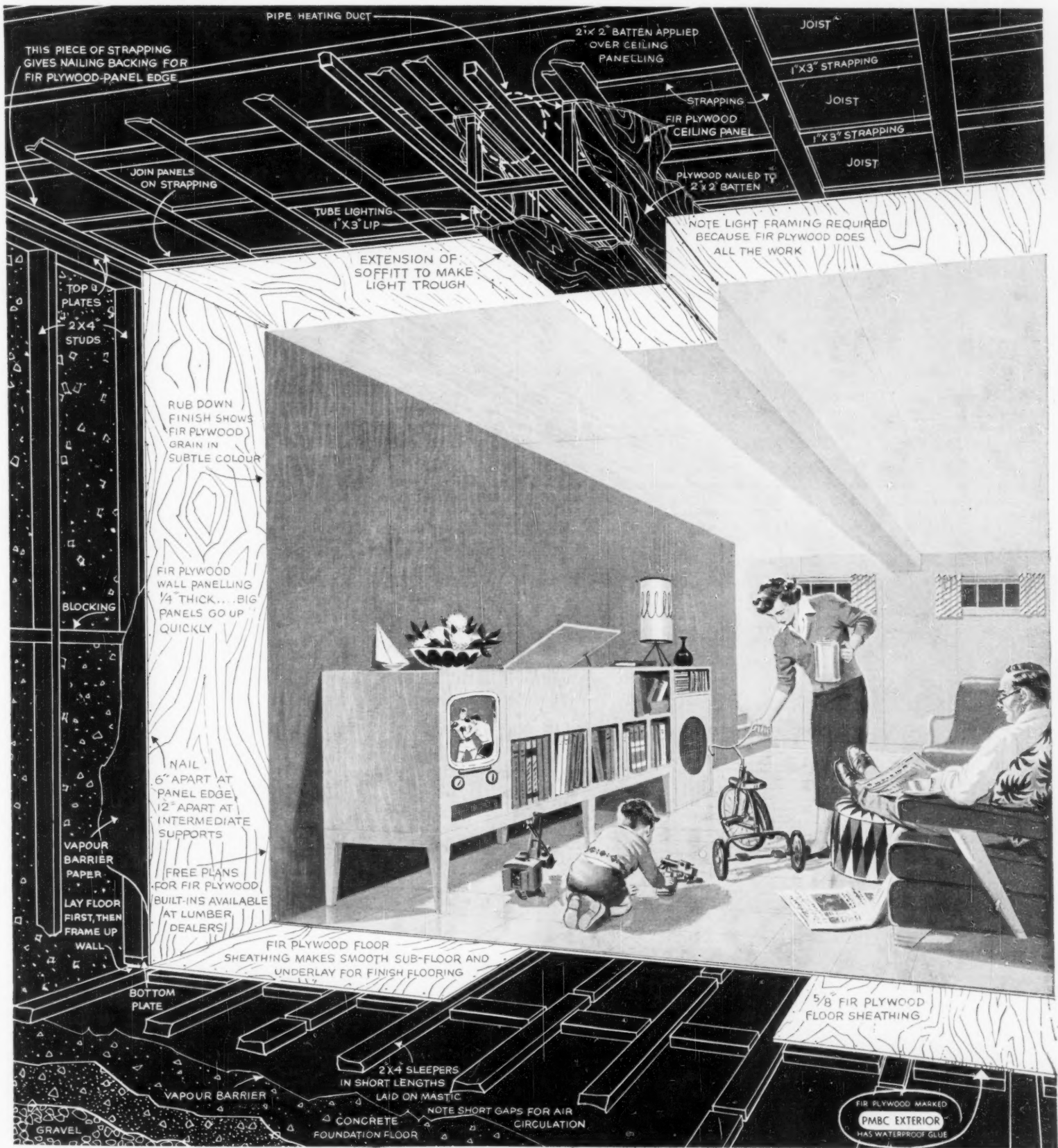
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Bamford-Gordon and the income tax

Continued from page 22

He'd never seen love so attractively packaged.
"Withal a desirable woman," he said miserably

sat soaking solace in his bath that night the thought uppermost in his mind was not the flagellative value of the T1 form, or the futility of palindromic verse, or even the discount rate. It was Ruth Ferguson.

"Ruthless Ruth," Harrison muttered in the manner of one suffering acute indigestion. He thought of drowning himself, and even slipped a fraction of an inch lower in the bath but stopped abruptly when hot water began seeping into his ears. "Rude Ruth; Ruth rued; and withal, a desirable woman," he intoned.

HARRISON had met her quite incidentally. He was walking along the Driveway one evening in June—a very dangerous month in Ottawa from an emotional point of view—and had just passed the grey Victorian mass of Lisgar Collegiate when he first spied Miss Ferguson, sprawled ungracefully on a bench.

There was no doubt the woman was in some kind of distress. She was uttering a moan.

"It's terrible, simply terrible," she said between moans. Harrison looked around to see if he could retire unobtrusively, but found himself trapped.

"Terrible," Ferguson said, waving her arms wildly in some kind of semaphoric symbolism whose significance escaped Harrison.

He blanched, but plunged nevertheless.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" he enquired in a voice framed in fatalism. Ferguson sat bolt upright and looked at him.

"Perhaps I could get a taxi and escort you home," Harrison said, reassured by this positive activity.

"That won't be necessary," Ferguson said archly. "I live there." The arm waved again in the direction of the houses on the other side of the road. She began looking around anxiously, cooing in a low voice.

"It's a bird," she said, in a fit of explanation, "and he's flown the coop. I was chasing him and frankly I'm not as young as I used to be. I'm afraid he's got away."

"Free as a bird," Harrison said, for no particular reason.

Ruth Ferguson eyed him as an angler may a lazy trout that has glided into view.

"It is very kind of you to help," she said, the outline of her voice softening (though it was still quite apparent its core was steel).

"I did nothing," Harrison said, with the air of a man who has just saved the crown jewels.

"True, but you had the intention, and that's the important thing."

Harrison looked at her severely but it seemed to have no effect, so he stopped. "Budgie?" he said.

"Parrot."

"Pity."

"Can't be helped."

"Perhaps I could see you to your door."

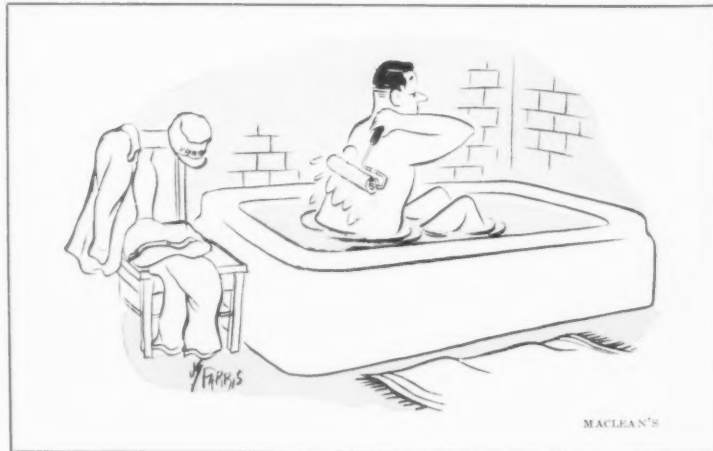
"Thank you."

Ruth Ferguson did not invite Harrison Bamford-Gordon in to tea that evening, but she did ask him to call—if it were convenient—on the following Sunday. It was and he did.

He ate her brownies, her angel cake, her fruit cake, her ice-box cookies and her brown molasses bread. He learned, inadvertently it seemed, that Ruth Ferguson was a widow of three years. She owned the home in which she lived, a rambling nine rooms in the discursive style of the late part of the nineteenth century. She had a private income. And she was (or so Harrison imagined) a lonely person, seeking company. There is no need to burden this narrative with detail. Bamford-Gordon fell with all the reticence of a stone dropped from the top of the Peace Tower.

It is worth noting that he had been in love before, but had avoided it, perhaps because he had never seen it so attractively packaged. He entertained a horror of marriage, because (he said) it embodied so many anomalies. But here (he told himself) was a woman who knew the ropes, whose public virtues were obvious, and who seemed to have picked him from a mass of available bachelors for special attention. Flattered from his rational world he began to court.

HE WAS a little clumsy. The events on the day he took Ruth to Dow's Lake for an afternoon's canoeing were typical of the bad luck that plagued him.





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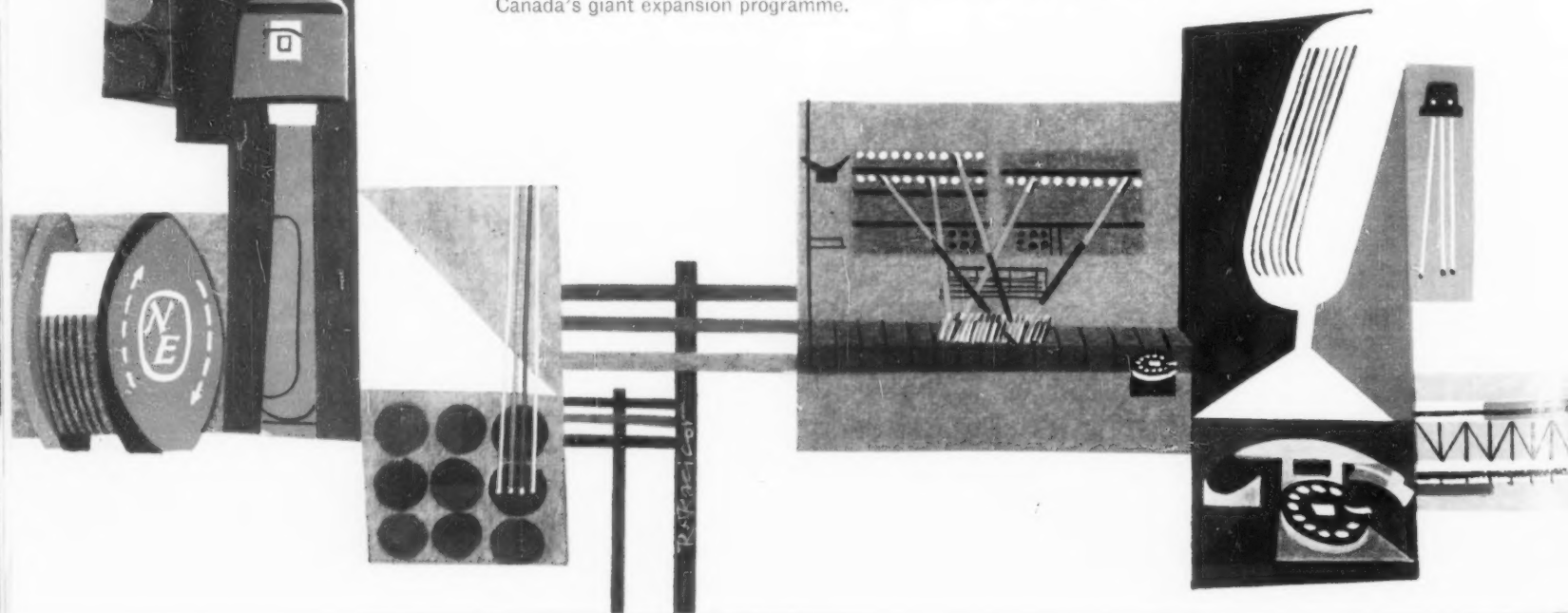
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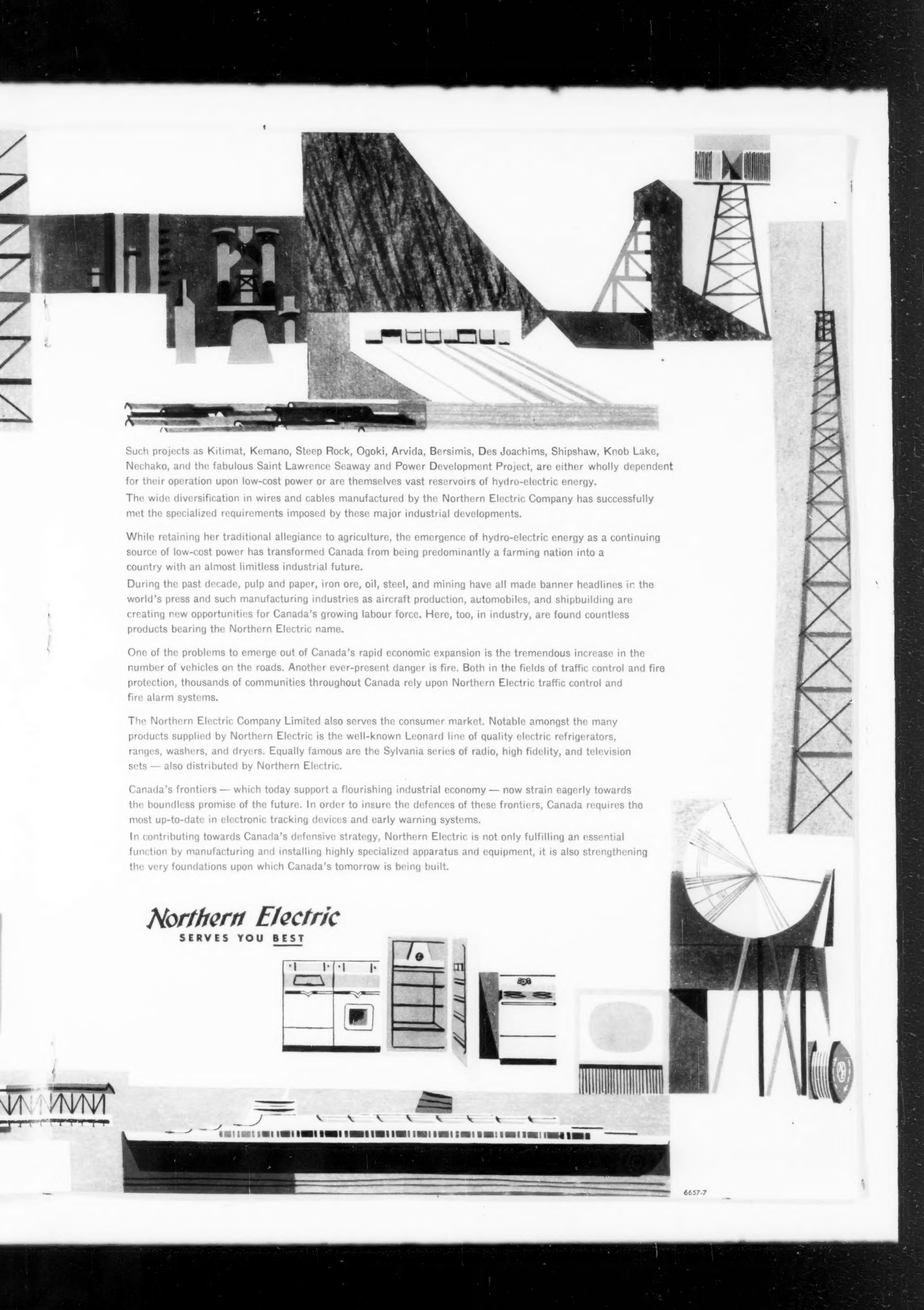
Communications are one of the main arteries through which the lifeblood of a country flows. Through telephone, telegraph, radio, and television, wider areas of understanding are established throughout all parts of Canada.

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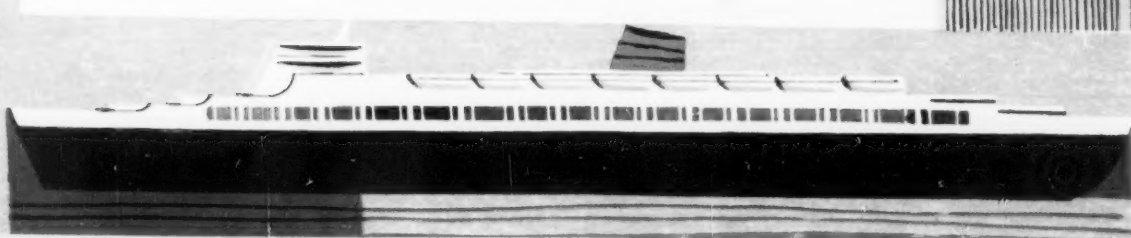
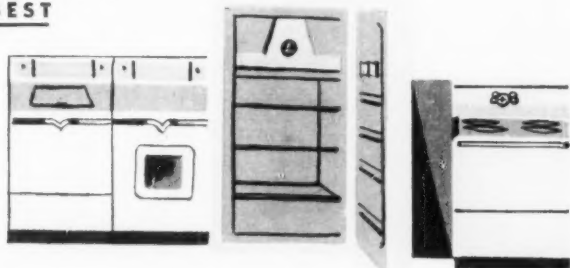
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Canada's frontiers — which today support a flourishing industrial economy — now strain eagerly towards the boundless promise of the future. In order to insure the defences of these frontiers, Canada requires the most up-to-date in electronic tracking devices and early warning systems.

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FATHER: It may have escaped your attention, Sophonisba, that your father's cellar needs replenishing. So your mother and I took the opportunity afforded us by passing Mr. Labatt's establishment to order a generous stock of his India Pale Ale.
DAUGHTER: Pray, Papa, why is this ale your constant choice?
FATHER: Foolish child. There is no other ale

worthy of the attention of the male. You would be well advised when the time comes to choose a life partner, to enquire into his taste in ale. See to it, that he drinks nothing but India Pale Ale, for such is the mark of a man. Moreover, it indicates an ability to distinguish the genuine from the spurious. India Pale Ale, Sophonisba, is a MAN'S ale.

INDIA PALE ALE



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The bridge that intervenes

Two oldsters meet and chat of childhood days,
But, when they tête-à-tête on current things,
One flaunts his golden touch... the other brags
Of fame—their lives have gone in diverse ways,
Each caustic answer holds a barb that stings;
A chasm yawns and conversation lags

Until they both recall a childhood scene—
In safety... they have bridged the gap between.

Mildred W. Bradley

The Dow's Lake episode arose from some small talk the couple exchanged one balmy evening in July while walking along the canal.

A lazy canoe of lovers was gliding by. "How charming," Ruth said. "Beautiful craft, a canoe," Harrison said.

"If you can handle it," she added. "Nothing to it," Harrison said with such authority that she was prompted to remark on it.

"I used to do a little paddling," Harrison said, blushing. "Almost made an Olympic team once—but that's many years back now," he added cautiously.

"Did you?" Ruth said. "You must take me canoeing."

Harrison protested but eventually, inevitably, he gave in. On the appointed day he performed splendidly for a time. But unfortunately when they were in the middle of Dow's Lake the discussion drifted to Italian proverbs, a subject on which they both considered themselves expert, and when Ruth corrected him for the third time in his rendering of an Italian proverb he forgot where he was and stood up in a state of high excitement, brandishing a paddle. In this way Harrison became a one-day hero in the Ottawa papers by saving Ruth Ferguson from a watery grave. ("Mr. Bamford-Gordon displayed a thorough knowledge of the rules of water safety...")

Miss Ferguson, who professed to be unable to swim, has not publicly recorded her opinion of the exploit.

But in spite, or because, of incidents like the Dow's Lake rescue, the two grew close, one thing led to another. Harrison Bamford-Gordon reached his point of no return, recognized the situation, and one evening in the early autumn, as the leaves were beginning to turn, proposed.

Ruth Ferguson was not confused. "I don't think so, Harry," she said. "I married once for love, and I can assure you that it's a great mistake."

It was such a flattering refusal that Harrison plunged on, hardly recognizing the unequivocal tone in her voice.

"Why?" he said.

That was his mistake.

And the country's misfortune.

"I meant," Ruth said, pouring another cup of strong black tea, "that I just couldn't marry again for the sake of marrying. If I were going to marry again I'd want to marry *someone*."

"But surely..." Harrison began.

"I don't want to be unkind," Ruth said, "but if you'd really done something, something outstanding. Like climbing Everest..."

"That's been done."

"Or inventing the universal solvent..."

"Ridiculous."

"Or defeating the government—or something."

"It's positively medieval," Harrison

said. "It's like one of those fairy tales in which the prince has to eat dragons and catch nonexistent insects and chop off giants' heads before he gets the princess." Harrison said this with a *quarm* that in no way prejudiced his case, for Ruth, while hard as nails, had a romantic streak that ran through her like a band of rust, and dragons, princes and princesses appealed to her.

"And if I do something, as you put it?" Harrison said.

"Well, we'd have to see," Ruth purred. But she left him with the distinct impression it would all work out.

"I'll not call again until I've rendered myself worthy," Harrison said, almost choking on the last phrase.

When he got home that night he sank himself into that same tub in which he originally found him and thought up schemes. Parliament, he decided, was too uncertain and would require too much time. A trip around the world in a canoe; no. Perhaps a day's sitting on the flagpole on top of the Peace Tower: undignified. Ideas came, and went. Harrison went to bed and was long in getting to sleep, rejecting plans to assassinate the Russian premier, found a new religious sect or take up Art as a Career. Next morning's two-hour study period was completely wasted: all Harrison could study were fleeting proposals to divert the course of the Great Lakes and corner the market in ambergris. He went to work, but work was slow. And then, with lunch approaching, it came to him.

HE HAD just finished a reassessment of a particularly difficult taxpayer, a writer, one of those small creatures who seek deductions as they seek adjectives and insist on trying to cheat the government of its pound (figuratively speaking) of flesh. Harrison had managed to double the man's tax when The Idea flooded his brain like a hemorrhage.

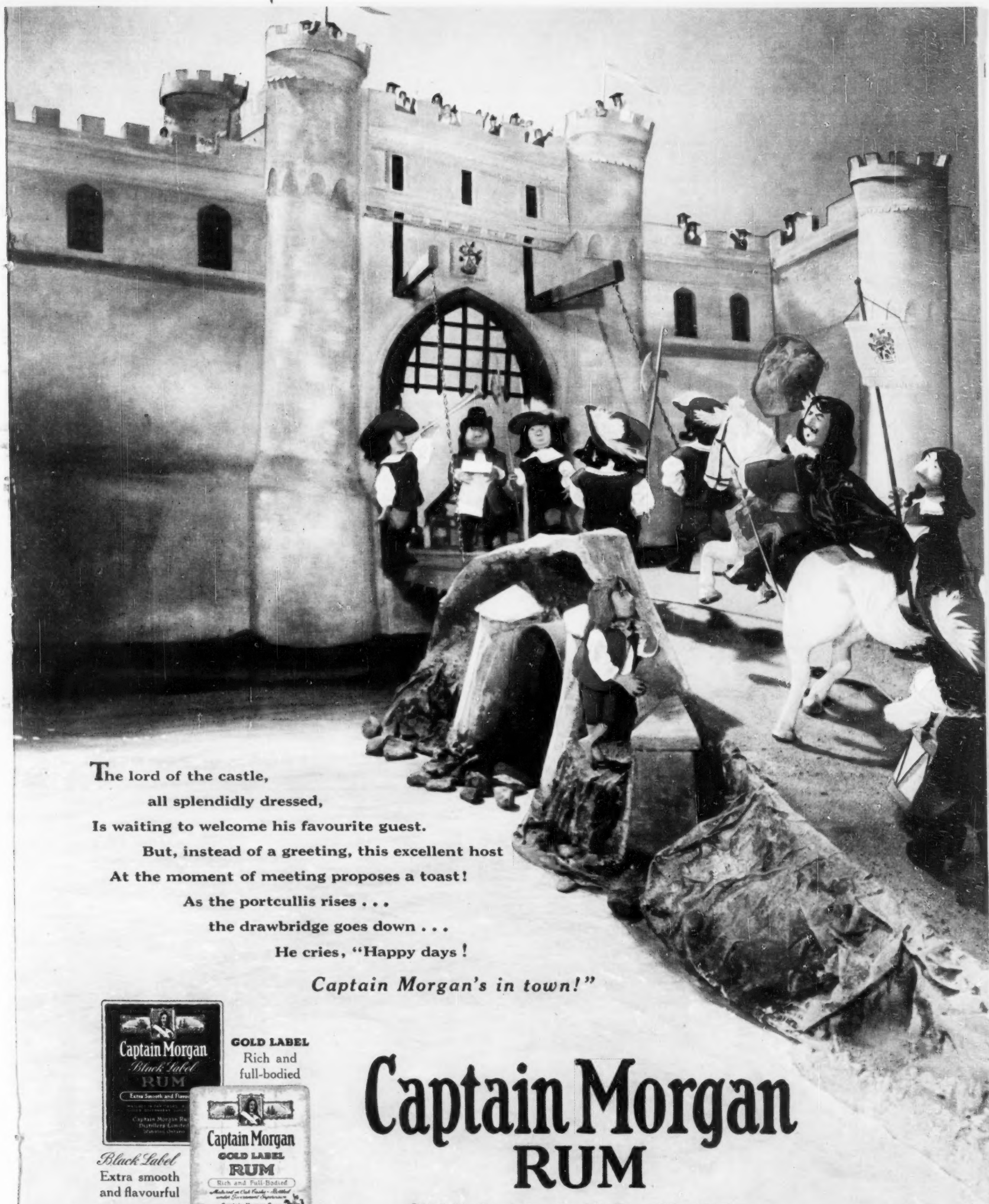
The Bamford-Gordon Tax Proposals did not emerge in their completed form in a moment. The first idea was simple: "A nonconsumption tax," Harrison mused, inking his initials on the form. "That would do it."

He was so excited he couldn't eat his lunch. By midafternoon the outlines were clear, and before he went to bed that night Harrison already had on paper the bold outline of that bold plan that was to revolutionize taxation in Canada—and later in the world—and make the name of Bamford-Gordon the most odious of those commonly on the tongues of men.

The next day Harrison went to see the Deputy Minister of Finance.

"Absurd," Edward Finley Macpherson said when Harrison had outlined the nonconsumption tax. "Not suitable for Canada."

But Harrison wasn't giving up that easily. The place to go was the top. That



**The lord of the castle,
all splendidly dressed,
Is waiting to welcome his favourite guest.**

**But, instead of a greeting, this excellent host
At the moment of meeting proposes a toast!**

**As the portcullis rises . . .
the drawbridge goes down . . .**

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night he looked up the telephone number of the Minister of Finance, Lawrence McPartney, the Newfoundland Newt, boasted he was a man of the people, had his telephone number listed and often answered that instrument personally. But on this particular evening he wasn't home; he was at a cabinet meeting.

The Government, well known for its philanthropy, had, by using closure sparingly (forty-four times in three weeks), managed to put through a bill to lend money to the City of Toronto to build a tunnel from the mainland to Toronto Island. The Opposition, in a more truculent mood than usual, was howling for blood, particularly that from the veins of Chester Duncan Whye, the Minister of Tunnels and Construction. They had embarrassed the Speaker of the House to the point where he forced himself to resign. (His ruling on this matter threatens to become a Parliamentary Classic: mint copies of Hansard for the relevant date are already worth a dollar and ten cents.)

While the situation could hardly be called a crisis the Prime Minister was in the awkward position of having to call an election within a few months, and he urged on the cabinet the necessity of finding an issue to replace the Toronto Tunnel. The cabinet wasn't very helpful and the meeting broke up in some confusion, although not before it was impressed on the ministers that they might well face defeat unless somebody came up with something. As the Prime Minister pointed out, the country was—as ever—unpredictable. They would stand gifts to pipeline builders, to public corporations charged with disseminating news and entertainment, to subsidize railway workers and for similar patriotic purposes—but using tax money to build Toronto a tunnel, that was too much.

It also became clear to McPartney, as to others at that meeting, that the Prime Minister was getting old and must soon retire, or be retired. McPartney wondered, idly, what kind of issue a man could generate that would make him prime minister.

Harrison had left his number at McPartney's home and when the Minister of Finance finally returned he noted the name of Bamford-Gordon on the Messages Received pad and mistook it for that of an English financier who had once shown an interest in some choice moose pasture north of Corner Brook that McPartney had been peddling. The Minister rang the number.

"Bamford-Gordon?"

"Yes?" Harrison had gotten out of bed but his mind was clear.

"McPartney here. You rang earlier."

"Mr. McPartney. I didn't expect you to call—at least, not tonight."

"McPartney's always on the job. I didn't know you were in town."

"I'm always in town."

McPartney caught the unmistakable inflections of Harrison's Ottawa Valley background and suddenly remembered his English contact's name had been Sperry-Heppelthwaite.

"Perhaps I've made a mistake," McPartney said.

"Harrison Bamford-Gordon," Harrison said. "I had an idea I wanted to talk to you about."

"Always glad to talk to a man about ideas—but perhaps another time. If you'll make an appointment."

"It's about abolishing the income tax," Harrison said.

"Yes. That sounds like a good idea. Thanks for calling, Mr. Harrison." McPartney hung up. Harrison shrugged his shoulders and was on his way back to bed when the phone rang again.

"Bamford-Gordon?"

"Yes?"

"It's McPartney here again. Did you say something a minute ago about abolishing the income tax?"

"Yes."

"Are you serious?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean to say you really think you could do that?"

"Yes."

"I'll send my car around for you now. If it's convenient."

"Certainly."

IT WAS almost midnight when Harrison and the Newfoundland Newt sat down in McPartney's study. Above them brooded Contratie's painting of The Giant Squid: the lights were low (for reasons of atmosphere rather than economy); the shades were drawn, the whisky old, the talk long.

McPartney listened eagerly to everything Harrison had to say, pressed him for details, read his long outline carefully, poured with a generous hand. Eventually he said to Harrison, "Bam-

ford-Gordon, this is brilliant. Where do you work? I want you to work for me. I'll double your present salary."

"I'll take the raise," Harrison said, for in spite of the excitement he hadn't lost his reason, "but I already work for you."

"You what?"

"Reassessments."

"Good God, I'll have that changed in the morning."

"You like the plan?" Harrison said.

"Like it? Why, it's bigger than the baby bonus. It's better than doubling pensions. It's... it's... it's great."

"You'll use it?"

"If I can convince those blockheads—that is, if my colleagues agree, yes, we certainly will."

"There's just one thing I'd like, sir..."

"Anything, Harry, anything. Just you name it."

"Well, I'd like the proposals to be named for me."

"For you?"

"Something like: The Bamford-Gordon Plan."

My most memorable meal: No. 20

Peter Freuchen

tells about



A seal-blubber banquet in the Arctic

Although it was not prepared with great skill or many ingredients, the meal that stands above all others in my memory was one I ate in 1925. That year I left Canada with three Eskimo families on dog-sleds to go back to Greenland. In the middle of Barrow Strait we got a terrific gale, the ice broke up, and we lost our provisions, half our dogs, two guns and one sled. We were lucky to reach land west of Admiralty Inlet. There we met thirteen miserable people, the survivors of a party of more than thirty. The rest had died of starvation and there is no doubt the thirteen had resorted to cannibalism after they had eaten their dogs. I had three good Eskimo hunters with me and the four of us had to hunt not only for ourselves and our women, but for the strangers who, after a while, regained their normal health.

I decided then to try to walk across land to Milne Inlet and from there to Pond Inlet, where I expected my boat to search for me, and I asked one Eskimo, Mala, to come with me. For eleven days we walked, our pace slowing as our strength leaked out. We took no food with us and had only ten cartridges. We used one on a ptarmigan, which we ate with bones and most of its feathers. The rest of our diet was grass and plants. In fact, it was eleven days of starving, but finally we reached ice on Milne Inlet, and saw seals on the ice, by blowholes. I tried one and Mala tried one but they

went into the water. We tried others. After some time we found we had just two bullets left. We were still far from people and knew we had to have food or perish.

Then, a little distance away I saw a seal. It was my turn to try. Oh, how careful I was approaching him. Every time he looked up to assure himself no enemy was at hand, I lay down and put up my head like a seal. I waved my feet as a pair of flippers. I did everything I knew a seal would do, to make him think I was a fellow seal. It took me many, many hours. I did not dare make a wrong movement. I crawled through water pools on top of the ice; I was soaking wet, but I told myself that this was life or death, whether I could get the seal or not. And finally I fired. The bullet hit right in the seal's eye and he was dead on the spot.

Mala came running, and both of us danced and shouted for joy; here we had hundreds of pounds of nice seal meat. With my big snow knife I cut out the brain and mixed brain and blubber into a paste, and Mala and I ate this until there was no more left. It was the outstanding dish of my life and every time I get a seal I am eating the brain and sending my dearest thoughts to Milne Inlet.

As a reward for accompanying me I had promised Mala to get him a wife. I'd like to mention here that I got him a rather nice girl. ★

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DEMERARA OR JAMAICA

McPartney tightened. Vanity: he couldn't stand vanity. He forced himself to relax. That was a problem that could be dealt with later.

"Certainly," The Minister said soothingly, "we'll call it whatever you like."

The two men parted as the sun rose. Harrison, for the first time in his life, took the morning off.

McPartney had a tough time in the cabinet over the Bamford-Gordon Tax Proposals. Everyone agreed, of course, that the *idea* was brilliant, but opposition centred in those men whose desire for the leadership equaled McPartney's own and who did not fail to grasp the implications if his plan was accepted. But the Prime Minister cooked their goose: his enthusiasm for the Proposals was immense.

"I think," he said, as he handed the Minister of Finance the crown, "that Larry should draft the necessary legislation and get it before the House as soon as possible. Once it's on the book we go to the country."

McPARTNEY brought the Bill in at the end of a dull session. Those interested in his speech may consult Hansard: it was a brilliant performance. His comparison of the economy with the Grand Banks—while it may have smacked of local prejudice—did seem to sum up the situation. "We wish to team with prosperity: we wish to net that prosperity and can it for the good of the nation: we wish to remain prosperous. Prosperity means high consumption. High consumption means full employment. Full employment means prosperity. It's so simple I'm surprised no one thought of it before."

The Opposition didn't understand what he was saying, and, cowed by his radiant confidence as he wallowed in this obscurity, sat sullen and sulky on its benches, growling from time to time, but lacking even a dry bone to gnaw.

McPartney finally got to the point. "What we propose to do," he said, "is to revise the manner of taxation and abolish the income tax."

It is said the Peace Tower swayed that night. (It is a fact that the next morning the bronze statue of Sir John A. on Parliament Hill was found to have cracked.) The gasp in the House was so deep it threatened to go to the basements. McPartney carried on for some time, riding the swell of his first stunning announcement. But the nut was yet to come.

"Of course," he said, "while the Government is able to abolish the income tax, we are all aware that taxes as such—death and taxes heh heh heh—taxes as such will remain. But from now on we will tax goods, not income."

The House was confused. Were there to be taxes or not; what on earth was the man talking about? Hours later, when McPartney had finished, members realized that what he announced that night was no revision but a revolution. The principle, which seemed so simple, was in practice very complicated.

Every article of goods in the nation, every material possession, was to be inventoried, given a code number, dated, and would then be taxed, in direct relation to its age, the tax rising as it got older. A chair, for example, whose initial value was one hundred dollars would be taxed one dollar in its first year of life, five dollars in the second, twenty in the third, a hundred in the fourth—and so on. This would encourage people to buy new goods, to discard old goods quickly, would keep everybody working (and thus able to buy new goods) and would at the same time keep the necessary supply of money rolling into the federal treasury.

Manufacturers would be encouraged to develop the most efficient methods of making articles cheaply, simply and for short-term use, the tax at one stroke widening the range of goods available to the ordinary man and solving a serious moral problem some manufacturers were facing of how to give their products the look of permanence while retaining in them a built-in disintegration period. Persons would no longer be required to spend huge sums to prove their affluence, the simple age of their possessions (any possessions they might like) being sufficient indicator. Applied to buildings the tax would in a few generations wipe out all slums and change the look of the country's cities.

"This is sheer criminal waste," cried the leader of the Opposition in desperation.

"Waste was a Puritan prejudice," countered McPartney. "Waste has always been with us. It is now no longer a canker, for this free and sovereign parliament makes it—with the new tax—a virtue."

There were problems, McPartney admitted, but some were self-liquidating. A great establishment would be required to administer the tax, but this would become a permanent cushion against unemployment. There would be unpatriotic persons who would try to avoid the tax by not owning anything, but they would be taken care of in some simple kind of formula. For example, the man who refused to own goods would be required to pay a tax calculated by taking his age, multiplying it by the height of Niagara Falls, and doubling it for every year over two that he failed to own goods. Or something like that.

THE PAPERS next morning spoke of nothing else. And prominent on their pages were accounts of Harrison Bamford-Gordon, the Tax Wizard. Harrison gathered up a pile of the earliest papers and went to see Ruth. She was radiant as he came into the room.

"I've done it," he said the moment he was seated.

"A magnificent achievement," she said.

Looking at her now Harrison wondered whether his action had not been precipitate. He had not seen Ruth for almost six months, as he had vowed he would not. But now, if the truth were known, she was not quite as he remembered her. The lines were deeper, the profile less perfect—or something. Still, he'd done it.

"I've come to claim my prize," he said firmly.

"What prize?"

"Why, you, of course."

For the one and only time in their relationship Ruth blushed. Then she giggled.

"You'll think I'm naughty," she said, "but I eloped last week with my piano tuner."

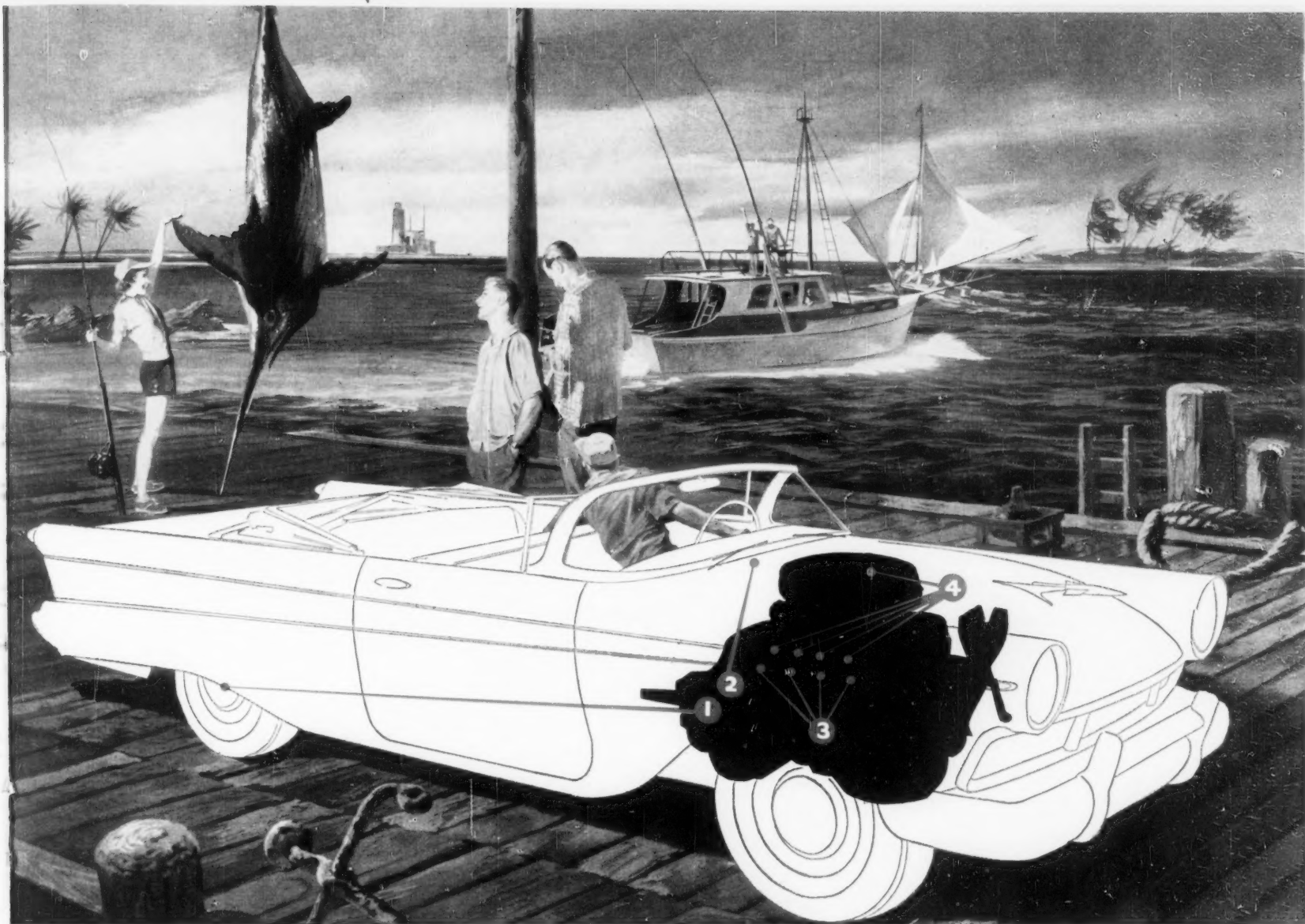
Harrison looked at her with chagrin, bowed stiffly, and left the room and the house without another word.

Weeks later, discussing his future with McPartney, Harrison reluctantly accepted the ambassadorship to Andorra.

"It's not much," McPartney said, "but as soon as I get the PM's job we'll make it the Senate." Harrison nodded, but he wasn't enthusiastic.

Today Senator Bamford-Gordon has more time than ever to devote to his morning study and he has given up economics for philosophy, a pursuit that only last week led him to a passage in Santayana that he marked heavily in pencil:

Plasticity loves new molds because it can fill them, but for a man of sluggish mind and bad manners there is decidedly no place like home. ★

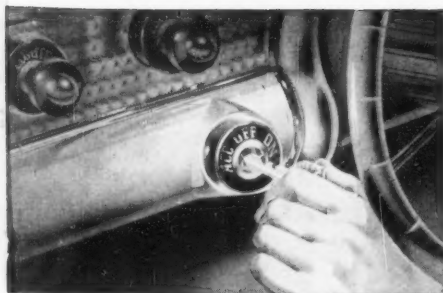


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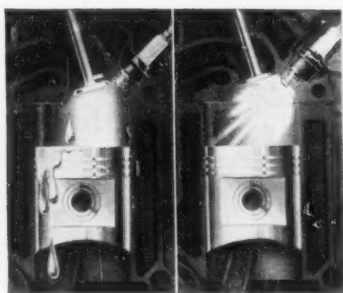
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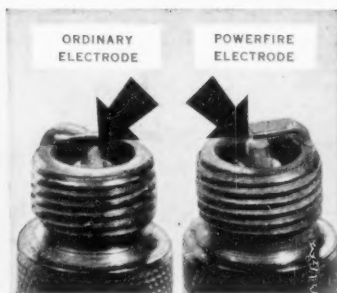
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CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO



Arthur Hailey plays 'em with suspense continued from page 20

schedule, he looks more like a bank manager than a playwright. When he began writing *Flight into Danger* one evening in January 1956, he'd never seen a TV script and didn't even put in camera directions.

Along with a hundred other unsolicited manuscripts, *Flight* reached the CBC's script department on Jan. 31 and hit Nathan Cohen's desk on Feb. 20. "I read it right away because of the peculiar way it was typed," Cohen says.

"You could see it was his first play, but it had such terrific suspense that we decided to take a plunge on the production hazards, and bought it the same day."

The production problems were for-

midable. While producers advise amateur writers to stick to simple intimate stories involving no more than six or eight actors, *Flight* called for a cast of twenty-nine.

Most producers are terrified of complicated sets, expensive props and special effects. Yet as soon as he read *Flight*, CBC producer David Greene launched into an eighteen-thousand-dollar production, one of the most expensive hour dramas the CBC had done. The play dramatized the ordeal of an ex-fighter pilot forced to take over the controls of a commercial aircraft when its crew and most of its passengers are crippled by food poisoning. While cautious writers limit their outdoor scenes to a few stock shots drawn from studio film files, Hailey's script called for eight minutes for film that could look authentic only if it were specially photographed. Greene shot twenty-one film clips, more than any CBC play had ever used. At the RCAF base at Trenton, Ont., he mounted a camera in an air-force plane and filmed a North Star in flight; at Toronto's Malton Airport he spent two days photographing the bleak landing strip. The crisis of the play developed in the flight compartment of an aircraft, so Greene borrowed a salvaged North Star cockpit from the Trenton base; he got a special permit from the Ontario Department of Highways and towed the eleven-foot, fifteen-hundred-pound mechanism to Toronto.

Although *Shadow of Suspicion* posed no special production problems, Hailey's third play, *Time Lock*, the story of a child trapped in a bank vault, was staged in the most elaborate set ever constructed in CBC-TV studios. "He submitted the script with diagrams of the vault and suggestions for special effects," says producer Leo Orenstein. "The play had so many mechanical problems that I didn't know if it would come off at all until it was actually on the air." The CBC had never before assembled actual working equipment on such a scale. Frantic efforts to free the child by drilling through the heavy vault door looked convincing because the actors were using real air hammers and acetylene cutting torches to cut through real concrete blocks and steel. Specially made for the show, the blocks were reinforced with steel bars every three inches and weighed four hundred pounds each. Two of the actors took a short course in welding; and six others were actually workmen lent by a construction company. For the film sequences Orenstein borrowed props ranging from an RCAF helicopter to an Ontario Provincial Police patrol car complete with constable.

So far, Hailey's practice of loading his plays with bulky mechanisms hasn't jinxed his scripts. While even veteran playwrights expect an occasional flop, Hailey has sold every play he's written. Many free-lances survive precariously from payment to payment and grasp eagerly at advances, but Hailey didn't cash his cheques in desperate haste to buy hamburgers and pay the rent on a cold-water garret. Instead, he incorporated himself and arranged to spread his earnings over three years to cut down his income tax. Far from being desperate for money, he has turned it down when not absolutely certain how an assignment would turn out. When a U.S. network offered him a four-hundred-



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dollar advance on a new play on the strength of a one-page outline, he refused it: he had some doubts he could research the theme as thoroughly as he felt was necessary. For Hailey the two hundred dollars a day he's been making from writing is extra money.

Most free-lances who depend on a job for regular income are forced to cram their writing into odd corners of spare time. Hailey, on the other hand, has worked out a system of peaceful co-existence for his writing and an advertising business that provides his basic livelihood. When *Flight into Danger* hit the jackpot, he was sales-promotion manager for a truck company, Canadian Trailmobile Ltd. With his wife Sheila and their two children, Jane and Steven, he was living in a new ranchhouse in Scarborough Bluffs, a prosperous lakeshore suburb in the east end of metropolitan Toronto. Wanting more time for TV writing without jeopardizing his security, he found a way to do two jobs at once. On May 1, 1956, he left Trailmobile and set up his own advertising agency, Hailey Publicity Services Ltd., with his former employer as a principal client.

Even the millstones of financial solidarity and a happy marriage don't stop Hailey from turning out successful scripts faster than playwrights prodded by starvation and inner conflict, thereby negating the myth that although a writer doesn't have to be neurotic, it certainly helps. "Among writers, this Hailey is a phenomenon," says Orenstein. "He seems to be peculiarly well-adjusted."

Nagged into Danger

Far from being the anguished outcry of a soul striving for lyrical self-expression, Hailey's plunge into drama was undertaken in response to a kind of high-level personality test administered in January 1955, by Douglas W. Jones, of J. B. Fraser and Associates Ltd., a firm of management consultants. Curious about his own capabilities, Hailey invested a hundred dollars in a report that read like a blueprint for his future:

The subject has a marked flair for the unusual and dramatic (it read). He is a strongly work-oriented individual who may not have developed real techniques of relaxation. He has a great deal of creativity which seeks expression and he needs an outlet for this either in the work area or avocationally. He would do well as a writer and may be wasted in industry.

At first Hailey didn't take this suggestion seriously. His job with Trailmobile topped the curve of success he had followed ever since he came to Canada from his home in Luton, England, after serving as an RAF pilot during World War II. From 1947 to 1953 he had been associate editor, then editor of *Bus and Truck Transport*, a Maclean-Hunter trade magazine. But from time to time the report nagged him into wondering if he should try something more creative than the technical and advertising material he was writing. Finally *Flight into Danger* catapulted him into a business of his own.

Although his office is a plywood-walled basement suite in his own house, Hailey hasn't adopted the casual habits of the home-based free-lance. Toronto novelist and playwright Hugh Garner, for instance, works in spasms; he lets a month go by without writing a word and then works fifteen hours a day for three consecutive days. With rare exceptions, Hailey works from nine to five, Monday to Friday. Garner wears

slacks and a sports shirt, often writes in longhand and keeps himself going on coffee and cigarettes. Hailey, who doesn't smoke, uses a tape recorder for his research, a Dictaphone for his letters and a typewriter for his scripts, and dresses every morning in a conservatively cut business suit, a clean white shirt, a subdued tie and freshly polished shoes.

Most writers must constantly fight their natural tendency to procrastinate. Lister Sinclair is a typical late starter who never writes before eleven in the

morning, does his best work after nine p.m. and often lets a play grow in his mind for two or three years before turning out a final draft. Hailey writes a play in three weeks and swings smoothly into action the moment he sits down behind his beige metal desk, which bears a handsome pair of beige in- and out-baskets and a beige telephone fitted with buzzers for summoning his wife Sheila or his secretary, Mrs. Aileen Chiddicks, who works in an adjoining office.

"Art approaches everything as a business," his wife says. "He never puts any-

thing off. Three years ago we were living in a smaller bungalow and happened to see this house one Sunday. Art called the agent on Monday, bought the place on Tuesday, put our old house up for sale on Wednesday and sold it on Saturday."

Hailey begins a typical morning by answering a sheaf of agency correspondence. He thumbs through a new batch of Hailey items from his press-clipping service and passes them to Mrs. Chiddicks to be added to the four thick folders of clippings already accumulated.

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A query about a contract negotiation from his New York agent, Maeve Southgate, gets a precise reply after a quick call to his tax consultant. The phone rings: a woman who saw his last play suggests a plot for the next. Hailey dictates a memo on the idea and Mrs. Chidicks files it in a card index. "We file everything," Hailey says. "I keep all my notes and rough drafts to protect my copyright."

At ten-thirty he spends half an hour with a commercial artist, discussing the layout for a series of truck advertise-

ments. By telephone he arranges a sales conference; his Trailmobile assignments range from working out the yearly advertising budget to posing under a fire hose for a promotion campaign called *Torrent of Values*. As master of ceremonies at the company's children's Christmas party last December, he heralded Santa Claus's arrival with a tape-recorded routine that sounded like a pint-size *Flight into Danger*: "Hello, Santa. Hello, Santa. This is the Trailmobile Christmas party calling Santa Claus. Hello, Santa—can you hear me?"

Come in, Santa, come in, Santa. Over to you." Disaster threatened when Santa, misdirected, reported that his sleigh was soaring to the wrong address. He hadn't time to backtrack. Trailmobile must get along without him. Suspense sent the children crowding to the windows while the control tower pleaded, and Santa relented—just in time for a triumphant entrance.

With a few minutes in hand before noon, Hailey roughs out a Financial Post story on a legal tangle in the trucking field, on which he is considered an authority. As road-transport adviser to the Gordon Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, he served six weeks in the transportation section of the commission, writing an appraisal of the motor-carrier industry.

At twelve-fifteen Hailey leaves for downtown Toronto. Though his car is painted his favorite flamboyant yellow, he drives with the impeccable manners of a man who habitually thinks three blocks ahead. At the King Edward Hotel he lunches with Lyl Brown, of the CBC press service.

Search for suspense

After lunch he drives west to Malton for an interview with the chief test pilot at A. V. Roe (Canada) Ltd., the aircraft firm, who supplies two hours of tape-recorded material for a half-hour semi-documentary Hailey is writing for the National Film Board. This is his first Film Board script, commissioned after the producer of the *Perspective* series heard about his CBC work. Later in the afternoon he gets back to his desk to work on *Course for Collision*, a new suspense play to be shown over CBC-TV on April 21. *Course for Collision* is set in 1962, with the world on the brink of war and the U.S. president flying to Moscow to make a last appeal for peace. In mid-flight a signal is received from American Intelligence in Moscow that a Russian bomber, carrying a hydrogen bomb, is heading for the U.S. and that its course will cross that of the president's plane. Will the president decide to continue on, or to ram the Red bomber?

Hailey researches all his plays with the same thoroughness he devotes to a documentary. He begins by thinking of a background, then casts around for a tense situation. What happens to a plane without a crew, to a small boy trapped by a time lock, to a man falsely suspected of a sex killing? The plot of *Flight into Danger* came to him when he was a passenger on a Trans-Canada Air Lines plane bound for the west coast. The idea for *Time Lock* sprang into his mind when his neighbor, a bank manager, pointed out the vault while showing him through the new Scarborough Township branch of the Bank of Commerce. *Shadow of Suspicion* was born when Hailey, looking for material, leafed through a magazine and came across an article about a group of Toronto women who were trying to prevent sex crimes against children.

From these starting points he tracks down every possible development with bloodhound persistence. Before submitting *Flight* he checked the script with a test pilot. *Time Lock* took four days of writing and two weeks of interviews with a retired vault expert, a doctor, bank managers and welders. Composing a news headline for a scene in *Shadow of Suspicion*, Hailey chose *THIS CITY NEEDS FRANK MASON* because it had the same number of letters as a headline in the *Toronto Star*. At the time of the Springhill, N.S., mine disaster, word around the CBC went, "Have you heard the latest Hailey story? He's

down in Nova Scotia measuring the mines."

In Hollywood, where he spent six weeks writing a film adaptation of *Flight* for independent producer Hall Bartlett, Hailey startled his colleagues at the Bartlett studio by turning up with a draft of the film script the day after his arrival. "But Arthur, this just isn't *done*," they expostulated. "People don't *work* that way here. Normally, we sit tossing ideas around for maybe a week before anybody writes a word."

While Hailey's speed and accuracy unnerved rivals, they endear him to producers. "Instead of being a phony artist he's a genuine artisan," David Greene says.

"Give me four writers like Arthur and I'd have the softest job at the CBC," Nathan Cohen sighs wistfully. "He's a natural-born storyteller."

"I was surprised when I met him," Leo Orenstein remarks. "I didn't know what to expect, but what I saw was the last thing I expected. Unlike most writers this man appears to know what he's doing. His writing has the common touch, a Rotarian cast in tune with popular taste." Orenstein lapses into thought, then continues: "But I suspect he is holding back the bizarre aspects of his nature. Though they ended happily, his three plays centred on strong, depressing ideas—food poisoning, smothering, sex murder. Unconsciously, he must have a morbid imagination."

Champions and rivals alike find the secret of Hailey's success as elusive as the ingredients of an Escalier sauce. Do his tense adventure stories represent a tide of reaction against slow-moving imitations of Chayefsky? Is he capitalizing on a fashion for documentary or exploiting the universal daydream of the ordinary man who wants to be a hero? Perhaps Canadians have been over-exposed to culture, like the woman who wrote, "This is my first attempt to thank anyone for producing a play on TV, one reason being that most plays produced by the CBC are not worth thanking anyone for. They are a little above our heads, but we thought *Flight into Danger* was superb."

Hailey seldom speculates about his own methods. "My plays are meant to entertain, not to preach or shock," he says in his diffident English voice. "But," pausing modestly, "they seem to have caught on." ★



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, APRIL 27, 1957



Blair Fraser reports from Peking

Continued from page 18

I have called it a showpiece and so it is, but it is also a real farm—not at all like the transparent fake that used to be shown to traveling reporters in Yugoslavia, until the Yugoslav collective farm program finally collapsed. The Shanghai co-operative is called Hung Hsing—"Rainbow Star"—and one thing that stamps it as genuine is its continuing poverty.

I went into a fairly typical dwelling—a bedroom partitioned off from the dark, narrow living space in front, and in the rear a brick stove half filling the kitchen-storeroom. The two windows had no glass. The walls were of wicker lightly plastered with mud, and the roof of rather untidy thatch.

How many people lived here?

"One old couple, one young couple, two children."

I could see only two beds; where did the children sleep?

"One child sleeps with each couple."

However, the people in Hung Hsing are better off than they used to be. Mr. Chao took me around and showed me why.

Here, for example, was a drainage ditch put in last year. It ran past what used to be a dozen little farms, and no one farmer would ever have found it worthwhile. Now that the land was owned in common, though, it was worth



The "little dolls" Fraser saw in Red China

"They came swarming to have me take their pictures." Blair Fraser met these youngsters at kindergarten school for the

Hung Hsing co-operative farm near Shanghai. Farm itself is a showpiece, but he found tenants on the fringe of poverty.

everybody's while, because it brought into production several hitherto worthless acres that used to be turned into slough by every rainstorm.

Conversely, irrigation ditches now run to land that used to be too dry to grow much. Tractor-drawn ploughs, lent by the state, turn in a few days more furrows than hundreds of man-hours accomplished in the individual plots. Instead of each farmer raising his own grain and his own vegetables, blocks of land are assigned to the efficient production of each. What with one thing and another the cash value of produce per acre is fifty percent higher than in 1954, the last pre-co-operative year.

Hung Hsing had eight "rich" peasants in the days before land reform, men who owned three to five acres and hired day labor. Mr. Chao said things had so improved that even these ex-tycoons were doing better as co-operators than they had done as "exploiters." (This, I must say, I took with a grain of salt.) Only the five landlords, who once lived idle on the labor of three hundred poor peasant families, are admitted to be worse off today. All five are still in the village and are members of the co-operative, but now they work for a living like everybody else.

Hung Hsing has two schools now instead of one, twenty-two teachers instead

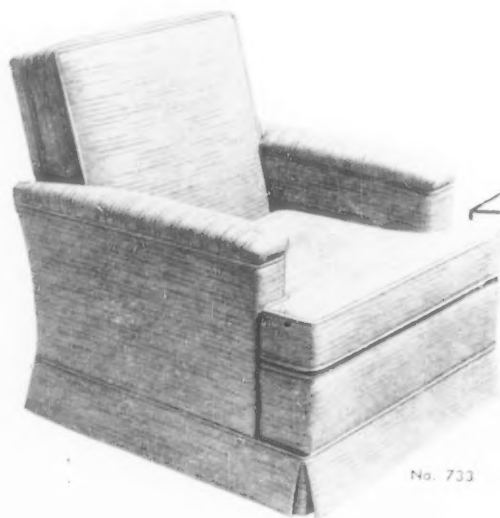
of six. Mr. Chao didn't know how many children were in school, and I couldn't count the little dolls as they came swarming around me all clamoring to have their pictures taken ("They are calling you Uncle," my interpreter gravely informed me) but they certainly look healthy and happy. Mr. Chao said there was a new "middle" school a mile or two away; teen-age children go there on the bicycles which, he added proudly, all their parents can now afford.

It was all, in fact, a little too pat to be entirely convincing. I'm sure Hung Hsing is as far above the national average as poverty-stricken Chu Yung Kuan is below. No man of normal skepticism

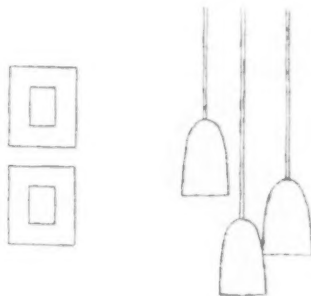
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would believe on this evidence alone that all hundred and twenty million peasant families in China have taken to collective farming with eager delight, as official propaganda says they have.

Two nights ago, at dinner with a Chinese editor, I put the question bluntly: How could anyone accept the official account of this "high tide of socialism," which in eighteen months has swept ninety-six percent of Chinese peasants into collective farms?

After all, the collective farm program in Yugoslavia and Poland and Hungary was a failure, a fact now officially admitted but for a long time officially denied. Collective farming in Soviet Russia was imposed by brutal coercion, mass deportations and artificial famines that starved millions, a fact no longer denied but not officially admitted even now.

Among China's six hundred million people five hundred million are farmers, and at least four hundred million were land-hungry and poor. Six years ago they got what they had always wanted, land of their own. Then the government took back the land so newly given, turned it into big common pools in which no single peasant had a field he could call his. How could this have been done by mere persuasion?

My host was not offended or even surprised by my incredulity.

"You're quite right," he said, "collective farming did fail in eastern Europe. To understand why it has succeeded here you must understand certain differences in our country."

In Yugoslavia, for instance, land reform cut family holdings to a maximum of twenty-five acres. In the fertile parts of China a family owning half an acre was considered rich. The drawbacks of farming such pocket-handkerchief plots, the utter impossibility of ever using modern machinery or efficient methods, are so obvious that even the stubbornest peasant can see them.

Another related difference is the imminence of famine in China. Even the rich farmer was not secure against a bad season. Whole regions would starve from time to time, even when other regions might be having good crops.

It was probably lucky for the co-operative program that in 1954, the last pre-co-operative year, floods ruined the harvest in several areas and there was severe distress. Nobody actually starved (or if anyone did it is not admitted) but many went hungry.

Last year too there were floods, and in other places drought. The crop as a whole was disappointing. But because the whole country is organized by the state, because grain could be moved easily from areas with plenty to areas with none, everybody is getting enough to eat.

My host might have added, though he did not, that the introduction of Communist methods was not as wholly peaceable as it is now made out to have been. There was a surge of violence before the first land reform, when peasants were deliberately incited to mob the landlords. I heard about it from a cynical Frenchman who was here at the time, and who spoke with a tinge of admiration: "The Communists urged the peasants to kill because, having killed, the peasants became their accomplices and could not turn back."

Then came a short, sharp burst of terror known as the "Three Anti" and "Five Anti" movements, campaigns against corruption, waste and a string of other evils ending with the worst of all, the betrayal of state secrets. This was the period when rough-and-ready trials before "people's courts" were followed by rough-and-ready executions in



The "delights" of collective farming

Women wash in ditch of farm near Shanghai. Reds say people work collective farms with "delight." It's not true, says Blair Fraser, though they're not so hungry now.

village squares and were broadcast on the government radio. It was also a period when the red vans of the security police were seen every day in the streets of Shanghai, and many people disappeared.

But those days are gone. Having shown that they meant business, the Communists did not labor the point. Foes as well as friends of the regime admit that there has been no terror for a long time now, and that the motto of today is moderation.

There is an old Chinese proverb about the best way to deal with the inevitable. (Relax, it says.) A visitor gets the impression that the Chinese people are applying it in their dealings with the Communist Party, and the party in its dealings with the people.

One example is the way the Chinese ration rice.

Obviously, you cannot fix a uniform allowance of rice in a country where the poor eat almost nothing else, and therefore need twice as much as do those rich enough to eat meat. The Chinese solve the problem by letting each housewife decide for herself what her weekly ration should be.

A free market in meat

But if each can buy what she likes, why have a ration at all? Because, by asking her to say in advance how much she needs, the government makes sure of two things: It prevents people from idly wasting, and in time of shortage from hoarding. It also gets a firm idea of requirements, so that supplies can be planned.

Planning, of course, is the keynote of the system here as it is in all Communist countries. A First Five-Year Plan will be completed this year, the Second Five-Year Plan has been adopted, and work has already begun on a Third Five-Year Plan, all on the familiar Russian model. But in China there is a characteristic flexibility about the whole thing.

Last year the price of pork was set too low. Rather than go on feeding them, farmers killed their sows and sold or ate them, and a shortage developed of China's favorite meat. The government immediately did several things at once: raised the price, started a propaganda campaign for pig-breeding, and allowed pork and poultry to be sold on the free market as well as through government food shops.

The free market is a typical safety valve or shock absorber to ease the rigidities of communism in China. On the sidewalk a block from my hotel,

farmers stand beside barrows of vegetables and crates of live chickens, and housewives haggle with them as they have done for uncounted generations. The state makes sure that basic foods like rice are provided in standard quantities at a stable price. Other things the farmer may sell, if he likes, directly. This gives the farmer extra income (and, in regions or seasons of under-employment, something to do) and the worker an extra outlet for his wages.

Factory workers are much better off than farmers in China. At the big plant in Anshan, Manchuria, which the Japanese built in 1920 and which produces half the basic steel of all China, workers average a hundred *yuan*s (forty dollars) a month. That is three times as much as the Li family earns in Chu Yung Kuan, with four people working and a little girl helping out.

Actually the gap is not quite as wide as the cash figure implies. A peasant's income-in-kind is reckoned, at the price the government pays him, only about half what the city worker must pay at retail. Even when peasants have to buy rice or other food, as in Chu Yung Kuan, they get it at the low country price.

But the industrial worker is still better off, not only in money but in the conditions of his life.

The new workers' dwellings at Anshan are by no means palatial. Built in 1953, they already show serious wear and tear, and few families have more than one middle-sized room. But compared with the average in a Chinese village, or city for that matter, this is very good housing indeed.

I talked to a housewife in one of them—a grey-faced woman, tired and sick and old before her time, but apparently not discontented. She feeds a family of five on her husband's salary of a hundred and fifteen *yuan*s (forty-six dollars), and has more than half of it left after food, fuel, electric light and the one dollar a month they pay in rent for their modest home.

"We used to pay three times as much to a landlord," she said, "for a miserable mud shack with a roof that let in the rain."

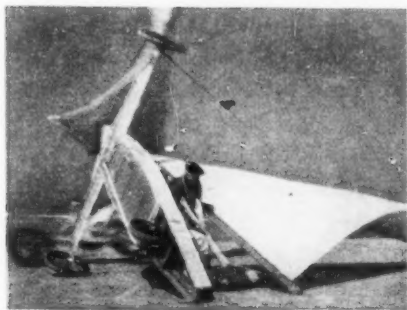
Did she find things better now than before "Liberation"?

The woman looked at me as if I were crazy. Of course she found things better. Before Liberation the money was no good—thousands of *yuan*s wouldn't buy a bowl of rice. Work was unsteady. Nobody knew what might happen next. Now everything was quiet and peaceful.

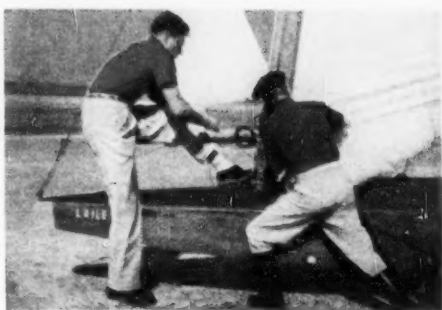
She had a daughter of twenty and a

Skippers set speed records in Belgium's SAND YACHTS

1 "Fleet" really means swift when you're talking about the fleet of sand yachts on the Belgian coast at De Panne," writes Clarence Hewitt, a yachtsman friend of Canadian Club. "No sailing craft's keel ever slid through water at the rate these 'Char a Voiles' go scudding along the beach at low tide. With my host William Froehlich in the lead, I joined a race down the shore to Dunkerque, France.



2 "I tried to 'come about' on a starboard tack—and capsized! 'Don't forget you've no water to cushion the shocks,' Froehlich warned. 'And be careful—we'll hit 50 m.p.h. when the wind's with us.'



3 "Froehlich's double-ender, built in an aircraft factory, led all the way. After zigzagging to Dunkerque in 2 hours, we zipped the 22 miles back in 30 minutes—with no spills. Unlike its nautical sisters, a sand yacht can't heel with the wind. It has to take terrific punishment.



4 "As at sea, 'splicing the main brace' means drinks all round. At De Panne it meant Canadian Club. Sand yachting has spread to many countries, but it can't touch the farflung following Canadian Club enjoys."

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son of sixteen who were both in school. How did it happen they were still there, so late?

"They got a late start. Before Liberation we could not pay the school fees. Now it is free, but they did not begin until 1949. Only the little one was able to begin at seven years old."

I noticed something on the wall that looked like a diploma, with a man's picture on it. She beamed.

"That's my husband. He is a technician. He learned in the school for adults, here in the evenings."

Could her husband read?

"Formerly he could not. Now he can read the newspapers a little."

I began to see what the young man from the State Planning Board had meant when he said, in Peking a few mornings before: "Hungary and Poland are a warning to us and one that we shall heed, but we were not unaware of it anyway. We knew we had to raise the living standards of the people as well, and at the same time, as we develop heavy industry."

So far, the something-for-everybody policy has been astonishingly successful. It even includes some consolation for the ex-rich.

Bodyguards for businessmen

Both in Peking and in Shanghai there are a few tame "capitalists," former mill owners who are now mill managers in state or "joint" enterprises. The foreign-office information department sends the visitor to talk to these one-time grinders of the faces of the poor, and they tell him how much better things are now and how glad they are that the country has been "liberated" and they themselves re-educated and redeemed.

I must confess I did not listen very carefully to the prepared part of this recital from my capitalist, a smooth young man named Wu Tsong-yi. At the end of our conversation, though, he said something that stuck in my mind, and had a ring of sincerity about it.

"You see those bars on the window?" he said, pointing from the rather luxurious living room in which we sat. "Why do you think we had those put on? For safety, that's why. To protect ourselves. Why, I used to need an armored car and a bodyguard to go to my office."

"In 1948 when the Chiang Kai-shek government was near its end and desperate, my father was arrested. I don't think any particular charge was laid; he was just arrested. It cost us one hun-

dred and fifty thousand United States dollars, in currency, to get him out.

"You have to understand what it was like before to know why we think it is better now."

This contrast helps the Communists in many ways. It protects them from resentment when the Five-Year Plan goes wrong, as it has done in many important ways.

In Changchun, the capital of Japan's puppet state Manchukuo, Red China has installed its first and only motor works, the showpiece of modern Chinese industry. It is a beautiful plant, airy, well-lighted, well-equipped in every way. Around it are modern apartments for all its eighteen thousand workers, with shopping centres and recreation clubs as well as two-room flats with showers for each family—the best housing in China.

The plant has a capacity of thirty thousand Soviet-type trucks a year, roughly a hundred a day. Actual production target for the first fifteen months is four thousand, ten percent of capacity.

On the day we went through the assembly line was not moving. It was the end of the month, our guide said; they were "taking stock." Sure enough, every few yards along the line a couple of earnest girls in overalls were counting, by hand, the nuts and bolts and noting them on pink slips of paper. I remarked that I had never seen a plant close down for an accounting operation like this.

"We are only making about ten trucks a day," said the manager rather gloomily, "so we have plenty of time."

I asked why. The manager talked vaguely of training new workers before he mentioned the real reason: shortage of raw materials. The plant hadn't enough steel. I remembered seeing a new plate mill under construction at Anshan the day before. Evidently the planners got things backwards when they built the motor works first and plate mill second.

But the Chinese don't really care. They have their motor plant and they're enormously proud of it. A party of "model workers" from another industry went through on a tour of inspection the same day we did, evidently a special treat; they goggled at the silent assembly line with no less admiration than if it were disgorging a truck every ten minutes. Nobody minds things being done, even if they're not done quite right. After years of nothing done, it's welcome anyway.

"All my life I wanted to build a bridge



Slums are still Shanghai's worst blot

Not even the Chinese Reds attempt to whitewash them. "They're dreadful," reports Blair Fraser. "Rows of hovels leaning against one another for miles in all directions."

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across the Yangtze," a Chinese engineer told a friend of mine. "Often the money was voted but it always melted away somehow. Now I am building the bridge."

It sounds incredible that corruption should have been wiped out in China, the homeland of "squeeze," but the traveler can testify at least that another national custom has disappeared. You cannot give anybody a tip in China today.

Theoretically this is true in the Soviet Union also, but in fact I got much bet-

ter service when I slipped a rouble under the plate. I tried the same thing here, and the waiter came running after me into the lobby: "You forgot your change, sir."

On a train journey in Manchuria, by way of experiment, I made several real efforts to tip the sleeping-car attendants. I was positively insistent, but it made no difference. They wouldn't take it. Even the pedicab drivers now quote an exact and moderate fare, and say thank you for it. Anyone who has ever argued with a ricksha coolie in Hong Kong

can tell what a change has come about.

Changes have, in fact, been numerous enough that the Chinese are not embarrassed by the blots they haven't had time to remove. The Chinese foreign office itself suggested that I ought to see the slums of Shanghai.

They are dreadful. The typical Chinese house, rural or urban, has nothing that could be called plumbing, either indoor or outdoor. Noisome hovels lean against each other for miles in all directions, looking as if a strong wind would blow them down.

Still, there has been improvement. The water supply was once the dark-brown creek on which sampans ply and every kind of refuse floats lazily down to the river. Now there is a tiled washing square every few blocks, where half a dozen taps provide clean water and the women all come with their laundry and their vegetables.

I was guided through this slum ward by Miss Cheng Hso-ing, a fat good-natured girl who is a member of the local "street committee." The street committee is a unique feature of the Chinese Communist system and might even be considered its backbone. An elected body, the street committee always turns out to have a solid core of Communists. Its duties are leadership and guidance in every conceivable field—to tell the people what they must do, and see that they do it.

Through the street committees the government put on its much-publicized drive to eliminate flies. Of course it is not true that there are no flies left in China, as some fellow-traveling travelers have reported; a large and saucy one buzzed around me all through lunch today. But it is true that there are fewer here than in other Eastern countries and fewer, I am told, than there used to be in China.

Now the street committees have undertaken what they call a "Patriotic Sanitation Movement." It is a worthy cause; Chinese lack not only domestic plumbing but also the inhibitions that go with it. Since TB is China's worst public-health problem, the street committees also plan a campaign against the national habit of spitting. This one too will have the approval of all foreign visitors, especially those who travel on Chinese trains.

Nosey Parker is everywhere

But of course the street committee's job is not only or even mainly public health. Its real purposes are political.

If Mr. Yung, the retired merchant, clings to his reactionary ideas, if Mrs. Yi buys each week a little more rice than she needs and builds up a hoard, if young student Wu seems to be harboring anti-Communist principles—in all these cases the street committee is supposed to learn the facts and take the necessary action. It is above all an organized and authorized Nosey Parker which makes everybody's business its own. A project on its current list is to encourage birth control, and it would be no surprise to learn that the assiduous ladies of the street committee are subjecting the wives in each district to a cross-examination every morning.

However, the street committee is a channel of communication upward as well as downward. Citizens can and do go to the street committee with complaints, and the complaints are reported and heeded.

The effect is to give the Chinese a sense of participation in their government. They seem hardly aware that the street committee does many things that in Russia are the task of the secret police. Unlike many Russians, the Chinese sound as if they meant it when they say that theirs is a "democratic" and a free country.

It isn't, of course.

The secret police are not as obtrusive as in Russia but they are not absent. The reason the room clerks in the Hsin Chiao Hotel are so uniquely incompetent is that they are secret police. They are incapable of the simplest function in the hotel business—even to register, you have to go to the back room and deal with the real hotel clerk—but at their

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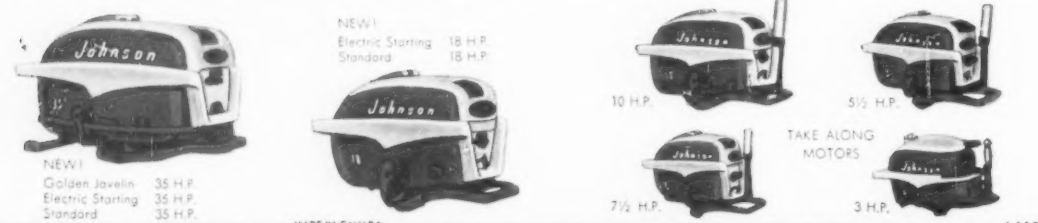
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true job of watching who comes into the hotel to visit foreigners they are quite alert.

The press is controlled, and like every controlled press it is deadly dull. The translation service is not as good in Peking as in Moscow, but evidently the Chinese get the same cascade of lies about foreign affairs as the Russians get, and here it seems to be rather more generally believed.

One of the few things here that a foreigner can read for himself is a monthly magazine called *China Reconstructs*, written in the bland style of an old-fashioned industrial house organ. A few issues ago it carried an article about the clash of public debate in China, part of the "struggle against dogmatism" as the Communists characteristically put it. About a year ago Mao Tse-tung made a speech containing a sentence that is now a cliché in China: "Let flowers of all kinds bloom together; let diverse schools of thought contend."

Obediently, they have been "contending" ever since, and some Chinese describe the result as "freedom to criticize."

In fact, of course, the freedom is strictly limited and the "contention" extremely tame. Historians "contend" about the date when Chinese feudal society began; some say 1200 B.C., some say not until 400 B.C. Biologists proudly affirm that they are now allowed to argue about the inheritance of acquired characteristics, which in Stalin's time was a dogma. Critics debate the merits of the poet Li Yu, a tenth-century emperor who lost his throne because he was too fond of poetry, dancing and women. But there are also a few signs of real liberalization, however slight, in the universities and in the intellectual life of China.

Starting next autumn Peking University's department of philosophy will introduce courses on Bertrand Russell and Immanuel Kant. (Hegel is already taught, but since he was the intellectual godfather of Karl Marx perhaps that doesn't count.) I doubt that any of these philosophers will be presented in terms they themselves would have accepted. More likely they will be "taught," like Marxism in a Roman Catholic seminary, a demonstration of their errors. Still, it's a slight breath of air that they are noticed at all.

Last May, just after Mao's benediction of "diverse schools of thought," British economist Nicholas Kaldor of King's College, Cambridge, was invited to Peking to lecture on the economic theories of Lord Keynes. Facing an audience of Chinese economists, Kaldor said: "I could of course prove to you by facts that Karl Marx was wrong, but this is an academic discussion, so I propose to prove it to you by pure theory."

Chalk in hand, he proceeded to do so. It is doubtful whether any of his audience were actually converted to Keynesian thinking, but they gave him a quiet hearing. The whole affair marked a great change from the immediate past.

There has also been a change in the Chinese Communists' treatment of the Christian religion. How deep or how permanent this change may be is a matter of grave dispute among Christians in and outside China.

For the first two years, when missionaries were being expelled and many imprisoned, the Communists seemed to be behaving just as the Christians had ex-

pected. Then, about 1951, the first change came. Protestants were told they might carry on as before, especially in the welfare and public-health work that China needs so badly.

Rev. Joshua Bang, the Chinese pastor of the Centennial Baptist Church in Shanghai, said his congregation of two hundred had no difficulties at all with the government. They had two services every Sunday, as well as Sunday school and three Bible classes; they also had meetings on four out of six week nights. Their new church had been built in 1953,

part of the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the Baptist faith in China. It was one of two Protestant churches built in Shanghai alone since Liberation.

The minister used the word "Liberation" smoothly and unselfconsciously, with no suggestion of inverted commas. It was obvious that he, for one, accepted the Communist regime as the legitimate government of China and gave it his loyalty as a citizen.

Recently, some Chinese Roman Catholics have been adopting the same atti-

tude. They have formed what they call a "Catholic Patriotic Association" to emphasize their loyalty to the new China, and are carrying on church work within the framework of the Communist system.

I shared a Lenten lunch in Shanghai with two priests and three laymen who take this point of view. Rev. Aloysius Chang, rector of St. Peter's parish, explained to me how they feel: "We cannot think a Catholic's religion obliges him to work against his country."

And they accepted the Communist



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regime as a legitimate government?
 "Of course. It is the government of China; there is no other."

Father Chang wanted to make one thing very clear, though: "We do not accept the doctrine of the Chinese government. Communism, materialism, these we utterly repudiate. We are true Catholics under the spiritual authority of Rome, but in secular affairs we respect the authority of the government of China."

Had they had any contact with the Vatican since 1949?

"We sent a telegram of greeting to His Holiness the Pope at Christmas time."

And had they received any message from the Holy See?

"An acknowledgement of our telegram."

What about the question of Catholic schools and the control of education, which had been a stumbling block in other Communist countries?

"That is not a problem in China. Now that we have no more help from abroad we could not afford to operate schools anyway. We have our classes for relig-

ious instruction, but education as a whole we must leave to the state."

But what about the Roman Catholic priests who are prisoners, the five Americans and the many Chinese?

At this Father Chang looked troubled and embarrassed for the first time.

"We do not know the facts," he said. "They were not imprisoned because they are Americans; to be an American is not a crime. Nor were they imprisoned just because they are priests. Father Lee and I are priests and we have not been imprisoned."

"The government says they were guilty of espionage. You must remember it is possible to commit espionage innocently; one might write a personal letter describing the military situation, and yet if the letter were intercepted it would seem to prove espionage."

This, of course, was pretty thin and the good father evidently knew it. The fact is that Roman Catholics have had very rough treatment indeed from the Chinese Communists.

In 1949 five thousand priests were ministering to three million Roman Catholics in China, three thousand missionaries and two thousand Chinese. Of the three thousand missionaries, one remains. Bishop James Walsh, an American, a frail old man who lives quietly but defiantly in the Jesuit Church of Christ the King in Shanghai, determined not to leave China unless he is formally expelled.

Of the two thousand Chinese priests about one thousand are in prison. How many have died there, nobody knows except the Chinese security police. They also are the only ones who know what charges, if any, have been laid against the prisoners.

The remaining one thousand Chinese priests are free and carrying on their Christian work. Among them, and between some of them and their fellow Roman Catholics abroad, there is a sharp difference of opinion about how to deal with the Chinese Communist government. Most Roman Catholics abroad, and some in China, think that any recognition or co-operation of any sort is treason to the faith and a betrayal of their persecuted brethren.

Is all of China Godless?

Some carry this attitude to an extreme.

"At one time we had difficulty obtaining enough flour to make the Host," said Father Chang. "The government offered to set aside a sufficient amount for our use. Some Catholics said we should refuse, that to accept would be collaborating with the Communists."

Some time ago one of the missionaries gave an interview, at Christmas time, by telephone to the United Press in Hong Kong. He said he had had a pleasant Christmas, that the churches were full as usual, that all was quiet and everyone in his community was well.

When an accurate report of the interview was published, the missionary got a stern note from his superiors in New York. He should remember, they said, that statements of this kind, however true, might be used to give the impression that freedom of religion exists in Godless China.

But however sharply some Roman Catholic authorities may deplore and disapprove the co-operative attitude of certain colleagues in China, the latter group has not been repudiated. Its members are true Catholics who have not been excommunicated. Its priests are still entitled to administer the sacraments. Officially, the Vatican has neither approved nor disapproved their attitude.

I walked back to my hotel with Father Chang after our Lenten lunch, eaten with chopsticks.

"In the end these troubles may prove a blessing of God," he said. "You know, they always called us foreigners here, and renegades, and of course it was true that we did have much help from abroad and many missionary priests."

"Now we are on our own. We must support ourselves, stand by ourselves, be Chinese Christians and nothing else. Perhaps it is time the church here faced this test." ★

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Here we are in 3 million words continued from page 24

"Blow me down!" sang out the sailors and the cry became a name

who meant to call it Epworth, was a Cockney; that Cape Blomidon in Nova Scotia, 570 feet high, is "possibly a corruption of 'blow-me-down,' a name by which it was formerly known among sailors;" and that the famous Kicking Horse Pass through the Rockies was named when the first white man to use it, Sir James Hector, geologist of the 1857 Palliser expedition, was kicked by his horse while crossing it.

Students abroad, writing their theses on Canada, will no longer have to consult the Encyclopedia Britannica. Browsing through the ten volumes of the Canadiana they'll learn that "in shape, Canada is roughly like a diamond," that the first history of Canada (1664) was written in Latin by a Frenchman who "never came to the New World," that "the duel was a feature of social life . . . throughout the French regime," that James Naismith of Almonte, Ont., invented basketball, and that the world's richest silver strike occurred at Cobalt, Ont., because a CNR blacksmith threw his hammer at a fox, missed, and chipped an ore sample off an outcrop.

The books fulfill a long-held dream of A. E. McBride, a portly gracious man who, at Winnipeg in 1912, opened the first Canadian office of the Grolier Society, the biggest publisher of reference books in the world. Though calling itself a society, Grolier is in fact a business corporation, started in Boston in 1895 and named after a treasurer of sixteenth-century France, Jean Grolier. Today its works of reference, led by the best-selling Book of Knowledge and the Encyclopedia Americana, ring up sales of more than a million dollars a week.

McBride, now in Toronto, tried for years to convince his head office in New York of the need of a Canadian encyclopedia. True, there was the six-volume Encyclopedia of Canada brought out in 1935 by Dr. Stewart Wallace, librarian of the University of Toronto, but it was limited in scope. Finally, in 1952 on the eve of McBride's retirement, Grolier gave a green light to the project.

As a starter McBride bought the rights to Wallace's outdated volumes and cast about for an editor, a dyed-in-the-wool Canadian who combined a passion for detail with broad scholarship. Kaye Lamb, the dominion archivist, suggested John Robbins.

Dr. Robbins, slight, grey and fifty-three, supervised the Canada Year Book, and for sixteen years he had been director of education for the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in Ottawa. "It could have been just a job of counting the number of kids in the schools," says Roby Kidd, director of the Canadian Association for Adult Education, "but he made it the most important link in the country between educators. For years this quiet little man was the hub of all the major educational developments in this country."

Robbins mentioned a few names one evening at Lamb's house. None seemed quite right. Robbins was leaving when Lamb said, "Maybe you should think of it yourself."

Robbins paused. He was not long back from the Near East where he had been setting up tent schools for the Palestinian refugees. He was restless. "It might be interesting," he said slowly. Within twenty-four hours Robbins, now Canadiana's editor, was started on the

monumental task of deciding who and what should go in the encyclopedia.

He began by enlisting advisers, friends who knew their regions: Alfred Bailey, dean of arts at the University of New Brunswick; Jean-Charles Falardeau, pro-

fessor of sociology at Laval University; Walter Herbert in Ottawa, director of the Canada Foundation; William Morton, a history professor at the University of Manitoba; Edgar Robinson, head of Vancouver's public library; and R. D. Hilton

Smith, a retired Toronto librarian. "For a fee of two hundred and fifty dollars a year," Robbins says dryly, "I bother them quite a bit."

With a pair of scissors Robbins and his two secretaries cut up Wallace's old encyclopedia, pasted its articles on cards and grouped them by subjects. With the aid of the Canada Year Book index, he broke down subjects like Agriculture into entries ranging from Apple growing to Wheat. Then he sent his advisers the typewritten lists, with plenty of space between items. When they all came back

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his lists were three times as long.

Between Foleyet, Ont., and Folklore, for example, one adviser penciled in Folk Dancing, so that on page 187 Helen Creighton tells of New Brunswick's "unusual custom known as dancing the northern lights down. These lights were supposed to be the souls of people who had not yet gone to heaven or hell, and certain tunes were used to entice them to earth."

Policy questions arose. What age level should they aim at? To reach all high-school students they decided on thirteen or fourteen. Who rated the longest biographies? They tried to divide that honor between Mackenzie King and Sir John A. Macdonald, but it looks as though King (346 lines now in print) will edge out Sir John (an estimated 325 lines).

The thorniest question was who should go in. In his encyclopedia Wallace had included no one who was living. But Robbins decided "we just had to have stories of twentieth-century people." That posed a problem. Where did you draw the line? There was only so much space to work with. "We said we'd only use people born before 1900," says Robbins. "But that left out people like Morley Callaghan and Hugh MacLennan, who've made an international reputation as writers. So we compromised—we moved it up to 1910."

"I think the greatest disappointment will be in the names," says Ottawa adviser Walter Herbert. "It's going to be a little tough to look up Marilyn Bell and not find her mentioned. But if you put in Marilyn Bell, do you put in Roloff Beny (a Canadian painter with a New York reputation)? If you put in Beny do you put in Alfred Pellon (another painter)? It just opens the door

for a lot of headaches. It happens that modern painting is a young man's game and most successful modern painters were born after 1910. You don't really know who's good and who isn't. All you know is who's accepted. Experience tells us that seventy-five percent will fall by the wayside. This holds for any of these fields. The only test is time."

Robbins met this issue with another compromise. At the front of each book he explains that persons too young to be listed can be found under the subject for which they are known. An article by Paul Duval on Painting includes Beny and Pellon, and Marilyn Bell is mentioned under Swimming.

When playing cards paid bills

In the archives, Wessie Lamb, wife of archivist Kaye Lamb and ex-associate professor of French at the University of British Columbia, tracked down information on three thousand names. Some were sent in by professional, labor, women's and farmers' groups; household names like Tamblin, Simpson, Eaton, Loblaw and McIntosh (who developed our best-known apple); glamorous names like Eva Tanguay, of Marbleton, Que., who though described as "not beautiful, not talented, not clever, not artistic," became America's highest-paid actress in 1912, queen of musical comedy.

Half-forgotten names were resurrected: Michel Begon, intendant of eighteenth-century New France, who signed playing cards to give this country its first paper currency; David Fife, of Otonabee, Ont., whose Red Fife wheat helped settle the prairies; Anna Swan, an eight-foot Nova Scotian giantess, who toured Europe in 1871 with her husband, Captain Van Buren Bates, a Kentucky giant, and gave

birth to two twenty-pound children, neither of whom survived.

The fields of business, science and journalism contributed such unknowns as Abraham Gesner, of Nova Scotia, whose process for distilling kerosene (1852) was the start of modern oil refining; Harcourt Morgan, an entomologist from Kerwood, Ont., who became the outstanding authority on the boll weevil, helped control cattle tick in the south, was president of the University of Tennessee and headed the great power project called the Tennessee Valley Authority; and William Herder, who when jailed for refusing to name the writer of a letter to his paper, the St. John's Evening Telegram, rejected prison garb and served four days in his underwear until a petition signed by almost every St. John's adult led to his release.

"We even staked out a claim to Paul Bunyan whose revival was an advertising stunt by the lumber industry in Minnesota," Robbins says. "I don't mean he was any single person; he's probably a composite figure. But the chances are the legend grew out of beginnings in New Brunswick or Quebec."

In six months Robbins had the encyclopedia's framework: subject headings starting with Abalone (a west-coast mollusk) and ending with Zouaves (last-century soldiers of the Pope, whose Canadian volunteers won the title *les diables du Bon Dieu*, the devils of the Good Lord). Now came the crucial job: selecting his writers, for a reference work is judged by the authority of its writing, which is why librarians rate the eleventh edition of Britannica, rich in world-renowned bylines, the best encyclopedia ever assembled.

But Grolier had found the one man for whom this was an easy job. For

years Robbins had given spare time to two councils, Social Science Research and Humanities Research. Between them they had given out six or seven hundred research grants covering many of the encyclopedia's subjects. And Robbins, as secretary of both, had a card record of each scholar. He also knew every prominent Canadian educator. As Walter Herbert says, "There's never been a job and a man brought together with greater perfection than this."

A twelve-volume work on the Arctic's Queen Elizabeth Islands written by Andrew Taylor, an Ottawa geographer, became five pages in the Encyclopedia Canadiana. Duncan MacGibbon, who wrote the most authoritative book on the grain trade, distilled a lifetime's knowledge into 491 lines. Bruce Waugh, then surveyor general wrote on Land Boundary Surveying; the Hon. E. Fabre Surveyor, on Quebec's Civil Code; Col. C. P. Stacey, Canada's official historian of World War II, on Military History. The article on the stove-and-furnace industry was written by a retired craftsman who insisted on remaining anonymous; he didn't want to be harsh on the new automatic stoves, but he looked back with obvious enthusiasm on the days of the kitchen's wood-burning range.

Dr. Garnet Page, manager of Canada's Chemical Institute, did a solid if rather dull piece on the chemical industry. But on an equally difficult subject—eating—he waxed almost lyrical, describing Winnipeg goldeye "when cured with willow smoke" as "somewhat like Dover sole with overtones of brook trout." He touched on the "firm flaky texture and clean sharp taste of Canadian Cheddar," the "dry racy lightness of Canadian whisky," the "engaging liveliness" of "highly aerated" Canadian beer. He mentioned "thor-

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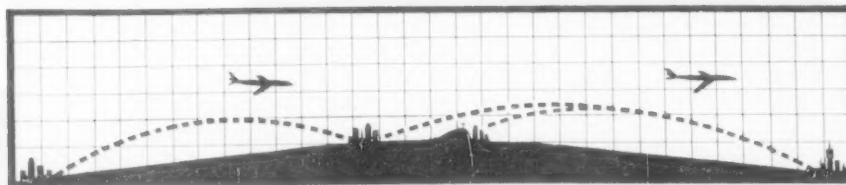
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bring startling advances
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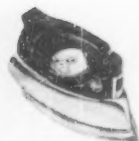


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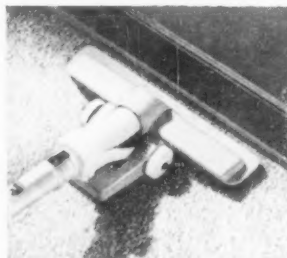
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oughly sturdy" Canadian wines, and remarked that the "essential quality of Canadian cuisine is the attempt to bring out the natural flavors rather than the liberal use of herbs, spices and wines."

Robbins made little attempt to alter his authors' styles, however spare or florid. But he often had to cut by half the work of verbose writers. "You couldn't have one author giving you three thousand words on Montreal, and another giving you five thousand on Toronto," he says. Nevertheless he often let interesting articles run on. The Ottawa River rates 259 lines, 97 more than the great St. Lawrence. "The St. Lawrence man treated it as a body of water flowing to the sea," Robbins says. "The Ottawa was treated as part of the life of the Ottawa Valley."

There were articles to be written on every place with more than three hundred people—three thousand places in all. "Instead of sitting down here with a tourist guide and a Hammond map," says Robbins, "we set out to get stories from someone on the spot." The retired head of the Ottawa library, F. C. Jennings, traveled fifteen hundred miles through western Ontario, checking records and talking to old-timers in more than ninety communities.

"What impressed me most," Robbins says, "is the willingness of people to have a hand in the book. There weren't half a dozen people who said no because we weren't offering much money. Many authors wrote for nothing, refusing the two cents a word offered."

"We made up our own rules"

It was hard to find authors for sports subjects, for no central reference files exist. Robbins' secretaries had to leaf through years of yellowing newspaper files to exhume the triumphs of the 1890s, when George Orton, of Toronto, won sixteen American championships in middle-distance running; when Toronto's George Gray was the world's best shot-putter; when Harry Gill, of Coldwater, Ont., was the international all-round track-and-field champion, followed by the fabulous Walter Knox, of Listowel and Orillia, Ont. Knox captured five Canadian titles in one afternoon. In a single summer in Scotland he won a hundred and six prizes.

Often, one author suggested another. Sir Ernest MacMillan, who wrote the longest of nine articles on music, recommended that Church Music, Other Than Roman Catholic be handled by Charles Peaker, a Toronto organist. And Peaker wrote, "Some of the clergy preach on sensational subjects and demand melodramatic music in an effort to fill their pews at night, while others engage visiting evangelists who may make a sensitive musician's lot difficult Thus it is seen that the organist is not entirely his own master. It is the minister who trims the sails of the ecclesiastical ship and endeavors to bring the greatest number of souls to Heaven's shores."

Problems of presentation cropped up constantly. Could the names of railways and provinces be abbreviated to save space? Yes, Robbins decided, if, like B. C. or CPR, they would normally be used that way when talking. Should a French name be given its common English translation? No. The name Three Rivers, Que., for instance, doesn't appear in Canadiana; it's Trois Rivières.

"We follow Oxford rather than Webster in spelling," Robbins says, "and for rules of presentation, the Chicago Manual of Style. But we had to make up a lot of rules of our own. For instance, we could put a hyphen in musk-ox, but if we followed Oxford in putting a hy-

phen in muskrat, Canadian women would find it almost as unrecognizable, I fear, as they do under the name of Hudson seal. We're hoping that this will set a standard in Canada for spelling."

If so, most people will have to re-learn "Algonquin" as "Algonkin" and "tepee" as "tipi," for Tom McIlwraith, head of the anthropology department at the University of Toronto, who wrote on Indians, seldom uses the common spelling. But Robbins says that McIlwraith is turning out more anthropologists than anyone in Canada, and if these aren't the accepted spellings now, they will be by the time he fills the country with his protégés.

The article on French Canada caused most concern. It was written by Mason Wade, director of Canadian studies at the University of Rochester, who wrote bluntly of Quebec's "narrow provincialism, an admixture of religion and politics." Grolier's New York officials passed it on to their Montreal people who questioned Robbins' judgment and the stature of his writer. Robbins talked it over with Jean-Charles Falardeau, his regional adviser, who said it was time there was plain talk about Quebec. Robbins wrote back that the article would stay in the book—unless they wanted a new editor. The article stayed in. The publication a few months later of *The French Canadians*, a book Robbins had read in proof, made Mason Wade the undisputed authority on French Canada.

All through 1953 the articles trickled in, swelling in 1954 to a hundred thousand words—an average-sized book—every month. To produce and market the books, McBride, who began it all, formed Canadiana Company, Limited. By March of this year Robbins had fifteen people on staff. Four PhDs check facts in the Parliamentary Library, in the Archives, with government experts. Assistant editor Crom Young prepares copy for the printer, putting difficult passages into simpler clearer words. Ken Brown, Canadiana vice-president, who stopped producing Canada's health department publications to gamble on the encyclopedia, has the job of giving each page eye appeal.

"We've taken a different approach to illustration," Brown says. "We'll have big margins, lots of white space for eye resting. We'll have 296 pages of picture stories in color. Every sport will be illustrated with diagrams. Wherever figures make an article hard to read we've taken them out and put them in chart form—one article, Public Finance, has twenty-one charts. There's no Canadian animal, bird or fish that isn't illustrated." John Crosby, of the National Museum, drew most of the illustrations of animals.

The maps now used in Canadian schools, made by the U.S. firm of C. S. Hammond and Company, biggest map-makers in the world, all erred in some detail, Brown says. "The Yukon boundary was inaccurate. Towns were shown on the wrong side of rivers. They're still calling Tuktoyaktuk (on the Arctic Ocean) Port Brabant. Whitehorse is still spelled White Horse. They show settlements like Nachvak and Zoar in Newfoundland that are now abandoned. They show rivers such as the Waterfound in northern Saskatchewan, that according to government geographers don't exist, while a river as well known as the St. John isn't shown."

The maps, redrawn by government cartographers in their spare time, took six months of original research. "These maps will show for the first time," Brown says, "the real location of the railways. We'll have the only detailed maps in existence on northern Ontario and northern Quebec. Every town with over three hundred people is located on a map, and

the city maps show not only streets, but industries." Eighty-two maps will show the changing physical face of the country, starting five hundred million years ago.

The ten-volume set of the *Encyclopedia Canadiana* is now being offered at \$98.50. After publication the price will jump to \$129.50, because of high storage and sales costs. Brown thinks Canadiana Co., Ltd. can sell ten thousand sets in the first year after publication. Grolier thinks half that many may move off the shelves. "They aren't sure they'll

get their investment back," says Brown. "We are. This country is growing so fast that once it reaches twenty million, this will pay—not much, but it will pay."

Orders are already pouring in from libraries, schools, universities, business corporations and government offices. But these sales, at best, will pay for only five percent of the books. The huge home market will have to be tapped by door-rappers—the same selling technique used by William Caxton in 1481 when he brought out *Mirror of the World*, the first English encyclopedia.

The problem now is to keep up to date with the pell-mell pace of Canadian development. A year book is planned for this purpose, an annual compilation of events and people in the news. "New York hasn't okayed it yet," Brown says, "but I've no doubt there'll be one."

Robbins will have finished his part of the project by fall—five years of work to make Canada better known. But for anyone who wants to know more about this obscure man, one of Canada's greatest educators, the encyclopedia will be no help. He's not listed. ★



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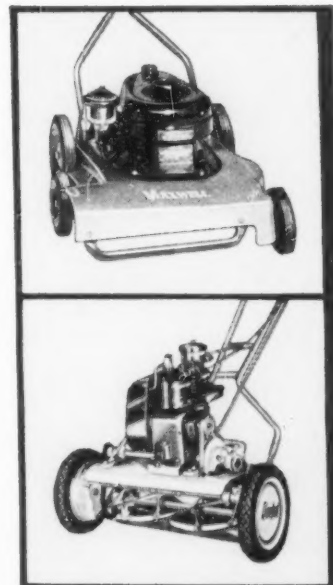
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The story of the Conachers continued from page 33

"Few people realize that two players can mean the difference between first and last place"

creating a certain amount of interest among the fans, and that they were getting their pictures in the newspapers, but they didn't get puffed up about it, by any means. Their favorite hockey player was Roy, because he was the youngest.

I remember once when Roy was playing for the Boston Bruins I asked my sister Nora who she would cheer for. "The Bruins," she replied. And then she added quickly, "But I hope you score three goals."

Hockey, curiously enough, meant misery to Roy. He played because I made him play. Where else was he going to get any money? Before he turned pro with Boston he was driving a truck for a men's wear shop in Toronto for ten

dollars a week. Roy loved the shinny sessions he and his twin brother Bert and I used to have on the street where we'd play with hockey sticks and a rubber ball. But once Roy got into organized hockey he hated the game. One time when he and Bert were playing for the West Toronto juniors, Roy purposely left his skates at home, hoping he wouldn't have to play. I was with the Leafs then, and I'd gone down to the rink to see the game. I knew what Roy was up to. I sent him galloping home for his skates. When he got back he scored three goals against the Native Sons.

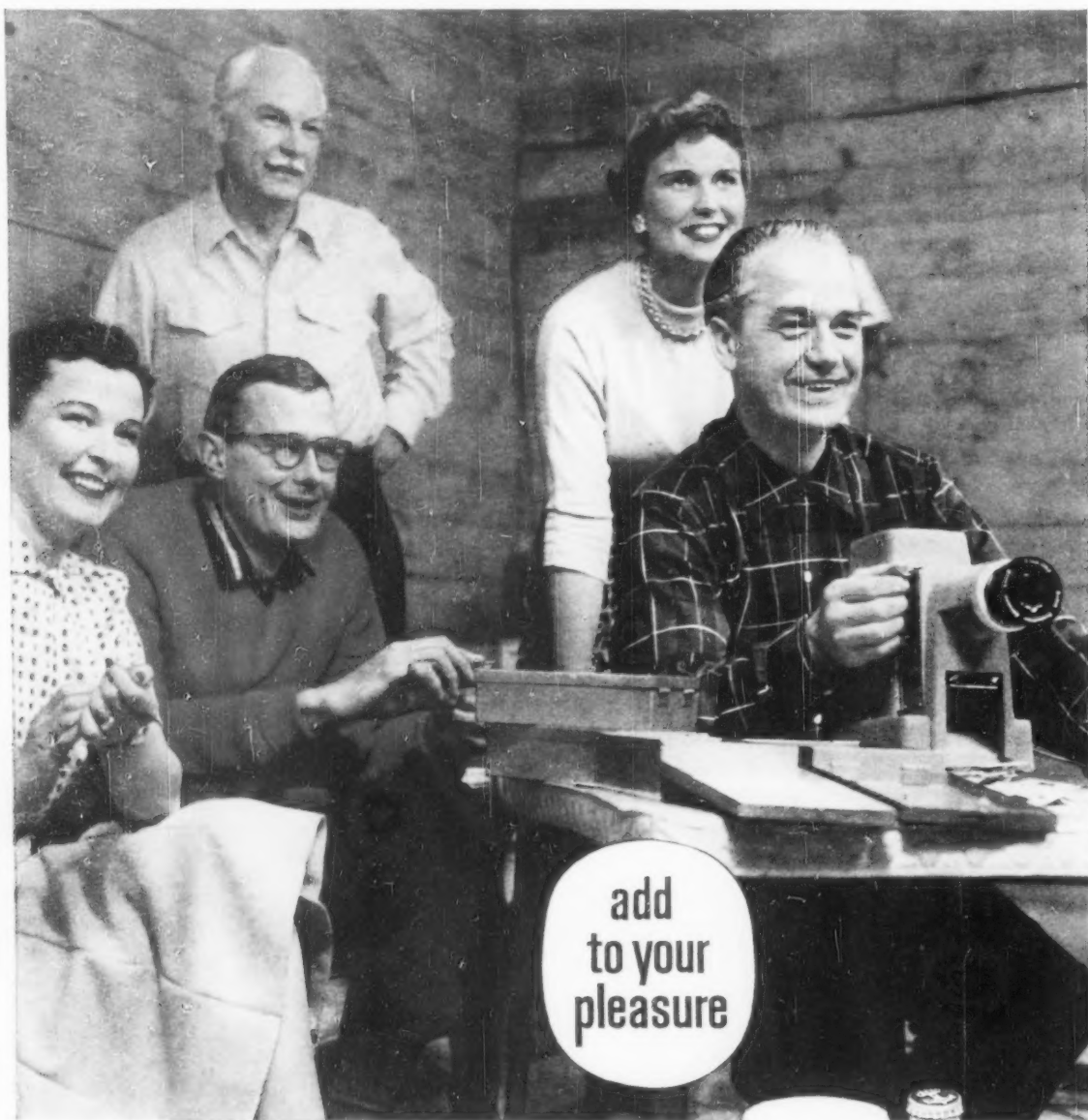
Roy could always put the puck in the net, even without relish. He played hockey in the NHL for eleven seasons and his career was interrupted for a stretch of four years while he was in the RCAF, but in spite of this fine record he did his job without enthusiasm. He's told me that each year he could feel the tension growing tighter, and he found that the more goals he scored each season the more he was expected to deliver the following season. It got so that Roy, who has a tremendous bond with his twin Bert, refused to go to training camp or to play another year of hockey unless Bert, who lost an eye playing shinny with us when he was sixteen, went with him. So what hockey meant to Bert was that he could be with Roy and help him.

Coaches can't even eat

Roy was with me at Chicago when I closed out my coaching career and, because we are brothers, he knew of the tensions of a losing coach. Easily the most frustrating experience in hockey is to coach a losing club. You try everything you can think of to make the change that will spell the difference between victory and defeat—juggle the forward lines, switch the tactics, cajole your players, praise them or snarl—and all you can do once the game starts is sit at the end of the bench, or, in some NHL rinks, pace restlessly behind it, and watch helplessly.

Not many fans realize that the difference between a first-place club and a last-place club is only two or three players. Trade Lindsay and Howe from Detroit to Chicago, and send Beliveau and Richard from the Canadiens to New York, and the two powers in the NHL today would be Chicago and New York. The rest of the players are so evenly matched that those changes would make all the difference.

Coaches of losing clubs can't digest their food properly and their mood is usually dark. One-goal defeats night after night drive them up the walls, which is where I figuratively spent most of my time during my two and a half years with the Hawks. Crazy things happen. One night in Montreal Bill Durnan, the Canadiens' goalkeeper, stopped a shot as the Black Hawks drove for a goal. He spotted Maurice Richard up past his own blue-line and he fired the puck up to him. Richard actually was away out of position; he wasn't backchecking. But when he got the puck he had a clear path to our goal and he combined with Elmer Lach to score. The official scorer rightly gave goalkeeper Durnan an assist, because he'd made the play possible. It isn't twice in



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how good, really good
a lager beer can be

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five years that a goalkeeper will get an assist, but it happened against the Black Hawks, and it made me sick.

Losing coaches have short tempers. I became one of the few NHL hockey coaches — if not the only one — who ever punched a hockey writer. He was Lew Walter, a Detroit newspaperman who wrote that three of my players were well up in the scoring because they were picking up phony assists from a lenient Chicago official scorer. A couple of nights later we went into Detroit and got badly beaten. In that game I figured the referee, Bill Chadwick, had overlooked a number of infractions by Detroit players, and I was steaming. When Walter, the newspaperman, came into our dressing room after the game I didn't want to talk to him and I told him to get out.

"No so-and-so coach is going to tell me to get out," Walter said, only he didn't say so-and-so.

I knocked him down.

He was going to sue for assault, and Clarence Campbell, the league president, was going to fine me, but nothing came of it, probably because a couple of days later, back in Chicago, our fine old publicity man, Joe Farrell, told me I was gaining nothing going around slugging writers. I looked at Joe's white hair and figured he was probably right, so I followed his suggestion and wired an apology to Walter.

For awhile I'd done all right with the Hawks. Halfway through the 1947-48 season I'd accepted the job from Bill Tobin, the Chicago president, and I developed a forward line of Metro Prystai, Bep Guidolin and Bert Olmstead that was second in scoring only to the great Detroit line of Howe, Lindsay and Sid Abel. But Tobin and I began not seeing eye to eye when he wanted to sell Prystai to Detroit. There were other incidents. I talked Connie Smythe of Toronto into letting me buy any three players he owned who were playing in the minor leagues. This was about a month before the 1950 season ended and Smythe agreed to let me take my three for ten thousand dollars each. I scouted the American Hockey League for two weeks and then named the three: Tod Sloan, Fleming Mackell and Harry Taylor.

When I got back to Chicago, Tobin told me that if Smythe had agreed to sell those three players there must be something wrong with them. I told him there was nothing wrong with them, that I'd scouted them. Tobin refused to listen, and the moment he vetoed that deal was the moment I decided I'd be through as soon as the season ended. Incidentally, two weeks later Sloan and Mackell played so well in the AHL playoffs that the Leafs called them both up. They've been in the NHL ever since, both top-rate hockey players.

That was my own farewell to the NHL, and when Roy also called it a day in the spring of 1951 all of the Conachers pretty well lost their interest in hockey. I guess it's significant of what the game meant to our family that we rarely go down to see an NHL game any more.

Answer

to Who is it? on page 58

Johnny Longden, Canadian-reared jockey who is the world's all-time leading winner of horse races.

Roy or Bert or the girls or me. For awhile we went to see my son play with the Black Hawks, my son Peter, that is, who was born during my first marriage. But now Pete is with Buffalo in the American Hockey League, so we don't get a chance to see him in Toronto.

After Peter's mother and I were divorced I was married again seven years ago, and my wife Sunny and I have two boys, Brad who is six and Scott who is five. Whether they're going to be hockey players or not, I couldn't tell you. The game has changed so drastically since I

played that it's hard to tell these days just what *does* make a hockey player.

For example, my old buddy on the Leafs, Hal Cotton, has become recognized over the last ten years as one of the best scouts in hockey. As a bird-dog for Boston, Cotton has probably flushed more good hockey players than any scout alive. But what he looks for today would never have got a Conacher to the big leagues. He says he combs the underbrush for twelve-year-olds and thirteen-year-olds whose principal talents are what he calls his Three S's—speed,

size and spirit. He channels these youngsters into the Boston organization and hopes that inside ten years they'll develop into National Leaguers. Hockey has become so highly organized that if a kid hasn't shown promise by the time he's fifteen, chances are he'll have been discarded as a pro prospect long before he's twenty.

As I say, if that had been the case when the Conacher clan was growing up, we'd never have had a chance to get out of the near-slums of Toronto's old north end. Lionel never would have got



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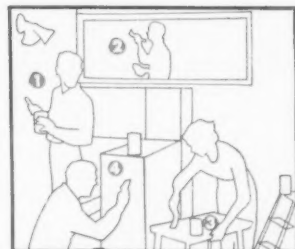
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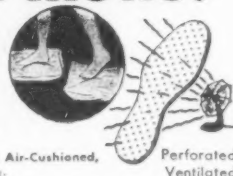
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57-6

JASPER

By Simpkins



"That's funny, I don't remember this pattern."

to be a big-league coach and a star with four different NHL clubs. Roy never would have got to be a scoring champion and all-star winger, and neither would I.

Why, my brother Lionel never even skated until he was sixteen, an age at which, these days, some kids are compelled to leave hockey because they aren't good enough. At sixteen I could hardly get out of my own way, and Roy was a string-bean kid just getting over his awkwardness. Speed? There wasn't any. Size? Well, we had that, all right, just about the right size to get a job on a truck. Spirit? Who'd know whether we had spirit? We could barely skate well enough to get across the rink.

And yet we all became National Leaguers because we were able to develop other skills that once were important in hockey. Roy and I practiced our shooting for hours and hours and succeeded in an era when putting the puck in the net was an art. Nowadays, the business of putting the puck in the net is largely a matter of luck—deflected shots, screened shots, and wild stabs in the midst of scrambles. Lionel, in his early thirties, had applied himself so intelligently to a system of playing angles that even though he was a comparatively slow skater he could keep himself between the goal and the swift-skating forward trying to get past him. These days, with science having given way to a shoot-and-chase style that makes for eleven men jamming in first one end of the rink and then the other, there's no room for a defenseman who has anything but legs. His head? Well, he can use it to block shots.

I hope the point I'm making here is not that what's wrong with modern hockey is that it wouldn't be right for the Conachers. No, I'm thinking of all the other Lionels and Roys and Charlies across the country who never get to the big league because of the kind of game hockey has become, and because the six NHL teams have so completely organized its recruiting right down to the last pink-cheeked twelve-year-old that they're strangling it.

In 1942 I told Frankie Selke, now

the managing director of the Montreal Canadiens and then the assistant manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs, that if the pro teams didn't keep their noses out of amateur hockey they'd ruin it. Well, they've ruined it, and I only mention the date of the Selke conversation so that I won't be accused of second-guessing.

In the fifteen years since then, I've frequently been accused of biting the hand that fed me. But on the other hand, who's better equipped to take an objective viewpoint of the game than somebody who owes it so much? Anyway, it's not hockey that I've complained about; it's what the game's administrators have been doing to it.

Their rule changes have eliminated most of the colorful players, reduced the need for stickhandlers and pattern passing, curtailed the number of clear-cut goals, and introduced a breed of player who needs small artistic qualities if he has a strong pair of legs and an ability to clutch an opposing player by the sweater, arms or head and jam him against the boards. The game's greatest evil is the rule that permits players to shoot the puck from the centre red line to any point in the other team's area and then chase after it.

Shooting from centre eliminates clean body checking by defensemen who must turn and rush for the loose puck. It relieves the forward lines of the need to work the puck toward the other team's goal by passing or stickhandling—it's simpler just to shoot it in—and creates the endless scrambles in the goal area. In the days when the emphasis was on immediate control of the puck and swift precise pattern plays, hockey was a better and easier game to look at.

People who argue for the modern game keep telling me that this style *does* produce colorful and accomplished players, and they point to Jean Beliveau, Rocket Richard and possibly Doug Harvey of the Canadiens, and to Gordie Howe, Ted Lindsay and Red Kelly of Detroit. The trouble is, they always point to this same half dozen players. They never add a seventh. The reason,

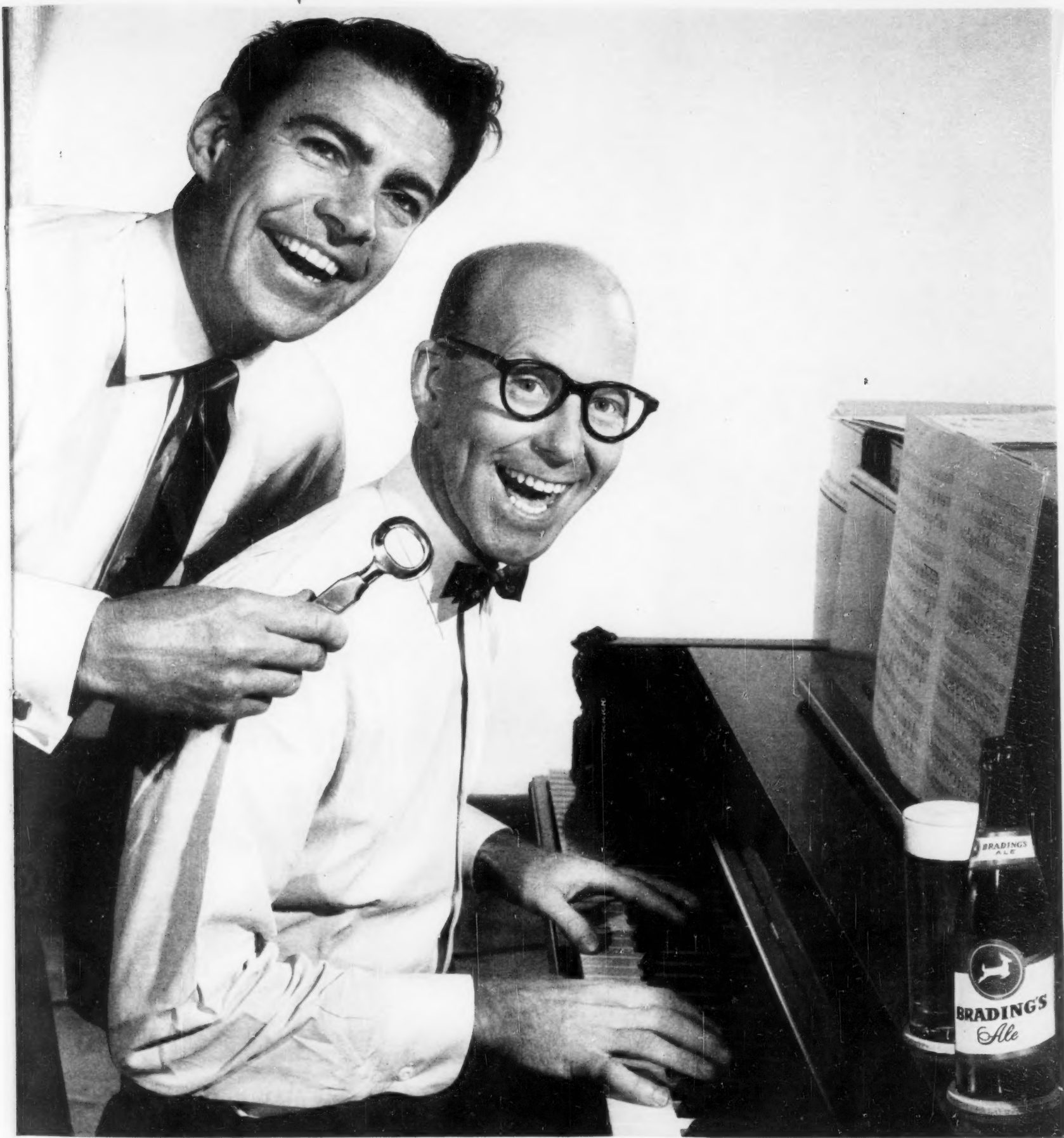


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57M-7

of course, is that there is no seventh. Once you've named half a dozen you've named them all.

By contrast, when I think of the Thirties, I can think of twenty-five players offhand who were colorful and accomplished and whose names have endured. You think I can't? Any hockey fan who was old enough to see a game then could. There were Bill Cook and Frank Boucher and Bun Cook and Ching Johnson and Taffy Abel on the Rangers alone. The old Maroons had Hooley Smith, Nels Stewart and Babe Siebert.

Boston had Eddie Shore, Dit Clapper, Cooney Weiland and Dutch Gainor. The Canadiens had Howie Morenz, Aurel Joliat and Johnny Gagnon. Detroit had Ebbie Goodfellow, Marty Barry, Larry Aurie and Herbie Lewis. The Leafs had King Clancy, Busher Jackson, Joe Primeau, Red Horner and Ace Bailey. Even the downtrodden old Americans had Sweeney Schriner and Art Chapman.

I don't even go along with the reasoning that says the modern game developed Howe and Richard and Beliveau. I think those fellows emerged in spite of

the modern game, and would have been great stars in any era. Is it an endorsement of the kind of hockey that was played during World War II to point out that Rocket Richard was a product of it?

To my mind, the reason colorful players have disappeared to be replaced by a faceless scurrying band is that the amateur associations have permitted the professionals to bulldoze them into accepting NHL methods as *their* methods. Young players are regimented into a standardized mold where they play NHL

rules and follow NHL theories of attack and defense. Kids rarely play shinny any more, weaving in and out with a puck, learning to stickhandle and skate in a helter-skelter incubator that hatches their natural ability. They're so completely organized and regimented that they don't get a chance to develop any individual characteristics. But you can't regiment talent. How could you develop an artist, say, if you took him when he was twelve and for the next eight years told him how to put every daub of paint, every stroke of his brush, on the canvas?

If they want kids to develop their skills the amateurs ought to throw out all those fancy red lines and circles they've got on the rinks these days, toss a puck onto the ice and let the players learn the rudiments of passing the puck, stickhandling and skating. Then the good ones would begin to emerge, just as the Howes and the Richards and the Beliveaus have emerged—and, incidentally, have you ever watched two more unorthodox hockey players than Howe and Richard? These two break every rule that today's regimentalists are instilling into kids, and they're two of the all-time greats. Positional play? Howe wanders all over the ice. Backcheck? Richard detests it. I've heard a lot of people say that all Richard can do is put the puck in the net. That's like saying that all Ted Williams can do is hit. If putting the puck in the net isn't the most important thing in hockey, why do they keep score?

Richard, to me, is the greatest of all the right-wingers, just as Howie Morenz was the greatest centre I ever saw. Beliveau is coming fast and I think you'll soon be able to class him with the all-time greats. At left wing, my old line-mate on the Kid Line, Busher Jackson, had tremendous natural ability but I'd have to say that game in and game out Ted Lindsay is the best left-winger. Eddie Shore and Ching Johnson were the best defensemen I've ever seen and my all-time goalkeeper is little Roy Worters. He played with the Americans, a team that for years gave him no protection, but for cutting the angles off and for stopping the puck and getting rid of it in one motion, Worters was in a class by himself.

Just by coincidence, Worters and I are partners in the ownership of two hotels in Toronto, and it's wonderful to sit around with him and reminisce. Sometimes my brother Roy joins us—he's the manager of one of the hotels—and usually Bert is with him. They're as inseparable as they ever were, and we occasionally wind up our sessions by climbing into the car and driving down to the house on Scollard Avenue where dad and my sister Nora live. It's not a hundred yards from Jesse Ketchum school where the Conachers grew up on Davenport Road. When we get there we go to the kitchen and sit around the big stove, and my brother Derm sometimes drops in, and my oldest sister Dolly.

And that's the picture I like best of the Conachers—the whole clan gathered together in the kitchen. The sad thing is that mother isn't there now, or Lionel either. It seems ironic that they should be the missing—Lionel, whose example did the most for us, and mother, who always took the most pride in our successes. ★



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London Letter continued from page 10

Commons seldom sees Shawcross. "You might make a speech for the novelty," cracked Bevan

of Gaitskell and Bevan? The answer is simple. Sir Hartley is ambitious and although he has treated the House of Commons with an airy indifference he still retains his membership in that august institution. Then is he going to be content to give advice to an oil combine and disappear from public view? Is that superb voice of his to be heard only in the confines of the board room?

Some of you may recall my account of the 1955 annual dinner of the Saints and Sinners Club where Shawcross made cruel fun of Bevan, who was present, and Bevan in return attacked him for his nonattendance at the House of Commons. "You ought to come and see the old place some time," said Bevan. "You might even make a speech there just for the novelty of it."

It is a fact that none of us in parliament has ever seen one of our number treat the House with such apparent contempt as Sir Hartley has shown. Only on the rarest occasions does he even turn up to vote. Yet here is the paradox: many shrewd observers of the political scene believe that Sir Hartley's retirement from the law and his new association with Shell Oil are preliminary steps to his return to the House and his ultimate leadership of the Labor Party.

What does it matter if the Shell combine pays him twenty-five thousand pounds or more a year? It will be taken from him in taxation. The truth is that, like most great barristers, Shawcross is a superb actor and he is possessed of a personality and a voice that would place him on a level with Olivier and Gielgud. Therefore he must be in a place to make himself heard.

Even socialists need rewards

And since we are dealing with a man of paradox I must set down in all sincerity that, in spite of his prodigious success in a capitalist society, he is a sincere socialist. Yet his sincerity does not override his political judgment. His sympathy with the underprivileged sections of society does not blind him to the fact that no great nation can survive merely by building council houses at a cheap rent, supplying a state health service and taxing the earners of wealth out of existence.

Like Macmillan, he believes that there must be incentive and reward for the winners and he would openly admit that he himself has done extremely well out of the capitalist system.

Therefore I predict that after he has settled down with his oil colleagues he will renew his contact with the House of Commons by taking his place on the Opposition front bench. Further than that, I predict that he will not concentrate merely on those debates in which the legal mind excels, but will invade the broad area of trade as well as colonial and foreign affairs.

Tactically his situation is highly favorable because of the open rivalry between Gaitskell and Bevan. It is true that Gaitskell is the elected leader of the Labor Party, but he lacks warmth and glamour—the very qualities that Bevan possesses in abundance. In fact, it was Bevan who publicly referred to Gaitskell as a desiccated adding machine.

Also we must remember that it was not only in the Conservative ranks that there were political Suez casualties.

Gaitskell made the mistake of fiercely attacking Eden day after day while our forces were in action in the Middle East. Not intentionally, he heartened Britain's enemies and spread dismay among our friends.

When Eden, sun-tanned but pitifully thin, returned from his respite in Jamaica, Gaitskell tried to recover lost ground by welcoming him with a friendly, noncontroversial speech. But it was too late. Gaitskell's only hope of ever

being prime minister would be if a sudden general election now were sprung upon the nation and the socialists were victorious.

Even then the situation of the socialist leadership would be a problem that

"Take last Thursday, for instance. Ted was tied up at the office and I had to make all arrangements for having the boss in to dinner. Now Ted always looks after the refreshments himself, and I wasn't sure what brand to buy.

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might well embarrass the Queen as well as the party. It was bad enough when she had to consult not only Lord Salisbury, the Tory leader in the House of Lords, but Sir Winston Churchill as well when Eden resigned.

What would Her Majesty do if the socialists forced an election and won it? She would send for Gaitskell as leader of the party and he would then undertake to form a government. But if Bevan and a number of prominent socialists refused to serve under Gaitskell, which might well be the case, the Queen would probably summon Lord Attlee as leader of the party in the upper house and ask his advice. But what a dilemma Attlee would face!

The feud between Gaitskell and Bevan is all the fiercer because it is not fought in the open. Whichever of the two was asked by the Queen to form a government would have to spend most of his time watching for sudden attacks from behind.

Therefore I can see wise old Attlee pointing out these things to Her Majesty and suggesting that a compromise should be reached by asking Sir Hartley Shawcross to form a government. It would not be the first time in political history that the rivalry of two potential leaders

has permitted the middle man to seize the sceptre of power.

If events were to take such a course Sir Hartley would be an almost automatic choice because there is no other socialist who could unite the party behind him. In fact, that may be the reason why Shawcross has taken no part in parliamentary life since the socialists were defeated in 1951.

Still looking into the future, I would venture the prediction that if the ambitious and able Shawcross becomes the compromise socialist prime minister, at the expense of Bevan and Gaitskell, he will endeavor to change the name and character of his party to "Liberal-Socialist." Thus he would enable frightened old ladies to vote against the Tories without losing their respectability by voting pure socialist.

But if all this should come about what would Premier Shawcross do with Bevan as the man who openly ridiculed Shawcross two years ago at the annual dinner of the Saints and Sinners Club? The answer is simple. He would offer Bevan the Foreign Office and start him on his travels. That would be a wise choice, first because Nye would be a good foreign secretary, and second because he would have no time to intrigue

against his leader if such an unworthy idea entered his mind.

I am aware that my standing as a prophet has been somewhat reduced by my forecast that Eden would overcome his enemies and reign triumphant at No. 10 Downing Street. Nor was the situation made easier for me by the fact that Sir Anthony had already resigned when the London Letter appeared.

Therefore in what I have written about Sir Hartley Shawcross I do not claim that it is anything more than an "appreciation of the situation." In fact it is quite possible that Peter Thorneycroft's budget will bear such succulent fruit that a grateful public will put us Tories back to power again at the next election.

Nevertheless, I suggest that we should keep our eye on Shawcross, that rich-toned dreamer with the pensive smile whose retirement from the law may well be a first step toward a fateful political career.

When in one man we find such a unity of voice and mind and appearance it is a mistake to think that he will be content to dwell in the antechambers of commerce. My guess is that he is just taking a breather before he starts his climb to the political heights. ★



"I still remember . . ." continued from page 17

"I was nine and my first story had been returned. Sobs shook me"

crescent moon, storms. I lay in wait for this train and, when I heard its whistle, gathered myself together for the race.

I was fair to the train. Not till the locomotive was even with me did I begin to run. Always at this moment, but whether in fear of me or rage I did not know or care, the locomotive uttered an ear-splitting shriek.

Matching it with a shriek of my own I set out with flying legs and hair to outdo it. From end to end of the lawn we ran the race, the train and I, and always I believed I had won.

Then, with thudding heart, I flew to the house to announce to Grandma what the weather would be.

MY FIRST STORY: When I was nine someone gave me copies of a young people's paper. It was, I think, The Youth's Companion. In it was announced a short-story competition for children of sixteen and under. Unconcerned by my youngness I set out at once to enter the competition. Optimistic, though easily downcast, I saw no reason why I should not be the winner. With foolscap paper, pen and ink I began to write, and so on and on till a total of eight pages were filled.

The story was about a lost child named Nancy. Terrible times she went through but at last was restored to her mother's arms—my own heart ready to burst with emotion as I finished the story with a text from the Prodigal Son.

"But, darling," said my mother, "do you think a child would ever be so hungry she would eat potato parings?"

"Nancy was," I said firmly.

"And do you think her mother would quote a text the moment her child was given back to her? It sounds so pompous."

This was my first experience of criticism and how it hurt!

My father standing by exclaimed, "I'm dead sure I'd eat potato peelings if I were hungry enough and, as for the text—it was the proper thing for the mother to quote. Don't change a word of it. It will probably get the prize."

Off he went to the letter box to post the manuscript.

No stamps for its return were enclosed but a few weeks later, when I had ceased to think of it, a long envelope was put into my hand. Tremblingly I opened it, and there was my manuscript returned! With it was enclosed a letter from the editor saying, "You are very young to have entered the competition but, if the promise shown by this story is fulfilled, you will make a good writer yet."

"Isn't that splendid!" exclaimed my mother, her pitying eyes on me.

I sat down on a low stool in a corner and covered my face with my hands. Sobs shook me.



MACLEAN'S

Nobody came near me. The family stood about me, realizing that for the moment it was best to leave me to my grief. It was ridiculous, of course, but how well I remember it.

THE WONDER OF THE WORLD: We had two bedrooms and a sitting room in the Queen's Hotel, in Galt, Ont. Before going there to live my mother and I had paid a visit to the town, just to make sure that my mother would find it congenial.

This brief visit is memorable to me because it was then when I discovered the wonder and beauty of the world, as something separate from myself, when I experienced the exaltation of beholding that wonder. Before that morning, when something in me awoke, never again to be unconscious, I had felt no more appreciation of my surroundings than a young animal. I was cold—I was hot—this flower smelled sweet—this russet apple tasted good! I was very conscious of the separate scents of my parents—the smell of my father's shaving lotion, his cigar, his tweeds, and a perfume he used on occasion, called Jockey Club. I was conscious of the sweet smell of my mother's flesh and of her favorite perfume—New Mown Hay. But, until that early morning in Galt, all my emotions were instinctive. Cherry trees in bloom, the song of the robins, the wild whistle of the locomotive, the distant roll of thunder, all were a part of the voluptuous procession of my days. I did not consciously stand in wonder. Not till that spring morning in Galt.

I had been put to sleep on a couch in a small library next to the bedroom where my mother slept. I was restless because of my strange surroundings and woke early.

The window stood open. The sun, like

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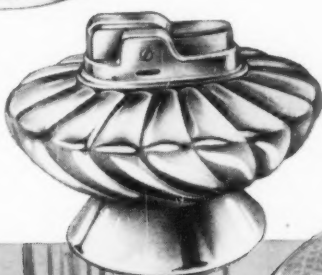
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a great red flower, had just risen, throwing its petals of fire across the world. I sprang out of bed and ran to the window, the air, ineffably sweet, stirring my night-dress, my hair . . . Across the road from this house, there was a small field or pasture and in it, reflecting the sun, a pool. I stood entranced by the miracle of color—the blue of the sky, the vigorous green of the grass, the carmine of the pool, so conquered me that it seemed they had been invented for me and me alone, in that moment of sunrise . . . And, as though this were not enough, three snow-white ducks appeared, like actors in a play, crossed the pasture and entered the pool. As carefree as angels they floated, dived, breasted the carmine waters or gently drew together as though in love. I gazed and gazed. I felt that never should I again be the same.

THOSE DREADFUL MUSIC LESSONS:

I do not remember ever doing any homework. My mother was ambitious for me, but never did she supervise my study or my practice of the two instruments on one or other of which she hoped I should excel. These were the piano and the violin. A handsome upright piano had been bought in Toronto and installed in our living room. There also had been bought (for me, I realized with apprehension) a violin. My mother pictured my fingers rippling over the keys of the piano. She pictured me as standing, tall and graceful, the violin tucked beneath my chin while, with the airy bow, I drew sweet music from the instrument. I do not think she considered what grinding work must go into the production of these pleasant sounds and never could she have brought herself to force me to practice. Her cousin advised her to engage Professor Baker to teach me.

How well I remember Professor Baker—his slender figure, his upright carriage, his clear blue eyes and grey mustache! He was an Englishman and, like his father, a professional musician since childhood. His father, he told me, would as soon knock him down as look at him. I learned to look forward to Professor Baker's visits with dread.

Four times a week he came to teach me and no sooner was the strain of one lesson over than I began to dread the next. All his other pupils were grown-up. He had no way with children. His

method was to give me pieces far too difficult for me, a few bars at a time, and for days I would reiterate those deadly bars, with dogged hopelessness. Years passed before I recovered my liking for music.

I can picture him now, with a look of cold fury on his face, as I stumbled miserably through my exercise. He would leap from his chair, snatch it up as though about to hurl it to the floor, then controlling himself, mop his forehead and sit down again. Of the two instruments the violin caused me the greater suffering. With my head wet with sweat, my lip trembling, I was put through the ordeal.

Stoically, I never complained, but one day the professor, in a voice of fury, ordered me to go to my mother and tell her to cut my nails short. I went to her and held out my hand, not able to speak. She gave one look at my finger ends, almost bleeding from his pressing them on the strings; then she said, "Stay here, dear, for a moment."

I heard her voice, clear and decisive. "I will not have my child treated so harshly."

I heard him apologize. Never after that was he so rough with me, but still my music lessons were looked forward to in dread.

THE DELIGHT OF WRITING: Something new was stirring in me. I discovered that I wanted to write a story—one that I might send to a magazine. It must be done in secret, so that if I were not successful no one need know, and, if I were, it would be a lovely surprise for the family.

For some reason I chose to write about French Canadians. I was not a French Canadian—my connection was with Old France—yet something in me drove me to place the scene of this story in Quebec. I shut myself in the dim end of our huge sparsely furnished drawing room in Toronto. I wrote the story in lead pencil (as I have written all since) and then copied it painstakingly in pen and ink. The thought that it should be typed never entered my head.

I have little patience with writers who declare that all their works are composed in agony of spirit. This agonized creation seems to me affected, for, in truth, imaginative writing is one of the most de-



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lightful of occupations. It is exacting, it often is exhausting. It demands everything the writer has in him to give. He must believe in the characters if he is to persuade the public to believe in them. What the writer of fiction needs—first, last, and all the time—is the public. Its interest is the steady wind that fans the fire of his creative ability. All his "agonizing" will not create a public for him.

My first stories, however, were written in a kind of calculated agony. I had the idea that I must work myself up into a state of excitement before I could write of what was in my mind. I would lie on the sofa in the dim room, my body rigid, my mind hallucinated by the pictures that passed before it. Then I would rise, take up paper and pencil and write. Again I would stretch myself on the sofa. Again I would write. I remember my reflection in the old gilt-framed mirror that hung above the sofa, the glitter in my eyes, the flushed cheeks, as of one in a fever. And so in this way the story was completed.

Related long afterward, in cold blood, it sounds rather ridiculous. But I think it is rather touching too, because I was so very young, so ignorant. I am sure that most twelve-year-olds of today are more knowledgeable than I was at that time.

In secrecy then, the story was finished. In secrecy it was posted to Munsey's Magazine. I did not know that I should enclose return postage.

I waited.

At the hour for the postman's call I was on hand to be the first to get the mail. From an upstairs window I would see him coming. I would tear down the stairs, my heart hastening its beat. Weeks passed. Then came a small envelope from Munsey's—not the dreaded long envelope containing my manuscript—and in it a note from the editor saying that he had much pleasure in accepting my story. I flew to where my mother and cousin Caroline Clement were sewing.

"I've written a story," I said, "and it's accepted and I'm to be paid fifty dollars for it."

My mother began to cry. "How lovely!" she said through her tears.

"So that's what you were up to," said Caroline. "We've been wondering."

I had had little money in my young life. To me it seemed something of which there was a perpetual shortage in our family. I made up my mind that the cheque for this story was to be spent on a present for my mother, something she could keep always.

Caroline and I went to Junor's store and there we discovered an ornate lamp, the base of wrought iron, the bowl of bronze, the shade of beautiful amber glass, like a full moon, and on the side of the shade a golden dragon. How much was it? Fifty dollars—the very price!

My mother was delighted. A few years later she broke the shade and one would have thought the end of the world had

come, so devastated was she.

When the magazine containing my story appeared I was strolling along Yonge Street. In the window of a stationer's shop I saw the latest number. I went in and asked if I might look at the index page. I was allowed to see it, and there, in print, was my name!

I had no money with me and ran along Maitland Street home for the price of Munsey's.

At that time my paternal grandmother was visiting us. My father was determined that his mother should appreciate what I had achieved. He was going to read aloud my story to her. I never knew her to read anything but the Psalms of David and of these she knew quite a number by heart. He had placed two chairs side by side in the dining room. He took her hand and led her with ceremony to one of them.

"Do you think there will be time before lunch?" she asked, with a yearning look toward the table upon which the maid had already laid a white cloth.

"A full half hour," beamed my father. "So sit down and prepare to enjoy yourself."

"Is this story true?" asked Grandmother.

"No, no, it is purely imaginative." Dramatically he began to read aloud, and she to endure.

Never could I forget the picture of them sitting there, he with a small dog on his knee, another between his feet; she a stately figure in her black silk dress, with ruchings of white at neck and wrists, and a long gold chain. Her cap, of white lace and ribbon rosettes, was on a foundation of wire. She herself made her caps and, during all the years I knew her, I never saw her do anything more arduous than this and the making of patchwork quilts. Those quilts were quite handsome, being of silk and satin with wide borders of black velvet. She scorned any material but what was absolutely new. One she made for each member of the family and, when at work on the one destined for me, she met a young man who came to the house frequently as my friend. She was favorably impressed, especially by the young man's height, and at once set about making the quilt six inches longer.

Now, with a resigned "heigh-ho" and a lifting and a dropping of her shapely white hands on the arms of her chair, she listened to the reading of the first published story of her loved granddaughter—the only grandchild of hers ever to be produced. And she listened with every evidence of boredom.

Yet she was not to escape. My father was determined that she was to hear that story.

After a few miserable moments I slunk from the room.

When I returned the lunch was being brought to the table. My father, looking somewhat subdued, was heaving my grandmother to her feet and she, grate-



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fully, was approaching the table. Her ordeal was over. The little Yorkshire terrier was dragging Munsey's Magazine under the sofa.



THE BOOKS I GREW UP WITH: I owned a great pile of books for children—Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking-Glass, The Water Babies, The Little Duke, the Kate Greenaway books, these were my favorites. In those days the child had not the excitement of moving pictures and television. The young fancy was not spread out thin over many interests but concentrated on the few and, if he took to books, what a world of delight lay before him!

By the time I was ten I read every book that came my way—Oliver Twist several times, Old Curiosity Shop once, for I hated Quilp, and even then found the death of Little Nell too sentimental. But, when our teacher read aloud Misunderstood, I was so overwhelmed that the reading had to be stopped. One of my uncles was given a book called, I think, The Adventures of Hadji Baba. He was no reader, but on my next visit to Grandpa's I discovered it, and "devour" is the only word that expresses my absorption in the adventures. I have no recollection of the story but I remember Grandpa's discovery of the book, his brief scanning of it, his striding to the kitchen and before the frightened eyes of the maid, Victoria, taking off a stove lid and thrusting the book onto the coals. In fascination I followed him. "But, please, sir," quavered Victoria, "why did you burn that nice book?"

"It was not a nice book, Victoria," answered Grandpa. "It was a very nasty book and I will not have my son tempted to read it."

Little did he dream that the small granddaughter, standing innocently by, was thanking her stars that she had finished the book before its destruction. I believed Grandpa when he said the book was wicked but I could not believe that it had hurt me to read it. I concluded that what might be harmful to a young man could not hurt a small girl.

Other books of those days come crowding into my mind—Carrots, Just a Little Boy, Spoilt Guy, Little Women (though I liked Little Men still better), The Bastables by E. Nesbit. And the theatre! I could not have been more than six years old when I began to be a regular theatregoer. My mother and I went to matinees, I feeling very grown-up, and I saw some of the great actors in plays I could not understand and that sometimes frightened me a little but also gave me a strange pleasure. The tuning up of the orchestra, the ornate curtain poised to rise on that wonderful world, filled me with a tremulous anticipation.

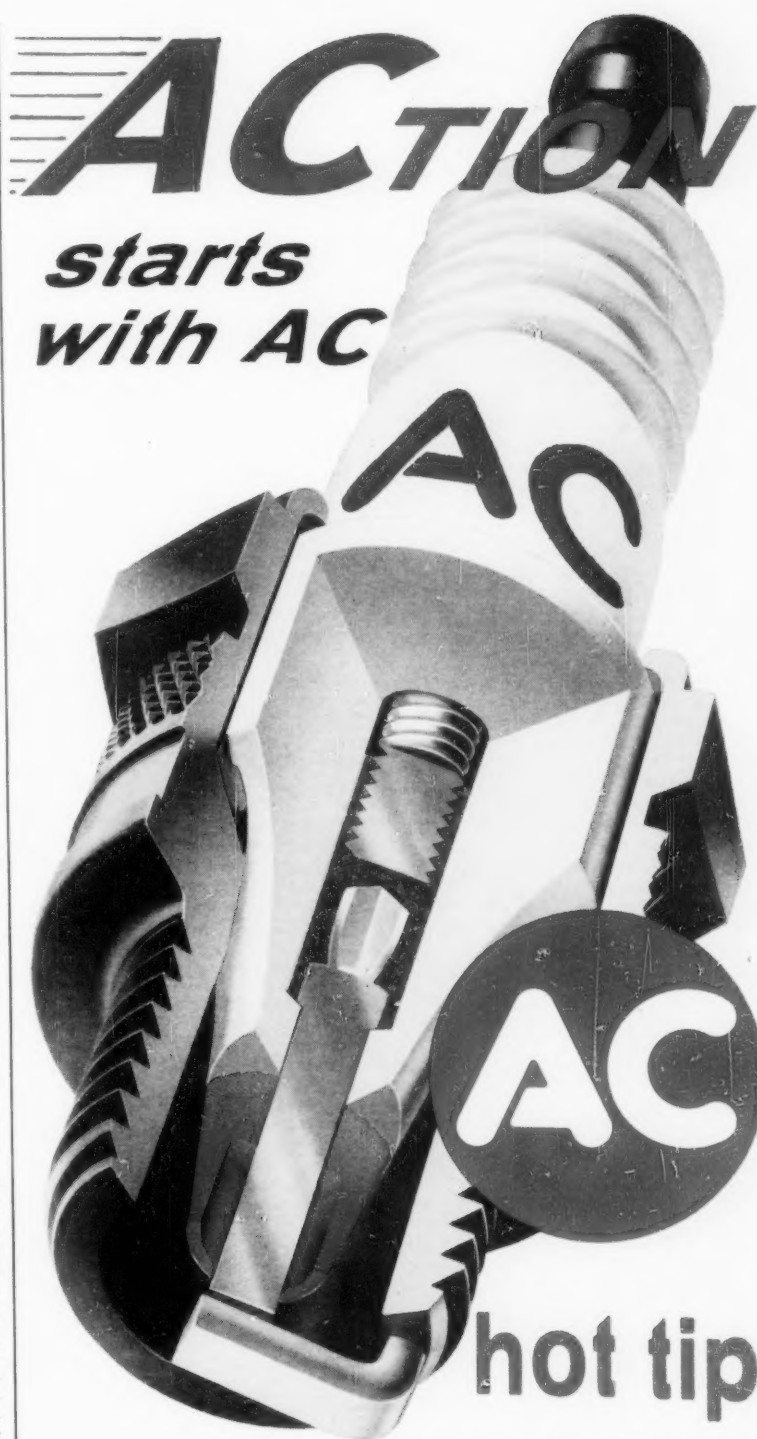
Sometimes a friend of my mother's joined us and brought her little boy, Bertie, and we then went back to the friend's house for tea.

I remember that Bertie had been given two birthday presents which I greatly envied him. His father had given him a rowing machine to make him strong and his mother had given him a Bible to make him good. The rowing machine was in Bertie's own room and he (a pale delicate child) got into it and showed me how it worked. He also let me hold the Bible in my hands, but only for a moment.

On the way home I enquired, "Mama, do you think I might have a rowing machine and a Bible?"

"Neither of them," she answered decisively, "is suitable for a child."

I pondered this, not being quite con-



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vinced, but I was not a child who begged for things. I did not refer to the matter again but many a time I pictured myself skimming along in the rowing machine, Bible in hand.

One evening my mother said to my father, "We should do some serious reading. It will be good for us and good for Mazo to hear. There are those volumes of Shakespeare your father gave you. Let's read one of the plays aloud."

"We've seen Irving and Ellen Terry in them," he said. "And Robert Mantell. That ought to be enough."

"That will not help our child. It will be splendid for her to hear us read them. Let's begin with Othello. I'd love to do Desdemona. You can be the Moor. We'll divide up the other characters."

He became as enthusiastic as she. They drew chairs to the table and laid the volume before them. The pug and I were audience.

At first the reading went well. Then my father read words that made my mother recoil. She cried, "Oh, you shouldn't read that—not in front of her!" and she cast a solicitous look at me.

"How was I to know what was coming?" he demanded.

"Anyone could see what was coming!"

"Why didn't you stop me then—before I said it?"

"I tried to stop you but I couldn't."

"Anyhow," said my father tranquilly, "she wouldn't understand—not any more than that pug."

My mother cast doubtful looks on both me and the pug, and we, feeling embarrassed, slunk into the next room.

When I gave up childish reading I spent my happiest hours in one of the deep window seats, living with the nov-

els of Dickens and Scott—David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities, Rob Roy, Quentin Durward. My mother cared little for Scott but she delighted in Dickens, the Brontës, Jane Austen. Another favorite of hers was Rhoda Broughton, though what pleased me most in her books was their lovely titles—Red as a Rose is She, and Cometh up as a Flower.

All three of us read everything that came our way, with uncritical zest.

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Often my father and I read the same book at the same time, his six foot three extended in an easy chair, my growing length draped against his chest. So I remember reading The White Company, Harry Lorrequer, Nada the Lily by Rider Haggard. In this last book there was a young warrior named, I think, Umslopogaas, whom we very much admired. From this time, for many years, my father called me by this name.

I think it was in these days, when first we began to read together, that the bond between my father and me strengthened into a deep understanding and we became the most loved of friends. As he waited for my slower grasp of the page to catch up to his, as his large shapely hand was raised to turn the page, a pal-

pable emotion stirred within us. My love for my mother was instinctive. I took her devotion for granted. But he was my hero, my protector, my gay companion.

MY FAVORITE STORY: Shortly before one Christmas when my father was ill he said to me, "Nothing would please me quite so much for a Christmas present as a puppy. It would be fun for me to train it. It would amuse me when time hangs heavy on my hands. And I know just where a Scottie could be bought, at a quite reasonable price—from champion stock too." He always knew.

It was wonderful to hear him ask for something. How gladly I sent the order to the breeder, leaving him to choose the prettiest, the sweetest-tempered puppy from the litter. Scarcely could we bear the waiting for its arrival. Our man drove to the station and brought back the small crate and set it down in the kitchen. We all crowded around. Two glowing almond-shaped eyes looked up at us between the slats. The man took off one of them, put his hand into the crate and lifted out a tiny black brindle morsel of life that wobbled when he set her on her feet. This was Bunt.

She became an important member of the family and, during the thirteen years of her life, her understanding of our ways, her loyalty to us, her capricious feminine nature, were a wonder and a delight. In Portrait of a Dog I have written her history. I wrote it when I was living in Devon, far from the farm by the lake where she came to us as a puppy.

John Galsworthy told me that he thought he had never read a more beau-

tiful story of a dog. This pleased me very much, for he himself had written a lovely life of his spaniel in Memories. As for his feeling for Portrait of a Dog, I share it. I would make a claim for it, in its own place, that I would not for any other book of mine.

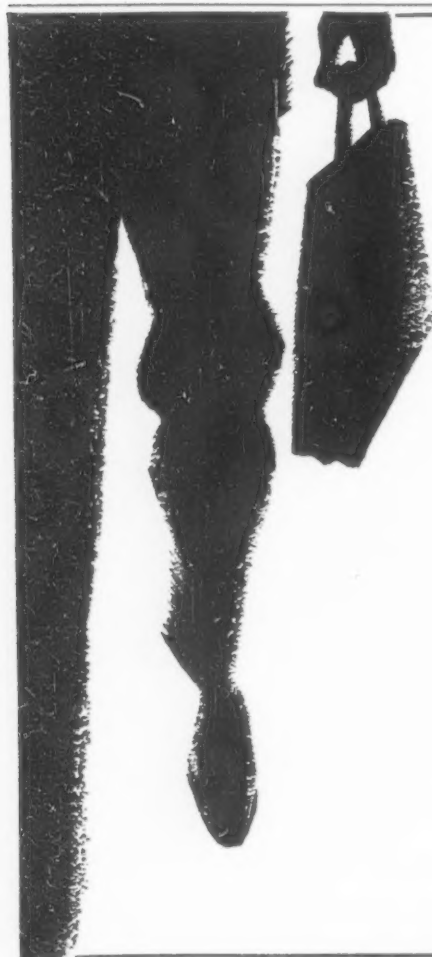
Unfortunately my publishers produced it in the same season with a dog story by Rudyard Kipling. I do not see how Mr. Kipling could have brought himself to write of a Scotch terrier in the unreal baby talk in which he indulged himself in Thy Servant a Dog.

ON GOING TO CHURCH: Caroline and I were at one time what might be called religious—that is, in the outer forms of religion. We went devotedly to the services of our church. We had been confirmed. We looked on Father Ingles, our high-church rector, with reverence, his word as infallible.

Yet, I think, there was no real Christianity in us. We were intolerant of other creeds. We were fascinated rather than uplifted by the ritual of our church.

The six-o'clock Communion service, after the walk through the sabbath-quiet streets, the church with the sparse early-morning congregation, the twitter of birds outside the open windows, the sibilant murmur of the rector, as he gave us the bread and wine, drugged us as though with lotus.

Frequently we went again to the eleven-o'clock service, this time accompanied by my father, in regulation frock coat and top hat. He liked the service, the excellent singing of the choir, but the dreary sermons bored him and he had a way of surreptitiously looking at his watch that filled me with anxiety. The movement of his hand, the bend



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his massive head, the secretive glance of his large dark eyes, seemed to me obvious that I feared Father Ingles from his pulpit would see him.

And so one day he did and dreadfully paused in his discourse till my father blandly returned the watch to his pocket.



AN IN A PUBLISHER'S OFFICE:

I have reason to remember my first visit to a publisher's office. Hugh Eayrs, of Macmillan's, had invited me to have tea with him. It was winter and before I left the house I went down to the basement to have a look at the coal furnace, to make sure that all was well there.

Before I went down I drew a grey sweater over my pretty dress, for its protection. The sad thing was that I forgot, in my excitement, to take the sweater off. On top of it I put my muskrat coat and set out. Hugh Eayrs made me welcome in his private office. A typist brought in the tea things and left us.

Hugh was about to help me off with my coat when he was suddenly called from the room. "I shall be back in a moment," he said and hurried away. I was left alone and thought I would myself take off my coat. What was my shock to discover that I still wore the sweater, old, shabby, with a hole in one elbow! I decided that I must refuse to part with my coat. I would say I had had a chill. But the room was hot. I should surely faint in a fur coat. I was in a panic. Then I discovered that a window was open on to the street. I did not hesitate. I threw off my coat, I tore off the sweater, rolled it up and cast it out of the window.

Hugh briskly returned. "What a pretty dress!" he exclaimed. Then, "Will you pour tea?" But I could not forget the sweater, lying in the street. I expected, at any moment, that it would be returned to me but never did I see it again.



THE SECRET DRAMA OF JALNA: In the summer of 1925 I began a new novel. Two of the characters in this had been half-formed some years earlier and were to have been characters in a play that never was written. They had no names but later they were to emerge as Meg and Renny Whiteoak in the novel Jalna.

Jalna was inspired by the traditions of that part of southern Ontario that lies a few miles west of Toronto. The descendants of the retired military and naval officers who had settled there stoutly clung to British traditions. No house in particular was pictured; no family portrayed.

From the very first the characters created themselves. They leaped from my imagination and from the memories of my own family. The grandmother, Adeline Whiteoak, refused to remain a minor character but arrogantly, supported on either side by a son, marched to the centre of the stage.

The name Jalna was suggested to me in this way: a member of the Civil Service, who worked in the same department as my lifelong friend Caroline, had spent many years in India. When she told him that I was in search of names of military stations there he sent me a list of quite a number. I pored over them and chose Jalna because it was the shortest; it was easy to remember and looked well in print. When I wrote it at the top of my first page of manuscript, it never entered my head that one day it would become well-known to quite a number of people.

That summer I lived with the White-

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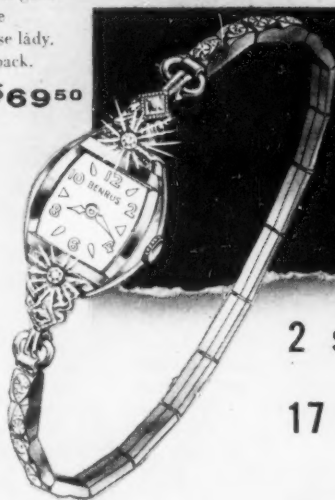
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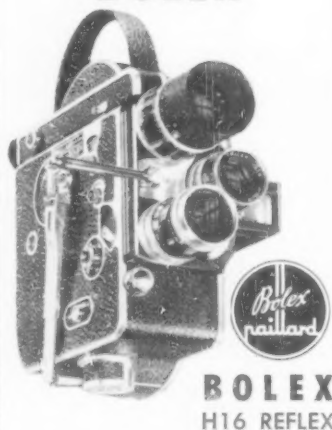
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oaks, completely absorbed by them. In fancy I opened the door of Jalna, passed inside, listened to what was going on. Except for my beloved dog Bunty I was isolated in my woodland cottage till Caroline's return in the evening. As the chapters were finished she read them aloud.

In time, Jalna was finished and the typed manuscript sent to Macmillan's of New York: Hugh Eayrs had already expressed great hopes for it. The New York house agreed and were to publish it in a few months. Then, in a chance copy of the Atlantic Monthly I came upon the notice of a competition the editors were holding for "the most interesting novel" by any author from any part of the world. The prize was large. Very much I should have liked to enter Jalna in this competition, but there it was—bound by contract to the New York Macmillan's!

The more I thought of it, the more I wanted to enter that competition. "I don't see how you possibly can," said Caroline.

Neither could I see how I could but still I mused on the possibility.

Then brightly came the thought that as my chances of winning were slight it would do no harm to anyone and would be a satisfaction to me just to send Jalna to the Atlantic and discover if it made any impression. I could not resist the temptation. The bulky manuscript (a carbon copy) was posted, and when Caroline returned that evening I confessed what I had done.

"Now," she said, "you may be in for trouble."

Weeks passed and more weeks.

Between the Atlantic on the one hand and New York Macmillan's on the other I began to get really nervous. Then came a letter from Harold Latham, fiction editor of Macmillan's, setting the time of publication and speaking of proofs to be corrected. This sort of double life could not go on. I decided that I must retrieve my manuscript from the competition. How terrible it would be, I thought, if I should win the competition during the full tide of preparation for publication by Macmillan's. Why, I might end in prison!

I wrote to the editors of the Atlantic, asking them to return Jalna to me, as I had a publisher for it. They replied that my manuscript was being held, with two others, for further consideration. I should hear from them soon.

A flood of excitement shook me, but I was not submerged. I had promised myself that I would be henceforth honorable and above board with publishers, and so must I be. I wrote to Mr. Latham telling him that I had entered a second copy of Jalna in the Atlantic competition. I asked him if, in the event of my winning, Macmillan's would release me from my contract with them. He replied (I suppose that in his wildest imaginings he did not consider this a possibility) that they would release me. There was kindness indeed. I settled down to wait.

Oh, the cruel suspense of that waiting! Each morning after breakfast I perched on the window seat to watch for the postman. Each morning I flew down the stairs to get the mail. There was nothing from the Atlantic. I made up my mind that one of the other manuscripts had been chosen, Jalna had been thrust aside and forgotten. . . . Again I wrote demanding the return of the manuscript. "How I wish you never had gone into that dreadful competition," exclaimed Caroline. "You grow paler every day. It is killing you."



It turned out that Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the Atlantic, was ill in bed at the time—and wanted no one but himself to give me the good news. He and I had had some very friendly correspondence—confidential on my part, warmly sympathetic on his. He had remarked of me to a visitor from Toronto, "She has a far better friend in me than she guesses."

It was he then who wrote to me of the judges' final decision.

When Caroline came home from the office I told her that Jalna had won the Atlantic competition, but she was past rejoicing. Too long had she suffered suspense. She simply said, "Oh," and sat down and looked at me. The fount of our enthusiasm had dried. We sat silent, unable to rejoice.

After a little I said, "It is a large prize I have won."

"Yes, it is large," she agreed.

"Now we can travel."

What emotion we felt was dammed within us, for the editors had begged me to preserve complete silence on the subject of my triumph till they had sent proper notice to the press. It was not easy to mingle with one's friends—to appear nonchalant when they asked me if I had had any news of the competition, to look subdued when they implied that I had better give up hoping.

The Atlantic was to publish Jalna in collaboration with Little, Brown of Boston, and in Canada by the firm with which they were affiliated, of whom a Mr. Gundy was head.

Nothing appeared impossible to Hugh Eayrs. When I told him that I had entered the Atlantic Monthly competition he at once wrote to Mr. Gundy (word of mouth would not suffice) and asked him if, in the event of my being successful, he would agree to the book's being published in Canada by Macmillan's. Mr. Gundy cheerfully agreed, in writing. Therefore when the headlines filled those in his office with joy, he could only ruefully admit that he had promised the rights of Jalna to a rival house.

In the period of waiting, the ten days or so of secrecy, Caroline and I decided it would be easier for us if we were out of town. Removed from all that was familiar, we could rest, collect ourselves, prepare for the ordeal of publicity to come.

We went to a small guest house in Niagara Falls. Bunty of course accompanying us. Never had I known Bunty to like less any situation in which she

found herself. . . . But her barking was as nothing to my barking. Somehow, I had contracted a very bad cold.

I lay on the bed coughing. When a questionnaire came from Little, Brown for use in publicity I felt too ill to answer the questions. Caroline filled in the form as best she could, with only a few mistakes. Two days before the date when a notice was to be given to the press we returned to town. At two o'clock in the morning we were woken by the telephone. It was a call from a newspaper office to ask whether it were true that I had won the Atlantic Monthly prize of ten thousand dollars. The secret had somehow leaked out.

There followed exciting times for us. Our first lack of emotion when we heard the news was followed by a period of sheer excitement that was at once delightful, stimulating and exhausting. Though the press was less demanding than it is today, still newspaper reporters crowded into our living room; there were interviews and articles. Telegrams, flowers, letters of congratulation deluged us.

The warmth, the feeling of good will toward me was, as I remember, universal. Even critics who had not been very kind to my earlier books joined in the praise. The general feeling seemed to be that of rejoicing that a Canadian (not this Canadian in particular) had achieved distinction in the United States, a country that heretofore could scarcely have shown less interest in Canadian letters. Thomas Raddall, the Nova Scotian novelist, has written to me: "You cannot imagine what your winning of the At-

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THE WORLD OVER



the Monthly prize meant to us other Canadian writers. It was as though you opened a door that had been inexorably shut against us."

A really splendid dinner was given for me by combined literary societies. Speeches by the lieutenant-governor and other dignitaries—a handsome silver tea service presented to me by the City of Toronto—I making a small, rather tremulous speech of thanks, and wearing a French evening gown, long-waisted, short-skirted in the extraordinary fashion of the day. This dinner was held in the Queen's Hotel, a house of dignity and fine traditions, quite unlike the seething anthills of business conventions and heartless high-pressure traffic which the hotels of today have become.

"NO" TO \$25,000: The American magazine *Cosmopolitan* had paid me two thousand dollars for an option on *Whiteoaks*—the sequel to *Jalna*—for publication as a serial. Therefore, as soon as I had got it typed, I sent the manuscript to the editor, Ray Long. He read it at once and then from New York there came to Trail Cottage an intelligent assistant to the editor. They would, I was told, accept the novel for serialization if I would write a new ending. She spent the day with us, enjoying, as she said, the peace and quiet. But there was no peace or quiet in my mind. I was at the end of long and arduous work. I had endured considerable physical and mental suffering to accomplish it. As always I longed to be told what to do.

Caroline looked me firmly in the eyes. "You are not to attempt it," she said. "It would ruin the story. It would be madness."

"But it would change the ending only for the magazine," I insisted, wishing really to rouse her. "It would not affect the book."

"It will affect you," she declared. "I won't see you ruin your health."

"But twenty-five thousand dollars..."

"What is twenty-five thousand dollars?" she demanded scornfully in a rags-to-riches tone. "I won't let you do it."

We decided that I should promise to write to the editor when I had had time to consider the proposal. This I did and *Whiteoaks* was serialized instead in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

THE LIFE OF THE NOVELIST: The Master of *Jalna* had been published, and I began a new novel of the *Whiteoaks* which I called *Cousin Malahide* but later changed the title to *Young Renny*. I could not deny the demands of readers who wanted to know more of that family. Still less could I deny the urge within myself to write of them.

Sometimes I see reviews in which the critic commends a novelist for not attempting to repeat former successes, and goes on to say what an inferior thing his new novel is. If a novelist is prolific he is criticized for that, yet in all other creative forms—music, sculpture, painting—the artist may pour out his creations without blame. But the novelist, like the actor, must remember his audience. Without an audience, where is he? Like the actor, an audience is what he requires—first, last and all the time. But, unlike the actor, he can work when he is more than half ill and may even do his best work then.

My public was steady and warmhearted. They understood me and I understood them; that is to say, I offered them lucidity and living characters and, in return, they gave me a belief in those charac-

ters which was equal to my own. In truth, considering the letters I continue to receive through the years, it seems to me that their acceptance of them exceeds mine.

This applies only to the *Whiteoak Chronicles*, because to them I have given the sustained work of a lifetime, and my other books and many short stories are diversions, distractions. I make four exceptions—they are my novel *Growth of a Man* and my history of the Port of Quebec.

The other exceptions are my first two

novels, *Possession*, and *Delight*. These four, so different, represent living, experience, and, in a way, failure, because they have been so overshadowed by the *Whiteoaks*.

Looking back, it seems to me that the life of the novelist is the best of all and I would never choose any other.

THE CELEBRITIES OF LONDON: We went now and again to London. There we met a number of writers. The most striking in looks was John Galsworthy

who somehow resembled a bishop on holiday. There were Robert and Sylvia Lynd who entertained you with heart-warming kindness, though physically you were frozen in their draughty house. There was Charles Morgan with his air of chill distinction. There were the Priestleys in their lovely house in Highgate, with her children, his children and their children, very happy and jolly together. Priestley said to me, "I like your books about the *Whiteoaks*. You should be compelled by law to write a new one every year. But—let us hear no more

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There's a thrill around every corner in Britain! Here, for example, in Kilroot, County Antrim, Northern Ireland, stands the cottage of Dean Swift, author of 'Gulliver's Travels.'

C O M E T O B R I T A I N

about Renny Whiteoak. I hate thin horsy men!"

Here his wife interrupted, "Don't mind what Jack says. He's just jealous of Renny Whiteoak. Already we've quarreled over him!"

Walter Allward, the Canadian sculptor, was then working on the memorial for Vimy Ridge. He and his wife, Margaret, gave delightful parties where one met interesting people. We met a good many writers—Sir John Squire, Hugh Walpole who had written a glowing review of Whiteoaks in the Graphic, Clemence Dane who had done the same in the Bystander.

Tea in Walpole's flat was always a pleasure. He had beautiful things in it. I remember looking down at a small rug and admiring it. "Yes," he agreed, trying hard to smile, "but it's not really meant to be stood on!"

At the Malvern Festival we saw the first performance of Saint Joan with Wendy Hiller whom Shaw himself had chosen for the part. We sat directly behind Shaw at the first performance of The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles. He appeared cheerfully interested during the first act. In the interval he told me he was satisfied with it—after that he fell shamelessly asleep till he slipped out just before the final curtain.

Can genius be an excuse for rudeness? I did not think so when, in the hospitable house of the Reyner Woods, in Colwall, Shaw exclaimed when refusing tea, "I have not taken it since I had it here a year ago and I hope never to take it again!"

THE TERRORS OF PUBLICITY: Always have I hated publicity, and if all those "in the news" were as unco-operative as I, the newspapers would require fewer pages.

Before we set forth on our first trip abroad I made my will. Fancy my having something to will! By my writing, I had earned such a precarious livelihood. I remember feeling really important when I went to the lawyer's office early one January morning. The grim buildings were beautiful in a covering of hoar frost but the hoar-laden air was bad for the bronchial cough I had contracted. This cough I took with me to New York where I had a great number of engagements.

I remember how I sat coughing in a house in Fifty-third Street while an artist from the Bookman made a drawing of me. That night we went under the river to a theatre in Hoboken where an old melodrama was being revived by Christopher Morley. We reached our ship just as the gangway was about to be drawn in. She was the Vulcania and this was her maiden voyage.

A luncheon had been given for me on board by my publishers, where without preparation I had had to make a short speech. Afterward I was photographed on deck surrounded by sixteen men in the book business. I still have the photograph, in which, wearing a great bunch of violets, I look dreadfully like a movie star.

That night, casting myself on my berth completely exhausted, I burst into tears. I thought I knew what movie stars felt when they took an overdose of sleeping tablets and ended all publicity.

On a later occasion we sailed for England in the Empress of Britain. Crowding the newspaper reporters, photographers and agents in our stateroom made me think, "If this is the outcome of a modest success, heaven preserve me from a great one." ★

MAILBAG

Continued from page 4

Baxter's crystal ball gets some new cracks



Beverley, old boy, you are a poor prophet. You told us China was unfriendly to Russia when Chou was starting on a friendly visit to the Kremlin. Next Eden would not resign—and he did. Now (Feb. 16) you try to scare us by asserting "the Soviet position is desperate—so desperate we should be prepared for anything." Do you suggest that New York may become a second Pearl Harbor?

Throw your prophecies to the dogs, Beverley; I'll have none of them. —W. BARNETT, ELFRAS, SASK.

They're changing Canada's face

Your article, The Changing Face of Canada (March 16), pointed up graphically the effect artists and architects can have upon the community. . . . The artist must make public use of his talents, over and above the intimate expression more usual to his work. . . . Some credit is due to the architects. If it were not for them the face of our cities would have changed but little, and certainly painters like myself would have had small chance to do what we have done. I am thinking of architects like Ned Pratt, who has done more than anyone I know around here to change architectural thinking. —B. C. WINNING, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ART, UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Meet Conacher's Black Hawks

In the Story of the Conachers (March 2) you show Charlie Conacher giving Chicago Black Hawks a pep talk. Could you give us their names? —HEC MCCONNELL, VANCOUVER.

- 1 Conacher
- 2 Red Hamill
- 3 Metro Prystai
- 4 George Gee
- 5 Emil Francis
- 6 Alex Kaleta
- 7 Bill Gadsby
- 8 Gus Bodnar
- 9 Ernie Dickens
- 10 Bob Goldham
- 11 Ralph Natrass
- 12 Doug Bentley
- 13 Roy Conacher
- 14 Gaye Stewart
- 15 Billy Mosienko
- 16 Adam Brown
- 17 Bud Poile
- 18 Johnny Mariucci



PEP TALK by coach Charlie Conacher to Chicago players was at team practice. Note varied uniforms, two No. 1 sweaters.

The Middle East's big problem

The article, Is Our Case in the East Hopeless? by Blair Fraser (Feb. 16), is one of the most accurate I have read. I returned only a few months ago after almost five years in the Far East and know the conditions of which he writes.

The lack of consumer credit is one of the main reasons for our standard of living today. In practically all cases of low living standards it is not a case of no money but lack of money at a low rate of interest.

I wonder what would happen to our standard of living if all credit were cut off and people had to pay about one hundred and twenty percent interest on loans. —E. W. GIBSON, HAZELTON, B.C.

Who's to blame for inflation?

In his article, Why Our Boom Has the Experts Scared (March 2), Bruce Hutchison reminded us that Canada's precarious financial position was due at least in part to the selfish and short-sighted course pursued by the public in general. One group of businesses, however, is conspicuously exempt from criticism—the group that deals in monies, credits, stocks. Admittedly, one such business is mentioned—the chartered banks—but they are tucked conveniently behind the government and the Bank of Canada.

In fairness it must be conceded that these financial interests can only operate to our disadvantage to the extent that we insist upon being suckers; but at the same time their influence is much too great to be ignored. —R. NORMAN BUTT, NAKUSP, B.C.

Send missionaries into politics?

I want to express my appreciation of Dr. W. E. Mann's article, The Church Should Meddle in Politics (March 16). His likening of the political field to "a foreign land to be missionized for Christ" inspires the thought that perhaps churches should train laymen in the practical application of Christianity to the political and business spheres, before sending them in as "missionaries." Most of us would be in great need of help and instruction. —MURIEL E. NEWTON-WHITE, CHARLTON STATION, ONT.

✓ Jesus commands that Christians be concerned with humanity; it is the second greatest commandment. How can a Christian keep this commandment and not meddle in politics? —MRS. S. B. WRIGHT, SWASTIKA, ONT. ★



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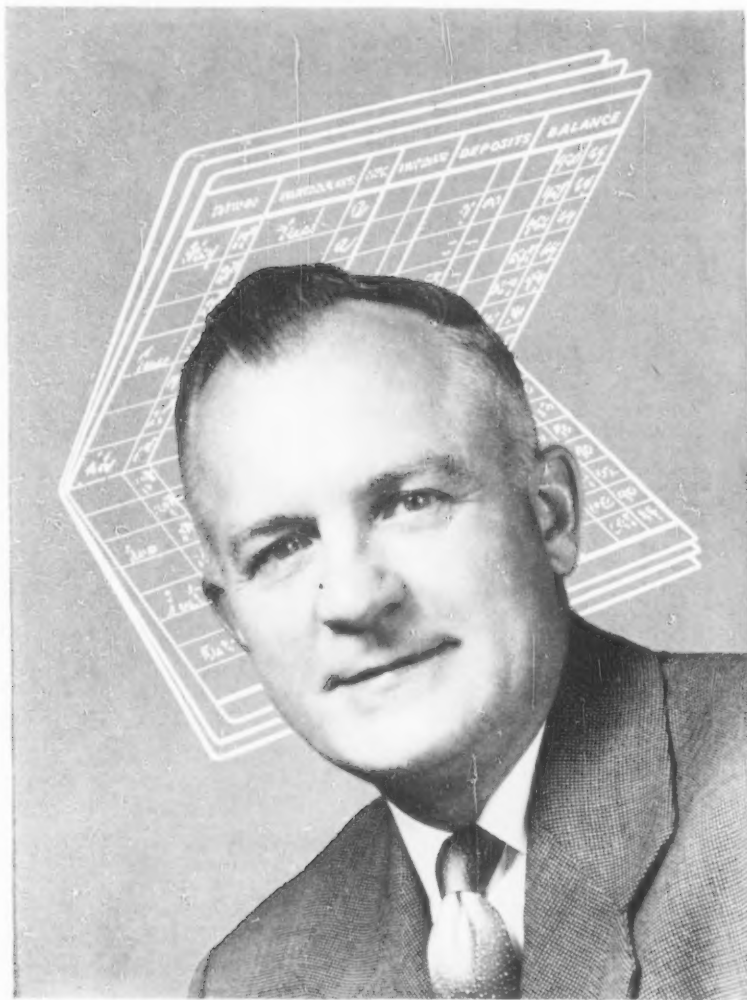
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For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"For the first time in years the British boss is off his knees. People are getting the sack"

unusual, grossly luxurious things to wish for in the middle of the twentieth century — carry purchase tax of a kind that lifts them out of reach of many industrious workers. They have become objects of vast social prestige, defiant flags flown by the few Joneses in the face of ever-frustrated friends and neighbors who have little hope of keeping up with them.

But I do not believe for one minute that the majority of these Canadians-to-be who are thronging your immigration offices and proposing to cross the ocean are there because they or their wives hunger for refrigerators. Most of them, I regret to say, delight in tepid beer and have never known anything better in their lives than sad, sorry, limp salads.

No, something less material, but obviously very powerful, brings these mild, generally acquiescent, not over-adventurous people to the enquiry desks of the immigration offices. If they were a little older and a lot better educated, I very much doubt if they would be there at all.

It is beyond question that many British people have received a shock recently of a most unpleasant kind, deeply disturbing to those fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to be under the age of thirty-five. Now older people, and a few younger people who have had the remarkable but rare good fortune to be taught a little honest history at school, know perfectly well that the last ten years in Britain have been untypical.

In many ways the years since the war have been admirable years of boundless, though inevitably relaxing, benevolence. The hairless have been given wigs and there have been teeth for the toothless. Milk, if not honey, has flowed for the children and where their fathers walked to school, they have been transported in buses. The employers of labor have lavished every conceivable kind of inducement upon the workers to tempt them into their factories and to keep them there: fine canteen meals, music while they worked (and while they

didn't); the boss was not, perhaps, in the locker room helping his workers on with their coats, giving them an obsequious flick with a brush and a pat on the back when they went home (early), but that was the general attitude of anxious employers toward their employees. It was, perhaps, symptomatic of the times that the old words, "boss" and "workers," were sedulously avoided.

In short, a whole generation has come to rapid (some might say rank) growth and maturity under the protecting glass of the welfare state.

Perhaps people who live in glass houses ought not to throw stones—or launch out upon dubious and costly overseas adventures such as our recent sorry sortie to the banks of the Suez Canal.

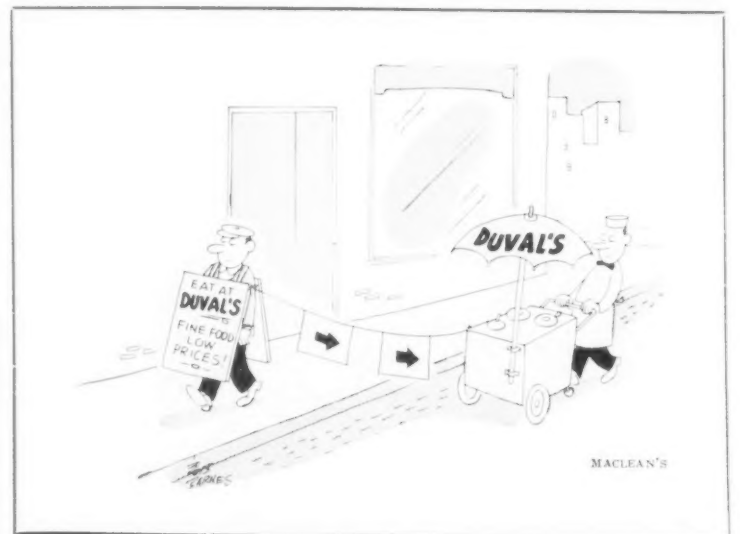
Be that as it may, in consequence there have just lately been some nasty cracks in the glass. For the first time for a long time in Britain a cold wind can be felt.

In Coventry and other car-making towns, to take but one example, there has been no overtime recently to pay for the television sets, the gleaming new perambulators, and the installments on the bedroom furniture; there has, in fact, been short time and the horrible word "redundancy" is being heard in many places. People cannot yet bring themselves to talk about "getting the sack" but that is exactly what, for the first time for a long time, quite a few people *are* getting.

The harsh voice of the boss is heard once again in the land.

People of my age, nearly fifty, and older can remember the more typical past. We certainly do not want ever to see again the dole queues, the fiercely contrasting wealth and poverty of the terrible Thirties. But we are not shocked, as younger people seem to be, nor are we frightened, by the sight of the boss getting up off his knees. We believe we can deal with him and, in a way, prefer him to be standing up.

I do not wish to talk of "rats leaving a sinking ship" because rats are intelli-



... creatures and our ship is not sinking. The flight to Canada seems to me to be much more like (if we are to banish similes) the panic surge into the air of young pigeons, crumb fed and a bit out of condition, taking wing at the mere backfiring of a car.

Old birds, like me, are still sitting tight.

We are not surprised at Britain's revived propensity for aggressive war because we have memories and, if we haven't, have read some history. Only very recently have the mild, spectacled welfare worker and the cold civil servant become typically "English," unheroic heroes of the times. More typical are the men who, in America, exterminated one race almost completely—the Indians—and imported another—the Negroes—upon whom they inflicted unspeakable brutalities. Ask the Scots about the aggression of the English, or the Welsh. It is inadvisable to ask the Irish.

We are not surprised, either, by the wind some would call cold, and others bracing, that is being felt again at home. At work, until this last decade, there was always toughness and aggression shown by the employer and it was admirably and very adequately met by the toughness of the worker made aggressive, too, by ambition.

We are not, thank heaven, by tradition a mild kid-gloved lot, sheep ready to stand in queues, men who put more faith in correctly filled-up forms than in their own ability to face some official and speak up for themselves. But we have, for reasons too complicated to explore here and now, produced a generation of people who, if they have stuck the right stamps on the right cards, are inclined to think that "someone" owes them a living.

"They can't take it" in Britain

It would be rash to suggest that many of the younger people who are turning to Canada are hypocrites, talking of the lack of "scope" there is in Britain today for "private enterprise." But, after all, I am rash so let's say it: the truth is that many of them are talking clap-trap, unmitigated balderdash. Of course there is still scope here for the thruster. Perhaps there is still too much. They know little about Britain, nothing about Canada and even less about themselves.

Many of the 1957 immigrants are going to you, and making a big mistake, not because they are tough but because they think conditions in Britain are becoming tough and they can't take it. Reared under welfare glass, they are certainly not the hardy sort to transplant, least of all in Canada.

Among them will be types you have not seen before, not our usual export lines at all, men and women with little to offer Canada. Now if they were young men and women who hated to be spoon fed, who welcomed competition and a bit of industrial rough and tumble without the Dutch courage of a powerful union behind them, who believed in themselves and not in the divine right of the man who stands patiently in the queue, I would see them depart from these shores with reluctance but I would wish them well and be confident that they would do well and thrive with you. But men and women of that calibre are not quitting Britain in any numbers. The men who have recently felt the cold wind are, many of them, mild, unadventurous men. They are beginning to see that a guaranteed wage and slow but certain progress irrespective of merit toward a mediocre, but desirable, reward can no longer be counted on. For the first time they are feeling a lump or two

in the welfare feather-bed in which they have reclined comfortably ever since they left school.

So they are hopping out and going to Canada! God help them. And Canada.

Don't see in them a vote of no confidence in Britain. We're not doing too badly; we are not ruled, or won't be for long, by tired imperialists who still want to rule the world by force. It was Kipling who, years ago, hymned Canada as "daughter in my mother's house, mistress in my own." I think that many more people here than you might believe

realize fully that empire has given way to commonwealth. But remember, England has other children than the nations that are now her sisters in the commonwealth. Some of them are problem children and who cannot just be abandoned or left on someone else's doorstep because of past mistakes. If the dreams of empire have gone, the sense of responsibility remains.

Life can still, believe it or not, be lived here with a gusto, freedom and dignity (if you like that sort of thing) unparalleled anywhere. Emigration? Of

course I am not against it; it is an immutable historic process. But this present rush isn't the call of the wide open spaces. It is swelled by narrow men; not a vote of no confidence in Britain but arising from a lack of confidence in themselves.

To quote Churchill (Charles Churchill, this time, writing two hundred years ago):

"Be England what she will.
With all her faults she is my country still." ★



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MOTORISTS entering this interchange, where one Canadian highway joins another, are heading—everywhere in Canada. North to vacation lands; west to British Columbia; east to the Atlantic Provinces and a thousand places in between.

They are travelling on business, on pleasure, on errands of mercy. Some just want to look at the scenery; they've lots of time. Some have a plane to catch at the airport; every second counts. Some drive 200,000 miles a year. Some drive less than a thousand.

Readers of Canadian magazines and business papers are just as varied in their tastes, needs and aspirations as these motorists. Some want to keep up with the news . . . some want to see behind the scenes. Some want to read about people who have "done things" . . . some want to learn how to "do it themselves." Some want light fiction . . . some want a thoughtful opinion.

One thing they all want—a Canadian point of view.

The need to preserve these intangibles is real. It is a challenge to every Canadian magazine and business paper publisher. Their response to it gives Canadian periodicals a "plus value" that can be found in no other medium.

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They are edited by men and women who know that only Canadian publications can satisfy the appetite of Canadians for information about themselves and their way of life . . . for ideas that will work under Canadian conditions . . . for an interpretation of world events in terms of what they mean to Canada.

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



With his "drugstore" camera Blair Fraser snaps youngsters on a collective farm near Shanghai. He shies from costly cameras—they "terrify" him.

Look at the films our amateurs take!

We rather expect that some of our hardened professional photographers may be picketing our offices with "UNFAIR" signs with the publication of this issue, because some of the most interesting pictures within are taken by amateurs. The very fine color photographs of the Arctic on pages 26 to 31 are by a priest and the revealing black-and-white pictures from inside China (pages 18 and 19) are by our own Blair Fraser.

We have just been reading an account in a French newspaper by Father Métyer, our priest-photographer, of how he almost starved to death in 1953 when he was lost for nineteen days in the fog-shrouded islands of the western Arctic. He stayed alive by shooting and eating seals, squirrels, ducks and ptarmigan (the latter devoured raw because he had nothing with which to make a fire). He was rescued by the RCAF, which located him about a hundred miles northwest of Coppermine.

Our reporter-photographer, Blair Fraser, when last heard from, had reached Hong Kong and was on his way to India, typewriter in one hand, Pony camera in the other. (Fraser eschews more expensive cameras because he says they terrify him.) He's taken pictures in Egypt, Poland, the Soviet Union and China, and his pictures passed the official censorship of all these countries.

Mazo de la Roche opens her notes

"Nothing has so much surprised me as that I should be writing my autobiography," comments Mazo de la Roche about halfway through her autobiography (from which we present some beguiling excerpts on page 15). The surprise is shared, certainly, by most of her admirers in and out of the literary world.

For while she has held her fictional family of Whiteoaks squarely in the limelight for a generation, she has herself remained in the shadows. "If all those 'in the news' were as unco-operative as I, the newspapers would require fewer pages," she writes.

Now that she has decided, in her own full time, to open her personal notebooks, she tells a fascinating story of a Toronto and an entire literary scene that has vanished. Her first accepted story, laboriously copied in pen and ink, that brought a cheque for fifty dollars from a now-forgotten magazine . . . art lessons broken by a rush of students to the window to watch the passage of Lady Melvin-Jones in her fine carriage . . . summer band concerts in the grounds of the Home for Incurables . . . the New York publisher who called in person on his promising writer . . . struggling through the snow across Queen's Park in long serge skirt, her petticoats wet and hampering . . . the voices of itinerant fruit peddlers musical in the streets . . . family theatricals on Saturday night . . . and horses, horses, everywhere.

Did the Whiteoaks — Canada's most famous fictional family — once exist? Miss de la Roche says no. They were inspired by the traditions of the set of retired British military that prospered in that part of southern Ontario where her father briefly ventured into farming. Of the Whiteoaks, she says, "Their doings fascinated me. I was at one with Finch, for he and I had much in common. At other times I was against him. Never was I completely at one with any female characters of mine. I might love them, suffer with them, but always they were they and I was I. The closest to me were the two Adelines." ★

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Parade

It takes savvy to be a Canadian

Life in our bustling cities must be a series of minor mysteries and challenges to the newcomers in our midst, and you've got to give them credit for the obliging way they try to fall in with what they think are the local customs. Thus an Englishman, boarding his first Montreal tram and quite unfamiliar with the usual Canadian system of collecting tickets, stood perplexed as the motorman harangued him in French and waved at the fare box. Then, suddenly beaming and nodding his head, he dropped his

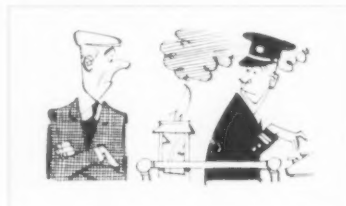
cause the bewildered man had a different number entirely and was trying to put in a long-distance business call when the seeming madwoman burst in on him. But the madwoman herself admits it was probably some kind of a record for getting to know your new neighbors fast, even in the west.

* * *

A couple went to a dance at Fort William, Ont., recently, a black-tie affair, and to his wife's surprise her husband just wanted to sit around and talk to people, though he normally enjoyed dancing a great deal. She was getting pretty fed up when he looked at his watch and said, "Well now, shall we dance?" It was a lovely waltz and during it he explained tenderly in her ear that darned if he'd been able to find his black tie, so he'd had to paint his white tie black with some special paint he'd had left over from his model-making hobby. Give it an hour to dry and it wouldn't smudge a bit.

* * *

It's quite customary for a real-estate agent to list his home phone number in a for-sale ad for evening calls, but one realtor who displays his wares in the



lighted cigarette in the box and sat down. And at a crowded Winnipeg bus stop a recent arrival from some continental country was about to climb aboard when his companion pulled him back, murmuring apologetically, "In this country woman is boss."

* * *

Just as we thought dining rooms were returning to favor comes jarring evidence from a rural schoolroom near Ottawa. The class was studying a poem about home and the teacher asked what a dining room is used for. "It's a place where we eat when we have company," said one youngster, so teacher quickly asked for another answer and got it: "It's the place where we keep our incubator."

* * *

Every morning a housewife in Swift Current, Sask., listens hopefully to one of those lucky word-quiz programs during which a phone number is picked from the local directory, the number called and a prize awarded if the householder answers with the magic word. As usual her face fell when today's lucky phone number wasn't her own, then she gasped as she realized it was the almost equally familiar number of a neighbor only two doors away. Even as she darted out the door she was aware that her friends had moved out of town just a week before but maybe the new neighbors who had moved in a day later had the same number. Sure enough—the man was answering the telephone even as she mounted the porch and peered into the hallway. Flinging open the door she yelled, "Mississippi! Say Mississippi or you'll lose the prize!"

Well, they lost the prize all right be-



New Westminster British Columbian adds this helpful tip: "Keep trying—I have a teen-ager."

* * *

A Hamilton, Ont., man and his wife, desperately in search of a parking space in the downtown sector, suddenly spotted curbside space being vacated just behind them. Backing up to it was impossible the way traffic was pelting down the road. Finally the woman yelled, "Circle the block!" and jumped from the car. Slightly mystified, her husband did and got back to find her standing arms akimbo in the middle of the vacated parking space, her nickel already in the meter, defying any other driver to steal the space before her hubby came by again.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



what a pick-up!
yet it relaxes . . .

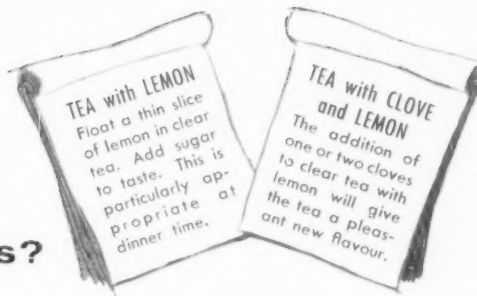
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When Saturday Night was bath night...

... the kitchen was the most popular, yes really the most important room in the house. It was actually the "family room". It was warm, efficient, comfortable and easy to clean by 1910 standards. By today's standards it wasn't any of these things. For example, the old floor coverings cracked easily, absorbed dirt and moisture and wore through quickly—a far cry from today's colourful, easy-to-wipe rubber tile floor which retains its new look for many years.

Admittedly, our standards of comparison have

changed. Our standards of living have also changed through a gradual, but continual process of product improvement. Back of the modern improvement in floor covering is synthetic rubber—the basic ingredient in today's rubber floor tile.

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